

THE
LOWELL OFFERING;

A
REPOSITORY

OF

ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY

BY FEMALES ACTIVELY EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS.

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Second Volume.

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ERRATUM. Page 40, second line from the bottom, for 'restrain' read 'sustain.'
The reader is desired to make the alteration with a pen.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

VILLAGE PASTORS.

THE old village-pastor of New England, was "a man having authority." His deacons were *under* him, and not, as is now often the case, his tyrannical rulers ; and whenever his parishioners met him, they doffed their hats, and said, "Your reverence." Whatever passed his lips was both law and gospel ; and when too old and infirm to minister to his charge, he was not turned away, like an old, worn-out beast, to die of hunger, or gather up, with failing strength, the coarse bit which might eke out a little longer his remaining days ; but he was still treated with all the deference, and supported with all the munificence, which was believed due to him whom they regarded as "God's vicegerent upon earth." He deemed himself, and was considered by his parishioners, if not infallible, yet something approaching it. Those were indeed the days of glory for New England clergymen.

Perhaps I am wrong. The present pastor of New England, with his more humble mein and conciliatory tone, his closer application and untiring activity, may be, in a wider sphere, as truly glorious an object of contemplation. Many are the toils, plans and enterprises entrusted to him, which in former days were not permitted to interfere with the duties exclusively appertaining to the holy vocation ; yet with added labors, the modern pastor receives neither added honors, nor added remuneration. Perhaps it is well — nay, perhaps it is *better* ; but I am confident that if the old pastor could return, and take a bird's-eye view of the situations of his successors, he would exclaim, "How has the glory departed from Israel, and how have they cast down the sons of Levi !"

I have been led to these reflections by a contemplation of the

characters of the first three occupants of the pulpit in my native village.

Our old pastor was settled, as all then were, for life. I can remember him but in his declining years, yet even then was he a hale and vigorous old man. Honored and beloved by all his flock, his days passed undisturbed by the storms and tempests which have since then so often darkened and disturbed the theological world. The opinions and creeds, handed down by his Pilgrim Fathers, he carefully cherished, neither adding thereto, nor taking therefrom ; and he indoctrinated the young in all the mysteries of the true faith, with an undoubting belief in its infallibility. There was much of the patriarch in his look and manner ; and this was heightened by the nature of his avocations, in which pastoral labors were mingled with clerical duties. No farm was in better order than that at the parsonage ; no fields looked more thriving, and no flocks were more profitable, than were those of the good clergyman. Indeed, he sometimes almost forgot his spiritual field, in the culture of that which was more earthy.

One Saturday afternoon, the minister was very busily engaged in hay-making. His good wife had observed that during the week he had been unusually engrossed in temporal affairs, and feared for the well-being of his flock, as she saw that he could not break the earthly spell, even upon this last day of the week. She looked, and looked in vain, for his return ; until, finding him wholly lost to a sense of his higher duties, she deemed it her duty to remind him of them. So away she went to the haying field, and when she was in sight of the Reverend haymaker, she screamed out, "Mr. W., Mr. W.!"

"What, my dear ?" shouted Mr. W. in return.

"Do you intend to feed your people with hay, to-morrow ?"

This was a poser — and Mr. W. dropped his rake ; and, repairing to his study, spent the rest of the day in the preparation of food more meet for those who looked so trustfully to him for the bread of life.

His faithful companion was taken from him, and those who knew of his strong and refined attachment to her, said truly, when they prophesied, that he would never marry again.

She left one son — their only child — a boy of noble feelings and superior intellect ; and his father carefully educated him

with the fond wish that he would one day succeed him in the sacred office of a minister of God. He hoped indeed that he might even fill the very pulpit which he must at some time vacate ; and he prayed that his own life might be spared until this hope had been realized.

Endicott W. was also looked upon as their future pastor by many of the good parishioners ; and never did a more pure and gentle spirit take upon himself the task of preparing to minister to a people in holy things. He was the beloved of his father, the only child who had ever blessed him — for he had not married till late in life, and the warm affections which had been so tardily bestowed upon one of the gentler sex, were now with an unusual fervor lavished upon this image of her who was gone.

When Endicott W. returned home, having completed his studies at the University, he was requested by our parish to settle as associate pastor with his father, whose failing strength was unequal to the regular discharge of his parochial duties. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see that old man, with bending form and silvery locks, joining in the public ministrations with his young and gifted son — the one with a calm expression of trusting faith ; the countenance of the other beaming with that of enthusiasm and hope.

Endicott was ambitious. He longed to see his own name placed in the bright constellation of famed theologians ; and though he knew that years must be spent in toil for the attainment of that object, he was willing that they should be thus devoted. The midnight lamp constantly witnessed the devotions of Endicott W. at the shrine of science ; and the wasting form and fading cheek told what would be the fate of the infatuated worshipper.

It was long before our young pastor, his aged father, and the idolizing people who were so proud of his talents, and such admirers of his virtues, — it was long ere these could be made to believe he was dying ; but Endicott W. departed from life, as a bright cloud fades away in a noon-day sky — for his calm exit was surrounded by all which makes a death-bed glorious. His aged father said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord." And then he went again before his flock, and endeavored to reconcile them to their loss, and dispense again the comforts and blessings of the gospel,

trusting that his strength would still be spared, until one, who was even then preparing, should be ready to take his place.

Shall I tell you now of my own old home ? It was a rude farmhouse, almost embowered by ancient trees, which covered the sloping hill-side on which it was situated ; and it looked like an old pilgrim, who had crawled into the thicket to rest his limbs, and hide his poverty. My parents were poor, toiling, care-worn beings, and in a hard struggle for the comforts of this life, had almost forgotten to prepare for that which is to come. It is true, the outward ordinances of religion were never neglected ; but the spirit, the feeling, the interest, in short, all that is truly deserving the name of piety, was wanting. My father toiled, thro' the burning heat of summer, and the biting frost of winter, for his loved ones ; and my mother also labored, from the first dawn of day till a late hour at night, in behalf of her family. She was true to her duties as wife and mother, but it was from no higher motive than the instincts which prompt the fowls of the air to cherish their brood ; and though she perhaps did not believe that "labor was the end of life," still her conduct would have given birth to that supposition.

I had been for some time the youngest of the family, when a little brother was born. He was warmly welcomed by us, though we had long believed the family circle complete. We were not then aware at how dear a price the little stranger was to be purchased. From the moment of his birth, my mother never knew an hour of perfect health. She had previously injured her constitution by unmitigated toil, and now were the effects to be more sensibly felt. She lived very many years ; but it was the life of an invalid.

Reader, did you ever hear of the "thirty years' consumption" ? a disease at present unknown in New England — for that scourge of our climate will now complete in a few months the destruction which it took years of desperate struggle to perform, upon the constitutions of our more hardy ancestors.

My mother was in such a consumption — that disorder which comes upon its victim like the Aureorean flashes in an Arctic sky, now vivid in its pure loveliness, and then shrouded in a sombre gloom. Now we hoped, nay, almost believed, she was to be

again quite well, and anon we watched around a bed from which we feared she would never arise.

It was strange to us, who had always seen her so unremitting in her toilsome labors, and so careless in her exposure to the elements, to watch around her now—to shield her from the lightest breeze, or the slightest dampness of the air—to guard her from all intrusion, and relieve her from all care—to be always reserving for her the warmest place by the fire-side, and preparing the choicest bit of food—to be ever ready to pillow her head and bathe her brow—in short, to be never unconscious of the presence of disease. Our steps grew softer, and our voices lower, and the stillness of our manners had its influence upon our minds. The hush was upon our spirits; and there can surely be nothing so effectual in carrying the soul before its Maker, as disease; and it may truly be said to every one who enters the chamber of sickness, “The place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

My little brother was to us an angel sent from heaven. He possessed a far more delicate frame and lofty intellect than any other member of the family; and his high, pale brow, and brilliant eyes, were deemed sure tokens of uncommon genius. My mother herself watched with pleasure these indications of talent, although the time had been when a predilection for literary pursuits would have been thought inconsistent with the common duties which we were all born to fulfil.

We had always respected the learned and talented, but it was with a feeling akin to the veneration we felt for the inhabitants of the spiritual world. They were far above us, and we were content to bow in reverence. Our thoughts had been restricted to the narrow circle of every-day duties, and our highest aspirations were to be admitted at length, as spectators, to the glory of a material heaven, where streets of gold and thrones of ivory form the magnificence of the place. It was different now.—With a nearer view of that better world, to which my mother had received her summons, came also more elevated spiritual and blissful views of its glory and perfection. It was another heaven, for she was another being; and she would have been willing at any moment to have resigned the existence which she held by so frail a tenure, had it not been for the sweet child

which seemed to have been sent from that brighter world to hasten and prepare her for departure.

Our pastor was now a constant visitant. Hitherto he had found but little to invite him to our humble habitation. He had been received with awe and constraint, and the topics upon which he loved to dwell touched no chord in the hearts of those whom he addressed. But now my mother was anxious to pour into his ears all the new-felt sentiments and emotions with which her heart was filled. She wished to share his sympathy, and receive his instructions ; for she felt painfully conscious of her extreme ignorance.

It was our pastor who first noticed in my little brother the indications of mental superiority, and we felt then as though the magical powers of some favored order of beings had been transferred to one in our own home-circle ; and we loved the little Winthrop (for father had named him for the old Governor) with a stronger and holier love than we had previously felt for each other. And in these new feelings how much was there of happiness ! Though there was now less health, and of course less wealth, in our home, yet there was also more pure joy.

I have sometimes been out upon the barren hill-side, and thought that there was no pleasure in standing on a spot so desolate. I have been again in the same bare place, and there was a balmy odor in the delicious air, which made it bliss but to inhale the fragrance. Some spicy herb had carpeted the ground, and though too lowly and simple to attract the eye, yet the charm it threw around the scene was not less entrancing because so viewless and unobtrusive.

Such was the spell shed around our lowly home by the presence of religion. It was with us the exhalation from lowly plants, and the pure fragrance went up the more freely because they had been bruised. In our sickness and poverty we had joy in the present, and bright hopes for the future.

It was early decided that Winthrop should be a scholar. Our pastor said it must be so, and Endicott, who was but a few years older, assisted him in his studies. They were very much together, and, excepting in their own families, had no other companion. But when my brother returned from the pastor's study with a face radiant with the glow of newly acquired knowledge, and a heart overflowing in its desire to impart to others, he usu-

ally went to his pale, emaciated mother, to give vent to his sensations of joy, and came to me to bestow the boon of knowledge. I was the nearest in age. I had assisted to rear his infancy, and been his constant companion in childhood ; and now our intercourse was to be continued and strengthened, amidst higher purposes and loftier feelings. I was the depositary of all his hopes and fears, the sharer of all his plans for the future ; and his aim was then to follow in the footsteps of Endicott W. If he could only be as good, as kind and learned, he should think himself one of the best of mankind.

When Endicott became our pastor, my brother was ready to enter College, with the determination to consecrate himself to the same high calling. It seemed hardly like reality to us, that one of our own poor household was to be an educated man. We felt lifted up — not with pride — for the feeling which elevated us was too pure for that ; but we esteemed ourselves better than we had ever been before, and strove to be more worthy of the high gift which had been bestowed upon us. When my brother left home it was with the knowledge that self denial was to be practiced, for his sake, by those who remained ; but he also knew that it was to be willingly, nay, joyously performed. Still he did not know *all*. Even things which heretofore, in our poverty, we had deemed essential to comfort, were now resigned. We did not even permit my mother to know how differently the table was spread for her than for our own frugal repast. Neither was she aware how late and painfully I toiled to prevent the hire of additional service upon our little farm. The joy in the secret depths of my heart was its own reward ; and never yet have I regretted an effort or a sacrifice made then. It was a discipline like the refiner's fire, and but for my brother, I should never have been even as with all my imperfections I trust I am now.

My brother returned from College as the bright sun of Endicott W.'s brief career was low in a western sky. He had intended to study with him for the same vocation — and with him he *did* prepare. O, there could have been no more fitting place to imbue the mind with that wisdom which cometh from above, than the sick room at our pastor's.

“The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks of life,”—

and Endicott's was like the shelter of some bright spirit from the

other world, who, for the sake of those about him, was delaying for a while his return to the home above. My brother was with him in his latest hours, and received as a dying bequest the charge of his people. The parish also were anxious that he should be Endicott's successor ; and in the space requested for farther preparation, our old pastor returned to his pulpit.

But he had overrated his own powers ; and besides, he was growing blind. There were indeed those who said that, notwithstanding his calmness in the presence of others, he had in secret wept his sight away ; and that while a glimmer of it remained, the curtain of his window, which overlooked the grave-yard, had never been drawn. He ceased his labors, but a temporary substitute was easily found — for, as old Deacon S. remarked, “There are many ministers *now*, who are glad to go out to day's labor.”

My mother had prayed that strength might be imparted to her feeble frame, to retain its rejoicing inhabitant until she could see her son a more active laborer in the Lord's vineyard ; “and then,” said she, “I can depart in peace.” For years she had hoped the time would come, but dared not hope to see it. But life was graciously spared, and the day which was to see him set apart as peculiarly a servant of his God, dawned upon her in better health than she had known for years. Perhaps it was the glad spirit which imparted its renewing glow to the worn body, but she went with us that day to the service of ordination. The old church was thronged ; and as the expressions of thankfulness went up from the preacher's lips, that one so worthy was then to be dedicated to his service, my own heart was subdued by the solemn joy that he was one of us. My own soul was poured out in all the exercises ; but when the charge was given, there was also an awe upon all the rest.

Our aged pastor had been led into his pulpit, that he might perform this ceremony ; and when he arose with his silvery locks, thinned even since he stood there last, and raised his sightless eyes to heaven, I freely wept. He was in that pulpit where he had stood so many years, to warn, to guide, and to console ; and probably each familiar face was then presented to his imagination. He was where his dear departed son had exercised the ministerial functions, and the same part of the service which he had performed at his ordination, he was to enact again for his

successor. The blind old man raised his trembling hand, and laid it upon the head of the young candidate ; and as the memories of the past came rushing over him, he burst forth in a strain of heart-stirring eloquence. There was not a tearless eye in the vast congregation ; and the remembrance of that hour had doubtless a hallowing influence upon the young pastor's life.

My brother was settled for five years, and as we departed from the church, I heard Deacon S. exclaim, in his bitterness against modern degeneracy in spiritual things, that "the old pastor was settled *for life*." "So is the new one," said a low voice in reply ; and for the first time the idea was presented to my mind, that Winthrop was to be, like Endicott W., one of the early called.

But the impression departed in my constant intercourse with him in his home — for our lowly dwelling was still the abode of the new pastor. He would never remove from it while his mother lived, and an apartment was prepared for him adjoining hers. They were pleasant rooms, for during the few past years he had done much to beautify the place, and the shrubs which he had planted were already at their growth. The thick vines also which had struggled over the building, were now gracefully twined around the windows, and some of the old trees cut down, that we might be allowed a prospect. Still all that could conduce to beauty was retained ; and I have often thought how easily and cheaply the votary of true taste can enjoy its pleasures.

Winthrop was now so constantly active and cheerful, that I could not think of death as connected with him. But I knew that he was feeble, and watched and cherished him, as I had done when he was but a little child. Though in these respects his guardian, in others I was his pupil. I sat before him, as Mary did at the Messiah's feet, and gladly received his instructions. My heart went out with him in all the various functions of his calling. I often went with him to the bed-side of the sick, and to the habitations of the wretched. None knew better than he did, how to still the throbbings of the wrung heart, and administer consolation.

I was present also, when, for the first time, he sprinkled an infant's brow with the waters of consecration ; and when he had blessed the babe, he also prayed that we might all become even as that little child. I was with him, too, when for the first time

he joined in holy bands those whom none but God should ever put asunder ; and if the remembrance of the fervent petition which went up for them, has dwelt as vividly in their hearts as it has in mine, that prayer must have had a holy influence upon their lives.

I have said that I remember his first baptism and wedding ; but none who were present will forget his first funeral. It was our mother's. She had lived so much beyond our expectations, and been so graciously permitted to witness the fulfilment of her dearest hope, that when at length the spirit winged its flight, we all joined in the thanksgiving which went up from the lips of her latest-born, that she had been spared so long.

It was a beautiful Sabbath—that day appointed for her funeral—but in the morning, a messenger came to tell us that the clergyman whom we expected was taken suddenly ill. What could be done ? Our old pastor was then confined to his bed, and on this day all else were engaged. “I will perform the services myself,” said Winthrop. “I shall even be happy to do it.”

“Nay,” said I, “you are feeble, and already spent with study and watching. It must not be so.”

“Do not attempt to dissuade me, sister,” he replied. “There will be many to witness the interment of her who has hovered upon the brink of the grave so long ; and has not almost every incident of her life, from my very birth, been a text from which important lessons may be drawn ?” And then, fixing his large mild eyes full upon me, as though he would utter a truth which duty forbade him longer to suppress, he added, “I dare not misimprove this opportunity. This first death in *my* parish may also be the last. Nay, weep not, my sister, because I may go next. The time at best is short, and I must work while the day lasts.”

I did not answer. My heart was full, and I turned away. That day my brother ascended his pulpit to conduct the funeral services, and in them he *did* make of her life a lesson to all present. But when he addressed himself particularly to the young, the middle-aged, and the old, his eyes kindled, and his cheeks glowed, as he varied the subject to present the “king of terrors” in a different light to each. Then he turned to the mourners. And who were *they* ? His own aged father, the companion for many years of her who was before them in her shroud. His own brothers and sisters, and the little ones of the third generation, whose

childish memories had not even yet forgotten her dying blessing. He essayed to speak, but in vain. The flush faded from his cheek till he was deadly pale. Again he attempted to address us, and again in vain. He raised his hand, and buried his face in the folds of his white handkerchief. I also covered my eyes, and there was a deep stillness throughout the assembly. At that moment I thought more of the living than of the dead; and then there was a rush among the great congregation, like the sudden bursting forth of a mighty torrent.

I raised my eyes, but could see no one in the pulpit. The next instant, it was filled. I also pressed forward, and unimpeded ascended the steps, for all stood back that I might pass. I reached him as he lay upon the seat where he had fallen, and the handkerchief, which was still pressed to his lips, was wet with blood. They bore him down, and through the aisle; and when he passed the coffin, he raised his head, and gazed a moment upon that calm, pale face. Then casting upon all around, a farewell glance, he sunk gently back, and closed his eyes.

A few evenings after, I was sitting by his bed-side. The bright glow of a setting sun penetrated the white curtains of his windows, and fell with softened lustre upon his face. The shadows of the contiguous foliage were dancing upon the curtains, the floor, and the snowy drapery of his bed; and as he looked faintly up, he murmured, "It is a beautiful world; but the other is glorious, O very glorious! and my mother is there, and Endicott. See! they are beckoning to me, and smiling joyfully!—Mother, dear mother, and Endicott, I am coming!"

His voice and looks expressed such conviction of the reality of what he saw, that I also looked up to see those beautiful spirits. My glance of disappointment recalled him; and he smiled as he said, "I think it was a dream; but it will be reality soon.—Do not go," said he, as I arose to call for others. "Do not fear, sister. The bands are very loose, and the spirit will go gently, and perhaps even before you could return."

I re-seated myself, and pressing his wasted hand in mine, I watched,

"As through his breast, the wave of life
Heaved gently to and fro."

A few moments more, and I was alone with the dead.

We buried Winthrop by the side of Endicott W., and the old pastor was soon laid beside them. * * *

Years have passed since then, and I still love to visit those three graves. But other feelings mingle with those which once possessed my soul. I hear those whose high vocation was once deemed a sure guarantee for their purity, either basely calumniated, or terribly condemned. Their morality is questioned, their sincerity doubted, their usefulness denied, and their pretensions scoffed at. It may be that unholy hands are sometimes laid upon the ark, and that change of times forbids such extensive usefulness as was in the power of the clergyman of New England in former days. But when there comes a muttering cry of "Down with the priesthood!" and a denial of the good which they have effected, my soul repels the insinuation, as though it were blasphemy. I think of the first three pastors of our village, and I reverence the ministerial office and its labors,

"If I but remember only,
That such as these have lived, and died."

SUSANNA.

OUR EARLY DAYS.

"Oh give me back my early days,
The fresh springs and the bright,
That made the course of childhood's ways
A journey of delight."—KNICKERBOCKER.

So poets have sung, and so sentimentalists have echoed, from times immemorial. And this is not strange, if great afflictions are laid upon them; and if the thousand little vexations of childhood are forgotten. But they should not be forgotten. When we think of

"The woodbine and the rose,
That o'er our early wanderings threw
The fragrance of repose,"

we should think, too, of the barbarous tendrils of that same woodbine, which so often caught a tress or frill, or of the thorns of that same rose which held us fast, and would hold us, *malgre* all our puny efforts to release ourselves. We should not forget how our tiny hearts swelled and came near bursting at this unkind-

ness of "the woodbine and the rose." We were as unhappily affected, and as permanently, as we now are by the hostile attacks of Dame Misfortune. Ay, as permanently; for, although it might be remembered only a few hours, we all recollect how like an eternity a few hours seemed at that early period.

And when fancy turns from its proper sphere, back to

"The glittering stream,
The fountain and the dew,
That neither day nor nightly dream
Can ever more renew,"

we will not forget how we ran, with just as much of grief as we could support, to our mother, all because that naughty, impertinent little girl, whom we saw in that same 'glittering stream,' as we bent over it, would not answer our most polite inquiries, and who did just nothing at all but mimick us! And we will always remember how, one delightful summer afternoon, as we were playing beside the 'fountain,' one foot slipped, and we fell into the water; and how we ran dripping and crying home, *minus* one shoe, wishing the other and the fountain too, burnt, and ourselves women, that we might be rid of such terrible disasters.

And 'the dew'—what greater trial do we meet in life than was the dew in our early days? One bright morning, we wished to go to the orchard for apples that hung there so invitingly; on another, we would have bartered the world, had we been its mistress, for an early ramble in the woods to gather wild-flowers, and hear the birds sing. In answer to our pleadings, came that more chilling than a president's veto, 'No, my dear; not until the dew is off the grass.'

And at night, when all was so still, cool and delightful, when our spirits were bounding within us, and longing to vent themselves in the girlish frisk, and ringing ha-ha! how worse than slavery even, was our confinement to sitting room and hall! We thought we might be allowed just one game of 'prisoner' in the yard; but, 'No, my dear; the dew is falling,' said our careful mother.

My young sisters, who mourn over the wreck of hopes that seemed the very springs of your existence—elderly Misses, who 'grieve that you are all alone'—young wives, who sigh for the freedom of early days, and elderly wives, who talk of the first years of wedded love, tell me: Were not your hearts as near

PAST,—PRESENT,—FUTURE.



1. Long a-go! How mem'ry lingers O'er the scenes of long a-go! Heart-strings swept by fai-ry fingers, Yield the strains of joy and woe.



2. We remem-ber but the gladness, We in youth were wont to know, And for-get the hours of sad-ness, Felt by us, long, long a-go.



3. Higher bliss, for childhood's pleasures, Were at best a transient glow; What were all our ear-ly treasures, But the toys of long a-go.



(1.) Gladly we live o'er our childhood, Sunny days and fragrant bloom; And we mourn o'er grove and wild-wood, Faded and enrolled in gloom.



(2.) Leave, O leave the past to per-ish, Lest the present joys we miss; Be content, and hope still cherish, Pressing on to high-er bliss.



Is the voice to mind and heart.

bursting from different trials in different shapes, met in childhood, as they are at this moment? If 'yes,' lay down your burden of useless and groundless regrets. Think of the past. Yes, much and seriously; but not to wish yourselves happy children again. —You will see that every period of your past life has had its trials; and that by far the greater part of them originated in a spirit of discontent. There have been incessant cravings 'for something more, or something higher.' I speak not now of the healthy longings of the soul for intellectual and religious improvement; for they bring their own reward interwoven with them, in the consciousness of high and holy purpose, and in corresponding, effectual exertion. I allude to a sickly sensibility which throws a dark hue over every thing around us. 'Sweet birds are singing,' but we shut our ears to their melody. Bright flowers are in and all around our path-way, but we disregard their fragrance. Friends are near us, ready to minister to our wants and pleasure, but we

"Weary for the voice, the smile,
Of friends the loved and true,"

of our early days. Alas, that this is the case! Alas, that the love and goodness of our Heavenly Father meet such poor returns. He has been most lavish in his gifts of the beautiful and the good. For these, and for the high capacities that he has given us for investigating and loving the works of his hand, we will render to him the homage of grateful and happy spirits.

B.

DISENTOMBMENT OF NAPOLEON,

AND THE REMOVAL OF HIS REMAINS FROM ST. HELENA TO PARIS.

It was the noon of night.

The deep, broad ocean heaved in grandeur wild
Around her loneliest isle. Untired, untamed,
The restless billows dashed and foamed along
Its rock-bound shore. In solemn pride arose
The massive granite-piles — their gray heads reared
On high amid the clouds; their steadfast feet
Enwreathed in snowy foam; their giant power
Defying e'en old ocean's rage. The gloom
Of midnight fled before their gloomier shades;

(2.) From the past ourselves to sever, Is of life the noblest art; Onward still, and upward ever, Is the voice to mind and heart.

And St. Helena stood alone, in wild,
Romantic pomp, a terror in the deep.

Behold ! amid such awful gloom,
They go, with slow and solemn tread,
To wake the tenant of the tomb—
To break the slumbers of the dead.
The ocean-prison where he slept,
The vale-embosomed grave he chose,
The tri-fold coffin, well have kept
The slumberer in his last repose.

The long night-watches flee away ;
The morning dawns. What do they there ?
The hollow grave, robbed of its prey,
Responsive groans, " What do they there ?"
Why will ye rob dust of its dust ?—
The costly pall, the car of state,
The reverend awe that guards your trust,
Tell that ye bear away the great.
So says that military band,
Arrayed in black along the shore,
In pomp and circumstance so grand—
So says that pealing cannon's roar.

'Tis meet that ye who loved the fame
Of the aspiring Bonaparte,
Should love in death the Emperor's name,
And shrine the exile in your heart.
But what is in that form ye bear,
That ye so proudly gaze thereon ?
Your noble leader is not there—
That *dust* is not Napoleon !
Ye gloried once 'neath his control,
And will ye now adore the dead,
The coffined casket of the soul,
Whence all that made it great hath fled ?

Ere to the water's edge ye come,
Ye pause awhile—and it is well.
Ye take him from his quiet home—
That solemn pause was death's farewell.

It is enough. Now bear him on
Amid salutes and honors high ;
The signals of your mourning gone,
Unfurl the flag of victory.
Ay, bear him on. A nation proud
Is waiting for her valiant one ;
The streets of France her sons will crowd,
To view their lost Napoleon.
Yes ; bear him on, majestic fleet,
Normandie, bear thy treasured trust !
For life and drum already greet
Thy splendor-decked and honored dust.

Bear on the Emperor with speed !
 For gilded wheel of gorgeous car,
 And ornamented battle-steed,
 Await the mighty man of war.
 And see ! upon that lofty bier,
 Imperial mantle, sceptre, crown,
 And flags from vanquished foes are here,
 And golden emblems of renown.

They halt again—and it is well—
 A sadly-thrilling, solemn scene—
 As if to hear him bid farewell
 To loved and injured Josephine.

Now bear him on in martial pride,
 Through an admiring, gazing crowd,
 With white-haired veterans at his side,
 And acclamations deafening-loud.
 Ay, bear him to yon princely hall,
 Illumined, decked, festooned in black ;
 'Tis meet your nation's capital
 Should take her mighty hero back.
 Here king, and priest, and melody,
 And requiem of music's son,
 And triumph-telling ecstasy,
 Bid welcome to Napoleon.

France, with alternate hopes and fears,
 Once cherished her adopted son,
 And trembling 'twixt her smiles and tears,
 Adored and blamed her wayward one.
 The world once hung upon his nod ;
 Whole empires lay beneath his feet ;
 Yet he who fain would be a god,
 Was doomed a lowly death to meet.

Methinks I see his noble form,
 His broad deep brow, his keen, bright eye—
 He looks as "born to rule the storm,"
 And cloud or calm the angry sky.

With dignified, yet winning sway,
 Before his army see him stand ;
 In noble, bold and long array,
 They love the word of his command.

Again upon his anxious brow
 I see the storm that shakes his soul ;
 Wild, daring thoughts possess him now,
 And passion struggles to control.

But stands a being at his side,
 Who holds a spell about his heart—
 Too gentle *she* to be the bride
 Of one so rash as Bonaparte.

Yet it was well. Her grief was paid—
 She wept to bless the world she loved;
 And he relented—"never made,"
 He said, "to witness tears unmoved."
 And now I see—ah, horrid sight!
 In that dark eye a darker deed;
 Affection flies with wild affright,
 And, Josephine! thy heart must bleed.
 And now, the kind adviser gone,
 Shorn of his strength, the giant falls!
 As shadows flee before the dawn,
 So passed the grandeur from his halls.

O Bonaparte! thy ocean-home,
 An emblem of thy life too true!
 How did thy restless spirit roam,
 Compelled to bid the throne adieu!
 How couldst thou brook the plot that laid
 Control upon the mighty-born?
 Whispered it thee of battle-blade,
 Of blood and valor, life and scorn?
 It racked thy soul with keenest woe—
 Conflicting elements wert thou;
 And battle with thy deadliest foe,
 Was never deadlier than now.

Hadst thou but quenched ambition's flame,
 That towered so fiercely wild and high,
 Or wreathed it round thy country's name,
 A fame like thine could never die.

Mistaken, great NAPOLEON!
 His brilliant sun in darkness set.
 He was not our own *Washington*,
 Nor, France, thy generous *La Fayette*.

ADELAIDE.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST. Under this caption, it is the intention of the writer to detail a few facts, which seem to her not wholly devoid of interest. She assures her readers that fictitious names will never be given and dates will always be presented, when in her power to give them.

Real names and dates, are truly said to be the terror of all who would impose fiction as fact upon the public; and for this reason, they will not be suppressed, even when she would rather, on her own account, withhold them.

Her desire to please those who prefer narratives from Memory, rather than from Imagination, suggested the idea of such a series; and the sketches will chiefly be biographical. In length, and interest, they will probably vary considerably. ▲.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No. 1.

FATHER MOODY.

'And who,' methinks I hear some one ask, 'was Father Moody?' Gentle querist! he was one of the old New England clergymen, in the days 'o' lang syne,' when they could step the earth with an air which seemed to say, 'I am monarch of all I survey'; and he was one of the most renowned of that noted order of men. 'His fame went abroad through all the country round about,' that is, the District of Maine — for that was long before it was a State — and even to the farthest corner of New England. The cause of this notoriety was probably his eccentricity, for his talents, though undisputed, raised him not so much above his fellow-men, as his oddities removed him from them.

When he lived, I cannot exactly say; but as he was my great-great-great-grandfather, it must have been a great, great, great while ago. He was the minister of York, the oldest (and at that time the chief) town in Maine. The following anecdotes will illustrate his character, and none will be related but those which are well authenticated, though many others are extant.

The first I shall narrate displays his oddity, more than his good nature; and of that it is a pretty fair specimen.

Madam Moody was very fond of riding on horse-back, and her husband often gratified her by a seat on the pillion, when he took an airing. But sometimes he would tell his lady to prepare for a ride, and when the horse was saddled and pillioned, he would mount him, and ride around the yard, while madam was impatiently waiting upon the horse-block. After a while he would dismount, and send the horse away. 'But, Mr. Moody,' his spouse would exclaim, 'you promised me a ride. Why do you treat me thus?'

'To teach you to bear disappointment, Mrs. Moody,' would be the amiable reply. 'This is to exercise your patience, and give you an opportunity for self-control.'

So Mrs. Moody would exercise her locomotives, by descending from the block, returning to the house, and divesting herself of her riding habiliments, without uttering a reproachful word, though perhaps thinking that there is no need of *making* opportunities for the exercise of these virtues.

A young clergyman was once visiting him, and on the morning of the Sabbath he asked him if he would not preach.

'Oh no, Father Moody,' was the young gentleman's reply; 'I am travelling for my health, and wish to be entirely relieved from clerical duties. Besides, you, sir, are a distinguished father in Israel, and one whom I have long wished to have an opportunity of hearing, and I hope to-day for that gratification.'

'Well,' said the old man, as they wended their way to the meeting-house, 'you will sit with me in the pulpit?'

It was perfectly immaterial, the young minister replied; he could sit in the pulpit, or the pew, as Father Moody preferred. So when they entered the meeting-house, Father Moody stalked on, turned his companion up the pulpit stairs, and went himself into the parsonage pew.

The young man looked rather blank when he found himself alone, and waited a long while for his host to 'come to the rescue.' But there Father Moody sat before him, as straight and stiff as a stake or a statue, and finding there was to be no reprieve for him, he opened the Bible, and went through with the exercises. Perhaps the excitement caused by this strange treatment might have enlivened his brain; at all events, he preached remarkably well.

After the conclusion of the services, Father Moody arose in his pew, and said to the congregation, 'My friends, we have had an excellent discourse this morning, from our young brother; but you are all indebted to *me* for it.'

Perhaps it was the same young clergyman, (and I should not wonder if it was the very night after this clerical joke,) of whom the following anecdote is related. He requested his guest to lead the evening household service, but was answered by a request to be excused. 'But you will pray with us,' exclaimed the old man. 'No, Father Moody, I wish to be excused.' 'But you *must* pray.' 'No, sir; I *must* be excused.' 'But you *shall* pray.' 'No, sir; I *shall* be excused.' 'I command you, in the name of Almighty God, to pray.' 'Mr. Moody!' replied the young man, in a determined voice, 'You need not attempt to brow-beat me, for I won't pray.' 'Well, well,' exclaimed the old gentleman, in a discomfited tone, 'I believe you have more brass in your face, than grace in your heart.'

A daughter of President Edwards was once at his house, upon

a visit. 'I shall remember you in my public prayers this morning,' said he to her, one Sabbath, as they started for meeting. 'No! oh, no! Father Moody, I beg of you not to do so. I entreat of you not to do it.' But in his morning service, he did pray for the young lady who was then an inmate of his family, the daughter of one of the most distinguished divines, and while all eyes were probably directed to the parsonage pew, he continued, 'She begged me *not* to mention her in my prayers, but I told her *I would*.'

Father Moody was very direct and fearless in his rebukes to the evil-doers; and he wished always to see them shrink and cower beneath his reproof and frown; but in one instance, at least, he was not gratified.

Col. Ingrahame, a wealthy parishioner, had retained his large stock of corn, in a time of great scarcity, in hopes of raising the price. Father Moody heard of it, and resolved upon a public attack upon the transgressor. So he arose in his pulpit, one Sabbath, and named as his text, Proverbs 11: 26, 'He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him: but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it.' Col. Ingrahame could not but know to whom reference was made; but he held up his head, and faced his pastor, with a look of stolid unconsciousness. Father Moody went on with some very applicable remarks, but Col. Ingrahame still pretended not to understand the allusion. Father Moody grew very warm, and became still more direct in his remarks upon matters and things. But Col. Ingrahame still held up his head, as high, perhaps a little *higher* than ever, and would not put on the coat so aptly prepared for him. Father Moody at length lost all patience. 'Col. Ingrahame!' said he, 'Col. Ingrahame! You *know* that I mean *you*. WHY DON'T YOU HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD?'

Mrs. Ingrahame, the Colonel's lady, was very fond of fine dress, and sometimes appeared at meeting in a style not exactly accordant with her pastor's ideas of Christian female propriety. One morning she came sweeping into church, in a new hooped dress, which was then very fashionable. 'Here she comes,' said Father Moody from the pulpit, 'Here she comes, top and top-gallant, rigged most beautifully, and sailing most majestically; *but she has a leak that will sink her to hell.*'

The old gentleman was something of a sportsman, and occa-

sionally, in the fall of the year, he would bring Madam Moody a fine goose, to grace her dinner table. One morning he took down his fowling-piece, and said to his wife, 'If I shoot one goose, I will bring it to you, but if I bring down two, I shall devote one of them to the Lord.'

'And what will you do with it?'

'I will give it to that poor widow, over the way.'

He brought home two, but they were very different — one of them a remarkably fine, large bird; the other, much inferior. Madam Moody wished him to reserve the larger one for himself. 'No, no, Mrs. Moody,' replied her husband; 'The Lord shall have the best,' and he carried it to the poor woman, in defiance of his wife's objections.

Father Moody would not receive a regular salary, and was indeed so negligent of pecuniary affairs, that the parish appointed a committee, to see that the parsonage house was supplied with wood, meal, meat, and other necessities. He was very generous; and it has been said that he took his wife's shoes off her feet, to give to a bare-footed beggar. This may be true, but if so, it is probable the good lady had a better pair 'up stairs.'

One time, when he was going to Boston, to attend a great Conference, or Convention, or something of that sort, accompanied by Elder Soward, as delegate, he saw a poor man in the hands of the officers, who were taking him to jail, for debt. Father Moody inquired the amount for which he was to be imprisoned, and found that he had sufficient to defray the debt, which he immediately did, and the poor man was liberated. 'Elder Soward,' said he to his companion, 'I must depend upon you to bear the expenses of my journey, for I have nothing left.' The Elder ventured respectfully to question the propriety and prudence of his conduct in thus rendering himself so dependent; but the old clergyman replied, 'Elder Soward, does not the Bible say, Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days?'

Towards evening, they reached the city; and the good people of that good city came out upon Boston Common, to see the famous Father Moody; then, as now, ever ready, to bestow attention upon talent and piety. Elder Soward did not fail to relate the morning's adventure, and after they had retired to their lodgings, a waiter brought Father Moody a sealed packet. He

opened it, and found that it enclosed the precise sum which he had given to the poor man in the morning. Whether it was the benefaction of some one benevolent individual, or the proceeds of a subscription, 'our deponent saith not;' but the old man turned to his companion, exclaiming, 'Elder Soward! I cast my bread upon the waters in the morning, and behold! it is returned to me in the evening.'

One of the best anecdotes, and the one with which I will close this sketch, is as follows: He was chosen chaplain when the American army was at Cape Breton; and when a splendid dinner was to be given, in honor of the officers who took Louisburg, they wished Father Moody to crave the blessing at table, thinking that as he was then an old man, and *such* an old man, he would not detain them with a very protracted exercise. The old man arose, and said, 'We bless thee, O Lord! for the great and glorious victory, with which thou hast favored us; but so varied and numberless are thy mercies, that our thanksgiving for them we will defer unto eternity. Amen.'

ANNETTE.

JOSEPHINE AND MARIA.

A CONTRAST.

"Peace, brother; be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain ills;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestal his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?"

MASK OF COMUS.

A greater contrast in members of the same family, is seldom found, than that existing between the daughters of Mr. Horton, of Orford.

Josephine was a noble creature — tall, finely proportioned, and, when she pleased, stately as a queen. An unconquerable vivacity was the predominant trait in her character. It sparkled in every glance of her deep blue eye, and gave a spirited tone to every movement. She had pleasant words and pleasant looks for every living thing.

"How it cheers one to have a good social chat with Josephine!

"I feel ten years younger than I did when I went over to Captain Horton's," said old Mrs. Murray to her quiet daughter.

The aged loved to tell her of their loneliness ; for she always directed their attention to some bright spot in their destiny ; and they were resigned. The middle-aged, wearied by their cares and struggles for young and increasing families, loved to carry their complaints to her ; for she pointed out to them a bright *oasis* in the future, where they would find rest ; when their children would be about them, ministering to their ease, and cheering the evening of their lives, by grateful returns for present toils.

She was ardently loved by every child in the village. If pa or ma had been reproving them, and their little hearts were near bursting with sorrow for their offence — if they had been wronged by their young associates, and were thirsting for revenge — if a saucy twig or thorn had scratched a hand or torn a dress, — they loved to put themselves under the soothing influence of Josephine's sweet voice and smile. She showed them her flowers, her birds, and her books. She sang to them pretty hymns, and told them pretty stories, and their hearts were better and happier for this intercourse with "the dear Josephine." In her own sky, there seldom appeared a cloud.

"I have called at Captain Horton's this morning, my dear," said the pleasant but somewhat affected wife of Esquire Talfourd, as he entered the drawing-room where she was sitting. "What a beautiful creature that Josephine is ! so independent of dress, and all that ! And she is just as happy as a lamb, dove, or any other such a thing. I had heard people say that she is equally charming in her blue morning dress, baking, making cheese, or washing even, (for she does actually wash,) as in a promenade or evening dress. I did not think it possible ; but it is true, Mr. Talfourd. I called early, very early, purposely to satisfy myself on this point, and if I thought that I could domesticate myself so prettily as she does, I would begin immediately."

Her husband answered her with a laugh ; and she continued.

"She was in the orchard back of the house, when I went there. How pretty she laughs ! I long to have the Howard's visit us. Ellen's laugh and Josephine's will chime so admirably ! The quiet little Maria led me to the sitting-room. The door was open that led to their kitchen ; and *such* a kitchen ! so full of appa-

tus for cooking, and all such things ; and so capacious — more like those of our city hotels than anything else. Josephine was actually playing with some half-dozen creatures ; and in a moment she came laughing and skipping into the kitchen, followed by a little Maltese kitten, the lap-dog, (a little beauty, by the way,) two English rabbits, and the way they hopped about was the drollest of anything ; and two domesticated birds — I forget what they call them. I have never seen any like them since I came into the country. One of them was clinging as well as he could to Josephine's shoulder ; but she glided about so swiftly that the little fellow was often thrown from his centre of gravity. Its mate came flying into a window. Josephine extended her hand, called him, and he alighted on it. She made herself as agreeable as if she had been surrounded by the *elite* of Boston ; and the creatures all appeared to love her. Now if every one could do this sort of thing as genteelly as Josephine does, it would soon be the fashion to spend the morning, at least a part of it, in household avocations. Her hair was arranged perfectly plain ; and it suited her style of beauty. Her sleeves were short ; and I never saw such a round, pretty arm. Her hose were of the same color as her dress, and she wore cloth slippers. You laugh at the minuteness of my description, Mr. Talfourd."

"And the closeness of your observations, my dear," said Mr. Talfourd, smiling.

Maria might have been as beautiful as Josephine. Her form and features were different, but quite as faultless, except that the one needed the reflection of "the soul's calm sunshine," and the other, that spring and elegance of movement, which result from a healthy activity and buoyancy of spirit.

"Do you like this cloth of our dresses, Josephine ?" said Maria one morning, as Josephine entered the room where she was examining a beautiful dress.

"I do not *love* it a bit, Maria," answered Josephine, smiling. "I never think of mine, except when I have occasion to put it on ; and then I am entirely satisfied with it. Is this liking a dress, Maria ?"

"It is exercising an indifference that I must 'emulate in vain.' I am so afraid they will fade !"

"Oh ! do not allow yourself to be disturbed by fears of this

sort, sister. The style of the *materiel* and *architecture* will be obsolete before they need washing."

"Perhaps so. What did Mrs. Talfourd say to you about yours, last evening?"

"I don't recollect. She did make some remark, I believe; but I was studying to hit upon some expedient for relieving Sarah Stevens from her embarrassing situation, and did not attend to Mrs. Talfourd."

"She said something about its being 'so superb.' But what was Sarah's situation, pray?"

"Why, that saucy Ambrose placed himself deliberately by her side, and fixed his staring eyes upon her head. You know she is painfully bashful. She blushed repeatedly; and he must have perceived how his criticisms distressed her, if he had not been wholly absorbed in his phrenological speculations. She has a fine head; and he had not met her before."

"And I suppose you suffered more from excess of sympathy for Sarah, than she did from terror."

"One does not *suffer* from the exercise of sympathy, Maria. It is a pleasing emotion, when we can relieve its object; and we can generally do this by some means."

"What were yours on this occasion?" asked Maria.

"I called Mr. Ambrose's attention to a phrenological chart that was lying on the centre table."

"Fears of fastening him on myself for the remainder of the evening, would have deterred me from hazarding such a measure, even if my benevolence had prompted it."

"I am quite too sensible of my want of magnetic influence, to dread such a catastrophe," said Josephine, laughing.

Mrs. Talfourd received a visit from the Howards, of Boston, and Josephine and Maria were invited to accompany them in a ride to the mines of Strafford.

"I don't like our riding-dresses at all, the color is so sombre and unbecoming," said Maria.

"Why, I think them very pretty."

"Well, so I have always thought until to-day. I have been imagining how they will look beside that splendid thing of Ellen Howard's. Just think of it a moment, Josephine."

Josephine was deeply engaged in reading the last Knickerbocker ; but she smiled and shut her book, to " think a moment," as Maria desired.

" I have been trying on my dress," said Maria, pursuing the train of her uneasy reflections. " It positively gave me the look of a fright."

Josephine laughed, and then resumed her reading.

" Could n't we have something new and becoming for our necks ? This would lessen the deformity a little, perhaps."

" We have a great and very pretty variety already, from which to select for this *august* occasion. But I do not like this sacrificing the ease and pleasure of one day for a ride, which should be all of pleasure, in preliminaries and results. Do you, sister?"

" I fear my ride will scarcely be one of pleasure, unless I make some previous preparation. What are your plans?"

" I must confess that I have none. I have not thought of dress to-day."

" You are a strange sister. How have you occupied yourself ? Where have you been ? I saw you coming in."

" Why, I saw old Mrs. Murray coming, down below the bridge. She appeared unusually feeble, so I went to her, made her take my arm, and led her to her son's door."

" Let old granny Murray take your arm, and walk through the village in this mode, Josephine ! Why, was not every body watching you ? And did n't Esquire Talfourd's visitors see you?"

" I don't know. I did not think of them as I passed, for Mrs. Murray was giving me a very interesting piece of news. Her son, whom she thought dead, has just written to her from New-York. He has lately landed, after a prosperous but very long voyage. He did not write that he is rich and good, but I infer this from his letter. The good old lady was almost overcome with joy."

" I am glad for her ; but, Josephine, how do you dare to level yourself in this manner ? I fear the Talfourds and their aristocratic friends saw you ; and I know how such a thing must appear to them."

" You know that ' goodness thinks no ill, where no ill seems,' my sister. I shall not be less respected by the good, for acts like this ; and for the opinions of others I have no deference."

Maria did not hear Josephine's remark, for she was wholly

absorbed in watching a cloud that was just rising in the west.

“Have you noticed that cloud, Josephine?”

“No, is it pretty?”

There was perfect sincerity in this question, for the idea of a storm, and consequent disappointment, did not occur to her; and she seldom looked at the clouds, or gave them a thought, unless they were grand or pretty.

“Pretty! Josephine? why no!” answered Maria. “But they threaten a dismal storm, instead of a ride to Strafford.”

“Well, that would be rather annoying. But we will not ‘be over exquisite to cast the shadow of uncertain ills,’ Maria. I hazard my Sybilline reputation on the prediction, that we shall have a pleasant day to-morrow, and a pleasant drive.”

And so it proved. But Maria’s gloomy anticipations, and her dissatisfaction respecting her dress, had so soured her feelings, that she did not enjoy half the pleasure she might otherwise have found.

Such is the dissimilarity between two whose privileges, disciplines — *foreign* disciplines, I mean — and amusements, are precisely the same. Perhaps this difference arises, in part, from a difference of natural temperament; but more, and mostly, doubtless, from habit. The sweetest temper will become soured by a constant indulgence in selfish, gloomy apprehensions; and the misanthrope will become a child of happiness by perseverance in benevolent exertion.

SARAH ANN.

GLORY OF LIGHT.

Beautiful to the believer is every work of Nature. To him there is a loveliness and meaning in the humblest herb, and smallest insect; and he knows that whenever beauty meets the eye, then should instruction go to the heart.

But the object which more than all others combines both beauty and instruction, is LIGHT. Beautiful is light when it shines from the dazzling sun, and beautiful when it beams from the milder moon; beautiful when it flashes from some dark thunder-cloud, and beautiful when it twinkles from myriads of eveinng

stars. Beautiful is it when concentrated in noonday clouds, and beautiful when, with scarlet and purple, it curtains the sunset sky. Beautiful is it in the North, when its varying colors stream upward in the Borealis, and beautiful in the South, when it reddens the midnight sky from seas of prairie fire.

Beautiful is light when it crests the ocean-billow, and beautiful when it dances on the rippling streamlet ; beautiful when it lies like a silvery robe on the placid lake, and beautiful when it turns the foaming surge to fretted gold. Beautiful is light when it flashes from the maiden's eye, and beautiful when it sparkles from the diamond on her hand.

Beautiful are the varying hues of light, as they flit and change on the water-bubble, and beautiful are they when marshalled in the rainbow. Beautiful is the light which glistens from millions of points and pinnacles in Arctic glaciers, and beautiful when it rests like a glorious crown on Alpine mountains ; and beautiful also is light, when it breaks through forest-boughs, and holds wild play with the flitting shadow.

Beautiful are the coruscations of light in the laboratory of the chemist, and beautiful is the fire-side light when friends around it meet in that dearest of all earth's cherished spots, in "Home, sweet home." Beautiful is light to the poor man, when it comes through the little lattice to brighten his humble cot, and beautiful to the prince, when it streams through gilded casements to illuminate his palace.

Beautiful is the light of morn to the Persian worshipper, and beautiful is it after the night-storm to the shipwrecked mariner. Beautiful is it to the child of guilt or affliction, to whom the night can bring no quiet rest ; and beautiful, after their undisturbed sleep, is it to all beasts, birds and insects, whose morning voices unite in one loud thanksgiving for the light.

Beautiful is light to the dungeon prisoner, when, after years of darkened life, he stands beneath the sun's glad beams ; and beautiful is it to the invalid, when from the couch of sickness he emerges into the bright ocean above and around him, and from the depths of his grateful heart he blesses God for the light.

Beautiful also is light to the timid child, when, after awaking in darkness, his screams of terror have brought some taper, and as though he knew that his guardian angel had come to watch

his slumbers, he lays his cheek upon his little hand, even shuts his eyes upon the wished-for object, and sweetly sleeps — for it is light.

Beautiful is light when it paints the tulip with gold, the rose with crimson, and the grass-grown earth with living green. Yes, beautiful is every light, of morn, of eve, of midnight and of noon, and grateful for all of beauty should we be to Him who is the “Father of lights.”

Beautiful is light in its mystery; and is it not instructive too? Though to the Christian, earth’s meanest object has its spiritual teachings, yet here is a high and holy lesson for the Atheist. Ask him why he believes there is no God, and his reply will be, “Because I cannot see him, I cannot feel him, I cannot touch him, nor comprehend how he exists.” Tell him to look upon Nature, for there he must see the evidence of a Creator’s hand; but bid him, above all, to contemplate the light. He can see that, too — he can calculate the rapidity of its motion, and the laws of reflection and refraction by which it is governed: he sees it, he believes in it, he knows it exists; yet he cannot touch it, he cannot feel it, he cannot tell of what it is made, nor how it exists. He can fill his chamber with it, yet he cannot draw his shutters, and say, ‘I have shut it in,’ for it eludes his efforts, though he can never tell how.

The light has its lessons for us all; and so indispensable is it as a medium of instruction, that it has become but another name for knowledge, and its absence for ignorance. Though some have lived without ever beholding its brightness, yet what they knew was learned from those who were blessed with sight; and as we can form no idea of beauty without it, neither can we think of knowledge entirely separated from it.

Ask the poet what single object affords him the most illustrations of various truths, and he says, “It is the light.” Ask the painter what most engages his attention, and elicits his skill, when he transfers to canvass the lovely scenes of nature, and he, too, answers, “The light.” Ask the natural philosopher upon what subject he dwells with most pleasure, in his lectures of instruction, and he answers, “It is light.” Ask the rhetorician what sentence in our language is most sublimely beautiful, and his reply will be, “And God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and there

was light." And why so sublime and beautiful? Because though we know that the earth was gradually formed thus glorious and perfect, yet in those few words is conveyed the idea of an instantaneous springing into life and beauty.

Listen to the Missionary, as he depicts the woes of heathen lands; and he says, "You must send them light." Hear the philanthropist, as he tells of the ignorance and affliction of the poor and neglected of our own land, and his prayer will be that they may have *light*. Listen also to the controversialist, as he argues with his bigoted opponent; and how earnestly he wishes that he may have *light*.

When the Hebrew poet endeavored to portray the beauty and majesty of God, he said, "Who covereth himself with light as with a garment;" and throughout the Scriptures, how many ideas of happiness, beauty and knowledge, are symbolized by the word "light"! On the contrary, all ignorance, error, desolation and misery, are symbolized by darkness.

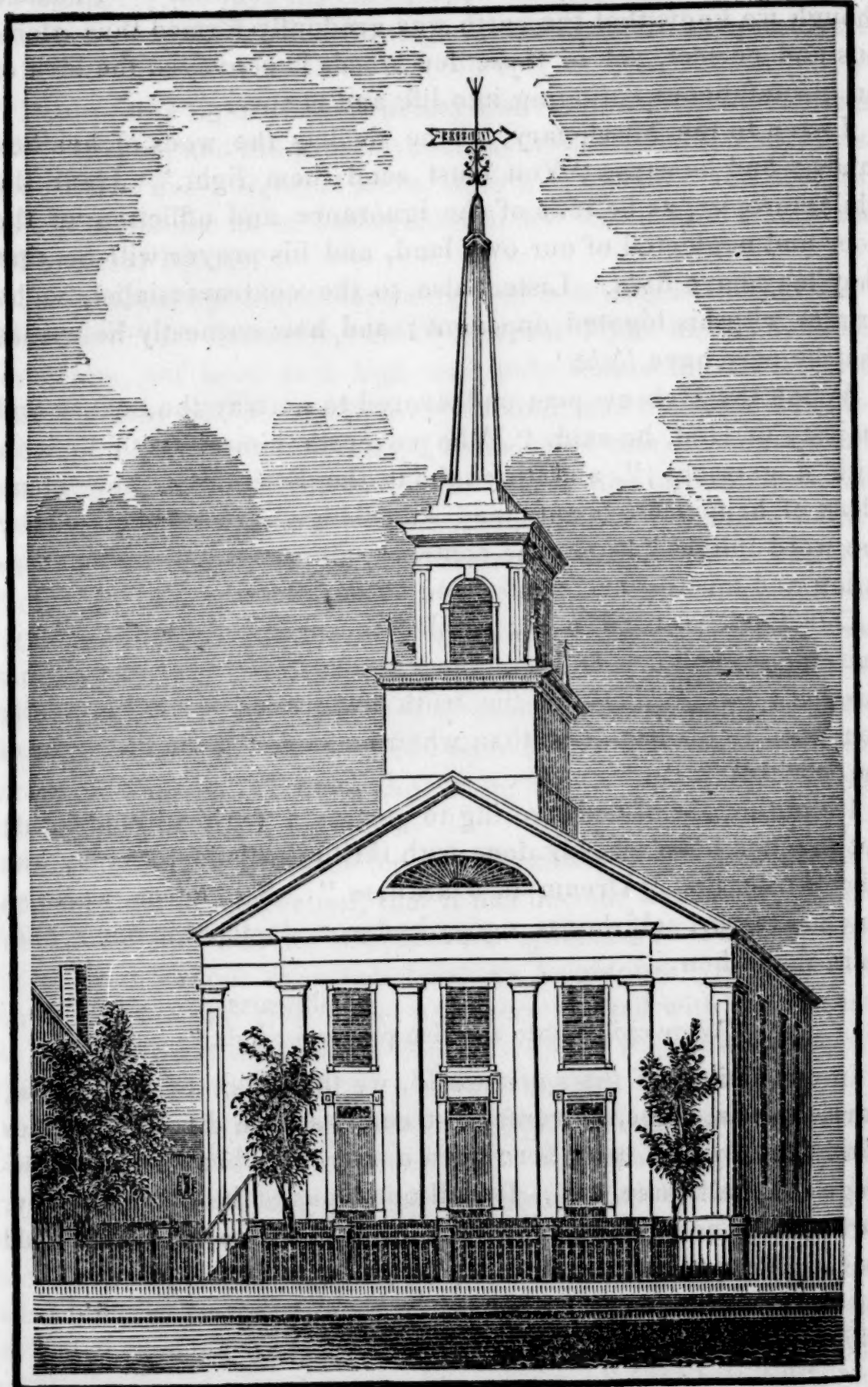
Our Saviour used many similes to shadow forth the glory, knowledge, holiness and happiness which were to result from his mission; but never could the truth have been more powerfully conveyed to his listeners, than when he said, "I am the light of the world."

I had thought of endeavoring to portray a world without light; but this has been already done with thrilling distinctness by him who wrote the "Dream of Darkness." No, never were so much of terror, selfishness, agony and woe, depicted in one scene, as in that when

"all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light."

In our visions of the spirit-world, we think not of sun, moon, stars, oceans, trees, flowers, or streamlets; we divest ourselves of all things which have here been a source of beauty and knowledge — of all save *one*; for all our ideas of its glory, felicity, purity, and never-failing sources of instruction, are enhanced by the sweet reflection, that *there it will be always light*.

ELLA.



WORTHEN STREET BAPTIST CHURCH....LOWELL.

THE FIRST BELLS.

CHAPTER I.

There are times when I am melancholy, when the sun seems to shine with a shadowy light, and the woods are filled with notes of sadness ; when the up-springing flowers seem blossoms strewed upon a bier, and every streamlet chants a requiem. Have we not all our trials ? and though we may bury the sad thoughts to which they give birth in the dark recesses of our own hearts, yet Memory and Sensibility must both be dead, if we can always be light and mirthful.

Once it was not so. There was a time when I gaily viewed the dull clouds of a rainy day, and could hear the voice of rejoicing in the roarings of the wintry storm, when sorrow was an unmeaning word, and in things which now appear sacred, my thoughtless mind could see the ludicrous.

These thoughts have been suggested by the recollection of a poor old couple, to whom in my careless girl-hood I gave the name of "the first bells." And now, I doubt not, you are wondering what strange association of ideas could have led me to fasten this appellation upon a poor old man and woman. My answer must be the narration of a few facts.

When I was young, we all worshipped in the great meeting-house, which now stands so vacant and forlorn upon the brow of Church Hill. It is never used but upon town-meeting days — for those who once went up to the house of God in company, now worship in three separate buildings. There is discord between them — that worst of all hatred, the animosity which arises from difference of religious opinions. I am sorry for it ; not that I regret that they cannot all think alike, but that they cannot "agree to differ." Because the heads are not in unison, it needeth not that the hearts should be estranged ; and a difference of faith may be expressed in kindly words. I have my friends among them all, and they are not the less dear to me because upon some doctrinal points our opinions cannot be the same. A creed which I do not now believe, is hallowed by recollections of the Sabbath worship, the evening meetings, the religious feelings — in short, of the faith, hope and trust of my earlier days.

I remember now how still and beautiful our Sunday mornings

used to seem, after the toil and play of the busy week. I would take my catechism in my hand, and go and sit upon a large flat stone, under the shade of the chestnut tree ; and looking abroad would wonder if there was a thing which did not feel that it was the Sabbath. The sun was as bright and warm as upon other days, but its light seemed to fall more softly upon the fields, woods and hills ; and though the birds sung as loudly and joyfully as ever, I thought their sweet voices united in a more sacred strain. I heard a sabbath-tone in the waving of the boughs above me, and the hum of the bees around me, and even the bleating of the lambs and lowing of the kine, seemed pitched upon some softer key. Thus it is that the heart fashions the mantle with which it is wont to enrobe all nature, and gives to its never-silent voices a tone of joy, or sorrow, or holy peace.

We had then no bell ; and when the hour approached for the commencement of religious services, each nook and dale sent forth its worshippers in silence. But precisely half an hour before the rest of our neighbors started, the old man and woman, who lived upon Pine Hill, could be seen wending their way to the meeting-house. They walked side by side, with a slow, even step, such as was befitting the errand which had brought them forth. Their appearance was always the signal for me to lay aside my book, and prepare to follow them to the house of God. And it was because they were so unvarying in their early attendance, because I was never disappointed in the forms which first emerged from the pine trees upon the hill, that I gave them the name of "the first bells."

Why they went thus regularly early I know not, but think it probable they wished for time to rest after their long walk, and then to prepare their hearts to join in exercises which were evidently more valued by them, than by most of those around them. Yet it must have been a deep interest which brought so large a congregation from the scattered houses, and many far-off dwellings of our thinly-peopled country town.

And every face was then familiar to me. I knew each white-headed patriarch who took his seat by the door of his pew, and every aged woman who seated herself in the low chair in the middle of it ; and the countenances of the middle aged and the young, were rendered familiar by the exchange of sabbath glances, as we met year after year in that humble temple.

But upon none did I look with more interest than upon "the first bells." There they always were when I took my accustomed place — there upon the free seat at the right hand of the pulpit. Their heads were always bowed in meditation till they arose to join in the morning prayer ; and when the choir sent forth their strain of praise, they drew nearer to each other, and looked upon the same book, as they silently sent forth the spirit's song to their Father in heaven. There was an expression of meekness, of calm and perfect faith, and of subdued sorrow, upon the countenances of both, which won my reverence, and excited my curiosity to know more of them.

They were poor. I knew it by the coarse and much-worn garments which they always wore ; but I could not conjecture why they avoided the society and sympathy of all around them. They always waited for our pastor's greeting when he descended from the pulpit, and meekly bowed to all around, but farther than this their intercourse with others extended not. It appeared to me that some heavy trial, which had knit their own hearts more closely together, and endeared to them their faith, and its religious observances, had also rendered them unusually sensitive to the careless remarks and curious inquiries of a country neighborhood.

One sabbath, our pastor preached upon parental love. His text was that affecting ejaculation of David, "O Absalom, my son, my son !" He spoke of the depth and fervor of that affection which in a parental heart will remain unchanged and unabated, through years of sin, estrangement and rebellion. He spoke of that reckless insubordination which often sends pang after pang through the parent's breast ; and of wicked deeds which sometimes bring their grey heads in sorrow to the grave. I heard stifled sobs ; and looking up, saw that the old man and woman at the right hand of the pulpit, had buried their faces in their hands. They were trembling with agitation, and I saw that a fount of deep and painful remembrances had now been opened. They soon regained their usual calmness, but I thought their steps more slow, and their countenances more sorrowful that day, when, after our morning service had closed, they went to the grave in the corner of the church-yard. There was no stone to mark it, but their feet had been wearing, for many a sabbath noon, the little path which led to it.

I went that night to my mother, and asked her if she could not tell me something about "the first bells." She chid me for the phrase by which I was wont to designate them, but said that her knowledge of their former life was very limited. Several years before, she added, a man was murdered in hot blood in a distant town, by a person named John L. The murderer was tried and hung; and not long after, this old man and woman came and hired the little cottage upon Pine Hill. Their names were the same that the murderer had borne, and their looks of sadness, and retiring manners, had led to the conclusion that they were his parents. No one knew certainly that it was so — for they shrunk from all inquiries, and never adverted to the past; but a gentle and sad-looking girl, who had accompanied them to their new place of abode, had pined away, and died within the first year of their arrival. She was their daughter, and was supposed to have died of a broken heart, for her brother who had been hung. She was buried in the corner of the church-yard, and every pleasant sabbath noon her aged parents had mourned together over her lowly grave.

"And now, my daughter," said my mother, in conclusion, "respect their years, their sorrows, and above all, the deep, fervent piety which cheers and sustains them, and which has been nurtured by agonies, and watered by tears, such as I hope my child will never know."

My mother drew me to her side, and kissed me tenderly; and I resolved that never again would I in a spirit of levity call Mr. and Mrs. L. "the first bells."

CHAPTER II.

Years passed on; and through summer's sunshine and its showers, and through winter's cold, and frost, and storms, that old couple still went upon their never-failing sabbath-pilgrimage. I can see them even now, as they looked in days long gone by. The old man, with his loose, black, Quaker-like coat, and low-crowned, much-worn hat, his heavy cow-hide boots, and coarse blue mittens; and his partner walking slowly by his side, wearing a scanty brown cloak with four little capes, and a close, black, rusty-looking bonnet. In summer, the cloak was exchanged for a cotton shawl, and the woolen gown for one of mourning print. The sabbath expression was as unchangable as its dress. Their

features were very different, but they had both the same mild, mournful look, the same touching glance, whenever their eyes rested upon each other ; and it was one which spoke of sympathy, hallowed by heart-felt piety.

At length a coffin was borne upon a bier from the little house upon the hill ; and after that, the widow went alone each sabbath noon to the two graves in the corner of the church-yard. I felt sad when I thought how lonely and sorrowful she must be now ; and one pleasant day I ventured an unbidden guest into her lowly cot. As I approached her door, I heard her singing in a low, tremulous tone,

“ How are thy servants blessed, O Lord.”

I was touched to the heart ; for I could see that her blessings were those of a faith, hope and joy, which the world could neither give nor take away.

She was evidently destitute of what the world calls comforts, and I feared she might also want its necessities. But her look was almost cheerful as she assured me that her knitting (at which I perceived she was quite expeditious) supplied her with all which she now wanted.

I looked upon her sun-burnt, wrinkled countenance, and thought it radiant with moral beauty. She wore no cap, and her thin grey hair was combed back from her furrowed brow. Her dress was a blue woolen skirt, and a short, loose gown ; and her hard, shrivelled hands bore witness to much unfeminine labor. Yet she was contented, and even happy, and singing praise to God for His blessings. * * *

The next winter I thought I could perceive a faltering in her gait, whenever she ascended Church Hill ; and one sabbath she was not in her accustomed seat. The next, she was also absent ; and when I looked upon Pine Hill, I could perceive no smoke issuing from her chimney. I felt anxious, and requested liberty to make, what was then in our neighborhood an unusual occurrence, a sabbath visit. My mother granted me permission to go, and remain as long as my services might be necessary ; and at the close of the afternoon worship, I went to the little house upon the hill. I listened eagerly for some sound, as I entered the cold apartment ; but hearing none, I tremblingly approached the low,

hard bed. She was lying there with the same calm look of resignation, and whispered a few words of welcome as I took her hand.

"You are sick, and alone," said I to her; "tell me what I can do for you."

"I am sick," was her reply, "but not *alone*. He who is every where, and at all times present, has been with me in the day and in the night. I have prayed to Him, and received answers of mercy, love and peace. He has sent His angel to call me home, and there is nought for you to do but to watch the spirit's departure."

I felt that it was so; yet I must do something. I kindled a fire, and prepared some refreshment; and after she drank a bowl of warm tea, I thought she looked better. She asked me for her Bible, and I brought her the worn volume which had been lying upon the little stand. She took from it a soiled and much-worn letter, and after pressing it to her lips, endeavored to open it—but her hands were too weak, and it dropped upon the bed. "No matter," said she, as I offered to open it for her; "I know all that is in it, and in that book also. But I thought I should like to look once more upon them both. I have read them daily for many years till now; but I do not mind it—I shall go soon."

She followed me with her eyes as I laid them aside, and then closing them, her lips moved as if in prayer. She soon after fell into a slumber, and I watched her every breath, fearing it might be the last.

What lessons of wisdom, truth, and fortitude, were taught me by that humble bed-side! I had never before been with the dying, and I had always imagined a death-bed to be fraught with terror. I expected that there were always fearful shrieks, and appalling groans, as the soul left its clay tenement; but my fears were now dispelled. A sweet calmness stole into my inmost soul, as I watched by the low couch of the sufferer; and I said, 'If this be death, may my last end be like hers.'

But at length I saw that some dark dream had brought a frown upon the pallid brow, and an expression of woe around the parched lips. She was endeavoring to speak or to weep, and I was about to awaken her, when a sweet smile came like a flash of sunlight over her sunken face, and I saw that the dream of woe

was exchanged for one of pleasure. Then she slept calmly, and I wondered if the spirit would go home in that peaceful slumber. But at length she awoke, and after looking upon me and her little room with a bewildered air, she heaved a sigh, and said mournfully, "I thought that I was not to come back again, but it is only for a little while. I have had a pleasant dream, but not at first. I thought once that I stood in the midst of a vast multitude, and we were all looking up at one who was struggling on a gallows. O, I have seen that sight in many a dream before, but still I could not bear it, and I said, 'Father, have mercy;' and then I thought that the sky rolled away from behind the gallows, and there was a flood of glory in the depths beyond; and I heard a voice saying to him who was hanging there, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!' And then the gallows dropped, and the multitude around me vanished, and the sky rolled together again; but before it had quite closed over that scene of beauty, I looked again, and *they were all there*. Yes," added she, with a placid smile, "I know that *he* is there with them; the *three* are in heaven, and *I* shall be there soon."

She ceased, and a drowsy feeling came over her. After a while, she opened her eyes with a strange look of anxiety and terror. I went to her, but she could not speak, and she pressed my hand closely, as though she feared I would leave her. It was a momentary terror, for she knew that the last pangs were coming on. There was a painful struggle, and then came rest and peaceful confidence. "That letter," whispered she convulsively; and I went to the Bible, and took from it the soiled paper which claimed her thoughts even in death. I laid it in her trembling hands, which clasped it nervously, and then pressing it to her heart, she fell into that slumber from which there is no awakening.

When I saw that she was indeed gone, I took the letter and laid it in its accustomed place; and then, after straitening the limbs, and throwing the bed-clothes over the stiffening form, I left the house.

It was a dazzling scene of winter beauty that met my eye, as I went forth from that lowly bed of death. The rising sun threw a rosy light upon the crusted snow, and the earth was dressed in a robe of sparkling jewels. The trees were hung with glittering

drops, and the frozen streams were dressed in robes of brilliant beauty.

I thought of her upon whose eyes a brighter morn had beamed, and of a scene of beauty upon which no sun should ever set, and whose never-fading glories shall yield a happiness which may never pass away.

I went home, and told my mother what had passed ; and she went, with some others, to prepare the body for burial. I went to look upon it once more, the morning of the funeral. The features had assumed a rigid aspect, but the placid smile was still there. The hands were crossed upon the breast ; and as the form lay so still and calm in its snowy robes, I almost wished that the last change might come upon me, so that it would bring a peace like this which should last forevermore.

I went to the Bible, and took from it that letter. Curiosity was strong within me, and I opened it. It was signed 'John L.,' and dated from his prison the night before his execution. But I did not read it. O no ! it was too sacred. It contained those words of penitence and affection over which her stricken heart had brooded for years. It had been the well-spring from which she had drunk joy and consolation, and derived her hopes of a reunion where there should be no more shame, nor sorrow, nor death.

I could not destroy that letter ; so I laid it beneath the clasped hands, over the heart to which it had been pressed when its beatings were forever stilled ; and they buried *her*, too, in the corner of the church-yard ; and that tattered paper soon mouldered to ashes upon her breast. * * *

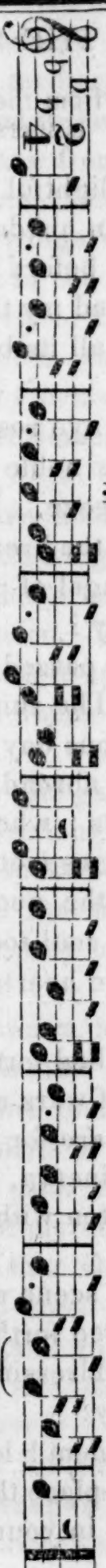
We have now a bell upon our new meeting house ; and when I hear its sabbath-morning peal, my thoughts are subdued to a tone fitting for sacred worship ; for my mind goes back to that old couple, whom I was wont to call "the first bells ;" and I think of the power of religion to hallow and strengthen the affections, to elevate the mind, and restrain the drooping spirit, even in the saddest and humblest lot of life.

SUSANNA.

HYMN OF CONSOLATION.



1. O Thou, who driest the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to thee!



2. But thou wilt heal that broken heart, Which, like the plants that throw Their fragrance from the wounded part, Breathe sweetness out of woe:



3. O who would bear life's stormy doom, Did not thy wing of love Come, brightly waiting thro' the gloom, A peace-branch from a - bove!



(1.) The friends who in our sunshine live, When winter comes are flown, And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a - lone.



(2.) When joy no longer soothes or cheers, And e'en the hope, that threw A moment's sparkle o'er our tears, Is dimmed and vanished too.



(3.) Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright, With more than rapture's ray, As darkness shows us worlds of light, We never saw by day.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

The Flag waved from the City Hall; and Phalanx, Guards, and Highlanders, appeared in martial array.

It was a delightful morning. The sun had journeyed but a short distance in his destined course, and the twinkling stars had but just retired before his brilliant face. I looked with rapture on the scene, and my thoughts immediately ascended to the great First Cause of all its beauty. Not a cloud, not a spec floated in the deep blue.

Suddenly my eye rested on the flag of my country. The hand still grasped the noble standard, which spread its silken folds to the grateful breeze. Was it the shade of Washington who had descended with the breath of morning to revisit the land he blest? or was it the angel of peace who had for a few moments visited our tranquil city?

The morning passed rapidly away. Still waved the flag from yonder Hall. The sun had performed half of his celestial round, and day, gorgeous day, smiled in all the pride of noon-tide glory. Again I looked abroad, once more to read a lesson from the surrounding objects; when lo! as if by magic, plumed heads and glittering uniforms met my astonished view. Anon the sound of music stole on the noon-day breeze, and well-trained soldiery answered to its soul-touching strains. Youth and manhood were there, and brave hearts beat beneath the gilded coat and Scottish plaid.

What had called forth those well-marshalled companies? Had the great god of wars ridden forth in his triumphal chariot, and bade them prepare for battle? Surely not — for his voice is not heard where Minerva, the sage goddess, sits enthroned, and her godlike sons listen with enthusiasm to the breathings of her gentle voice.

The morning scene awoke a most heart-felt admiration — but this display called forth a new train of thought; and I could not avoid silently addressing the patriot-bands who stood before me in military array:

Sons of Freedom! let not the true spirit of patriotism which had for its birth-place the bosoms of your illustrious predecessors, be extinguished in your own; neither forget, while you enjoy the

High- but a s had pture great ted in hand lds to o had blest? isited from ound, glory. e sur- s and nd of diery were Scot- Had , and s not d her gen- — but d not e me which ssors, y the

blessings of a free and happy country, that bold deeds of daring secured to you the priceless boon which you now inherit. May every heart be a temple consecrated to the memory of that noble band, who fearlessly marched forward, hand in hand, and heart in heart, to the red battle-field. Liberty rang from every mountain top, and answering valleys echoed back the sound. From the high portals of heaven, swift on the wings of the eternal mandate, came the spirit of freedom to rest in the bosoms of the brave few who adopted for their motto, Liberty or Death ! Firmly and steadily did they cling to the righteous cause in which they were engaged, and most gloriously they achieved the noble end for which home, and friends, and sweet domestic bliss were sacrificed.

Hard was the struggle, and many a brave soldier fell in defence of his dearest rights. Anon the gathering shouts came mingling on the air, and victory, victory immortal, burst from every patriot soul. Then was Freedom born. High on each mountain crag, and in mid-air, the soaring eagle spread his wing to guard the ethereal stranger, wrapt in the bands of stripes and stars.

One by one have passed away the heroes who gathered around the standard of their country's rights, and ere long will it be said that the last flickering lamp has died in the socket — that the last brave spirit of the revolution has gone to that land where the fierce din of battle disturbs not the holy serenity of the peaceful inhabitants.

Sacred to the heart of every son of America be the sterling virtues of those worthies. Encircled with a halo of glory shall their names live while Time lives. Like the immortal Phoenix which springs from the ashes, so may the spirits of fathers go out only to be renewed in the bosoms of the sons for whom they fought and bled. Never, never be it said of my country, as was said of the proud mistress of the world, that she fell by the profligate weakness of her own degenerate sons. No ; rather cherish the same principles which actuated and governed the fathers and founders of this happy republic, and America, thrice blest America, shall live, and live on, forever !

But hark ! Pause, daughter of America ! for a moment ; consider at whose expense the high-bought privileges which you enjoy were so dearly purchased. Had the honored *mothers* of past

time nothing to do with your present peaceful and happy lot? True, they did not go into the field, and fight; but alone they watched their own desolate homes—made so by the absence of those to whom was entrusted their dearest happiness. They were obliged to see their husbands, the fathers of their children, hurried from them into the din of battle and horrors of war. Nor was this all: they incited them to deeds of valor. In one instance, a mother fitted out her two sons, and bade them not return like cowards, but to fight like brave men. And oft as the care-worn soldier reposed his weary limbs on the cold, damp ground, and the night dews gathered around him, would the shade of those he had left at his once happy home cling around his sleepless imagination; and he would seem to gather new strength, as he awoke to the reality, that for *them* he was toiling.

Oft as I see yon glorious banner wave in the free air and pure sun-light of heaven, does my bosom thrill with untold feelings of regard for those who bore it safely from the hand of oppression; and a silent prayer goes forth that its graceful folds may still float in the breeze that playfully kisses the towering mountains, the majestic river, the verdant meadow, and the limpid rill.

ORPHAN.

THE INDIAN'S FAITH.

Miantonimoh, the father of Conancet, was slain by white men. According to the customs of his nation, the young and proud Conancet thirsted for revenge. Alone he sought the "clearing," hoping to return with the scalps of some of his father's murderers. But the young sachem found that the affection of a wife and mother was even more vigilant than the burning passion of revenge. He was taken captive, and long time remained a prisoner. By kindness his savage disposition was measurably subdued; and when the Indians destroyed the plantation, he mournfully surveyed the ruins and departed to his native wilds. In process of time the plantation was rebuilt, and became the centre of a flourishing village in Connecticut.

At length the inhabitants of W. were notified by a mysterious stranger, that the savages were approaching. After a short and

severe conflict, the red men prevailed. But when Conancet discovered his old acquaintances, he beckoned his brother chiefs aside, and with much eloquence he plead for the lives of his prisoners. He succeeded, but a frown gathered upon the brow of Metacomb — for he thought it bad policy to allow the fox to escape, after he had once been trapped. Nevertheless, Conancet bade them *live*, for he said they “were brave,” and possessed “much of honesty.”

Shortly after the retreat of the savages, the mysterious stranger received a visit from Conancet. After a long conference, the two were seen departing at a rapid pace for the interior of the wilderness. The object of their journey was, to seek the fierce Metacomb, and endeavor to effect a reconciliation between the contending nations. They found the warrior ; but ere their conference closed, a *traitor*, with a false heart and a lying tongue, appeared before them. Metacomb, indignant at such baseness, slew him upon the spot ; and while his eyes flashed and sparkled with fearful passion, he raised his bloody tomahawk to kill the stranger. “Wampanoag ! No. OUR LIVES ARE ONE !” shouted Conancet.

To avoid the foe, which had been led there by the traitor, Metacomb fled, and Mr. S. urged Conancet to follow his example. The thought possibly crossed his mind, that one who had assisted the white men to the extent that he had, would find favor before their allies. But no entreaties could move the true and noble sachem from his purpose, and he calmly and resolutely refused to move, unless accompanied by his friend. Well might the white man exclaim, “Heathen ! Heathen ! many a Christian might learn a lesson of faith from thee !” Then starting at full speed they endeavored to secure their safety ; but finding it impossible together to elude the vigilance of their pursuers, Conancet secreted his friend in the midst of a thicket, and departed, making a false trail. The prowess of the noble chief availed him not against a host, and he was taken captive.

Now hearken ! and thou shalt hear a tale that shall make thy very blood tremble and creep softly to the citadel of thy heart. Conancet, who begged off the lives of the captives of W. — the same who saved the life of the white man — the friend of the citizens of W. in the wilderness — yes, he who might have saved his life by flight, but chose rather to obey the voice of honor

and of true faith — *he* was condemned to die ! Yes, condemned by the influence of the black-hearted Meek Wolfe, a professed advocate of the gospel of peace, and pastor of the little flock in W. Oh humanity ! blush for the depravity of some of thy children ; and drop a tear to the memory of the noble Indian, who was murdered in the presence of his wife and infant boy — a martyr to his own true faith.

H. J.

 THE EMIGRANT BOY.

The forest is glawing with golden light
 From the sun's last rays, and all seems fair,
 While a mother is kneeling, with anguished brow,
 In the wild-wood cabin, to breathe a prayer.

Oh ! thrilling and sad were the words that burst
 From the depths of the smitten, maternal heart,
 As she felt for the first time a mother's grief,
 When called from the child of her love to part.

Long, long had she knelt by the lowly bed,
 To pour forth her heart's deepest utterance, wild,
 When a murmuring tone, as with melody fraught,
 Arose from the lips of the suffering child.

"Oh mother ! dear mother !" Then quickly arose
 Poor Lena, and, kissing his fading cheek,
 She bent o'er the form of her dying son,
 And, wistfully gazing, implored him to speak.

"Mother ! I dreamed ; and to me came
 A vision glad and bright ;
 Methought I waked within a land
 Of pure and heavenly light ;
 And spirits stood around me there,
 The good, and beautiful, and fair.

"Mother ! how glad I was to see
 My father dear, once more !
 He welcomed me with gladsome smiles
 To heaven's unfading shore ;
 He said that *you* would come, ere long,
 To dwell with us in light and song.

"Then I awoke ; and to my breast
 Came pains and anguish deep,
 And then I knew the hand of Death
 Was on me in my sleep.

Would I could leave the stranger-shore,
To see my own dear land once more !

"Oh ! I would see the cottage white,
Its porch and clustering vine ;
The woodbine round its columns, which
My fingers taught to twine.
But Oh ! I never more shall dwell,
In that sweet spot we loved so well.

"Oh ! lay me not within the grave
When glows the sun on high,
But when the silver crescent shines,
High in the starry sky.
The deep blue heavens above shall be
A rich and lustrous canopy.

"Grant me this boon ! no more I crave,—
Oh ! yield me to my rest,
When evening zephyrs float around,
As breathings of the blest.
O, lay me in my grave at night,
When moon and stars are shining bright !"

* * * *

The moon shone bright, and the far-off stars
Like diamonds shone in the sapphire dome ;
And mortals might deem that the evening air
Brought voices of love from the "spirit home !"

'Twas a strange, sad scene. By the silvery light
Of the moon's soft beams, near a murmuring brook,
Poor Lena approached, in the evening's shade,
To take of her loved one a last, fond look.

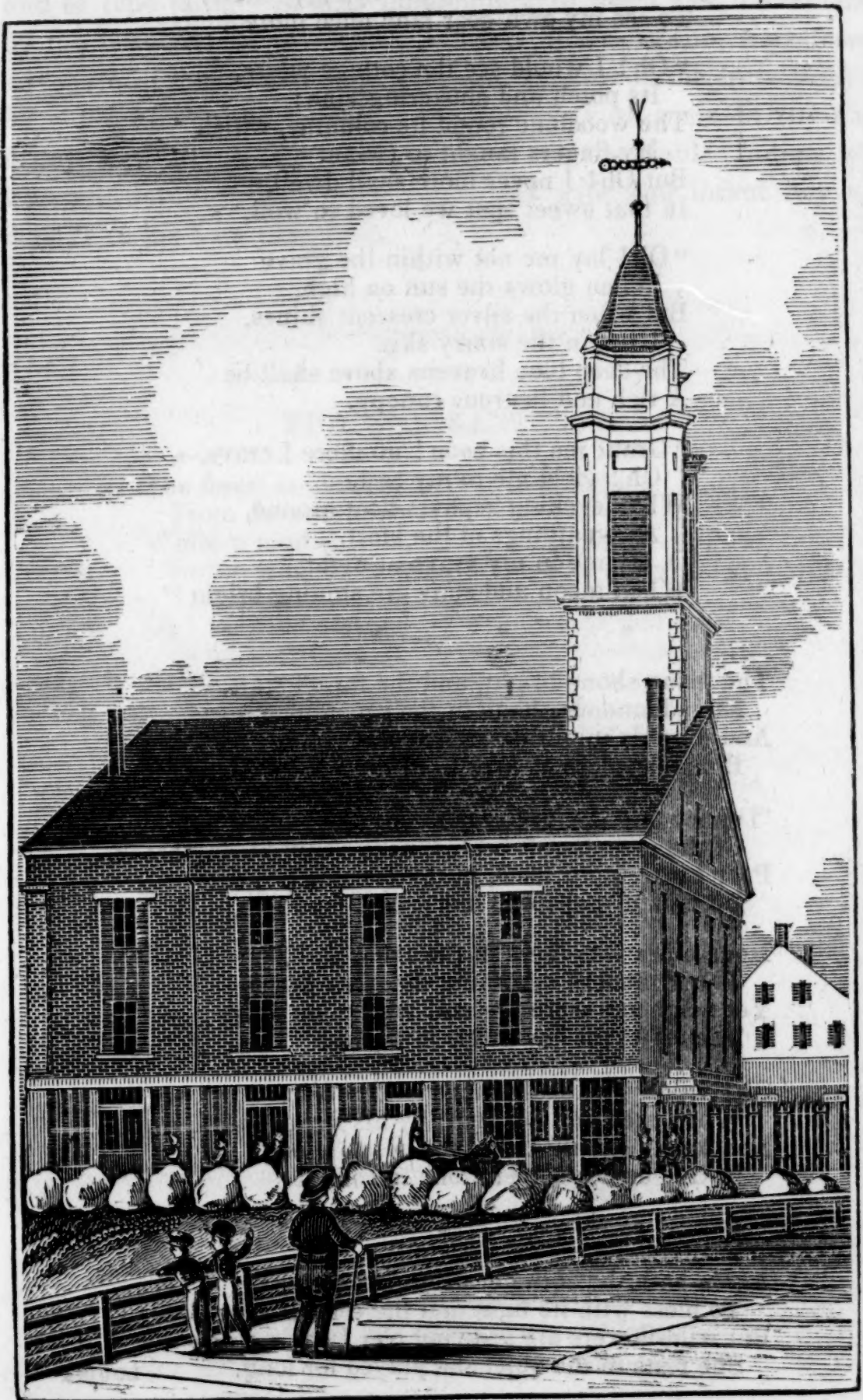
None other was there in the sable garb,
The symbol of mourning for spirit fled ;
Yet neighbors were present, who came to lay
The emigrant boy in his lowly bed.

Oh ! wildly and sadly that mother wept,
When they laid her child by his father's side ;
And lonely she turned to the desolate cot,
In God as her helper alone to confide.

* * * *

Again hath the summer in beauty arrived,
To bless with its light and the echo of song :
But wild-flowers are growing o'er Lena's grave—
She rests in the quiet she prayed for long.

LOUISA



LOWELL - ST. METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No. 2.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.

There is an expression very common among the illiterate, that whoever is unusually lucky "was born with a silver spoon in his mouth." But if Ezra Baldwin was born with any kind of a spoon in his mouth, I think it must have been a wooden one, or some rusty iron thing, if it was a true indication of his future lot — for Fortune seemed to delight in playing him shabby tricks. He was born in Hollis, N. H., about the time (perhaps the very day) when the proud British army, under the command of the unfortunate, but not inefficient, Gen. Burgoyne, succumbed to the military yeomanry of the Northern States of America. His parentage was poor, though not dishonorable — his father being as honest and industrious a man as any patriarch in the line of Shem, but he was a great stammerer, and heavy and unenterprising in all his movements.

The old man possessed not a foot of land, nor a tenement of any description in which to lodge his own head, or those of his family. This consisted, besides himself, of an excellent wife, Ezra, and his sister Anna.

While Ezra was passing from the beginning to the end of his teens, during the administration of Gen. Washington, there was not an urchin within that good President's jurisdiction, who carried above his shoulders a better phrenological specimen of fine heads, a more open countenance, beaming eye, and vivacious aspect, or in his bosom a more guileless and buoyant heart.

Ezra was always cheerful. He never pouted against his parents, fretted his sister, quarrelled with his mates, or was known to get into a tempest of anger with any one. His master-passion was for gunning, and not a man or boy in the country owned a fowling-piece which brought to the ground a greater number of squirrels, red, gray, and striped, or pigeons, partridges, and other small game. His father early taught him to work, and had so much of it for him to do, that he had but a meagre opportunity for attending school; and being more fond of a gun than of a book, he would often steal an hour in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, (never perhaps all on the same day,) for the enjoyment of his favorite amusement. He was

always accompanied by his dog Watch, who perfectly sympathized with his master in his love of sport.

As soon as Ezra arrived at the size and strength of manhood, he began to consider how the condition of the family might be improved. 'I can now,' said he to himself, 'do twice as much work as my father, and he, good man, can do considerable, if he have time for it ; and my mother is one of the best of hard-workers, and an excellent manager ; and sister Anna, now sweet eighteen, is healthy, steady, and active : cannot we earn more than we spend, and thus have a little property of our own?—There is a lot of wild land less than a mile distant, which contains about thirty or forty acres, and can be bought for three or four hundred dollars ; and though it is half rock, and a prodigiously up-and-down surface, yet it is capable of cultivation, and a plenty of labor will make it productive.'

Mother Baldwin seconded the motion, and even went a-head in the execution of it ; 'sister Anna' did what she could ; and the old gentleman, doubtless, earned his own living.

In the course of some half-a-dozen years, the craggy, hard-scrabble lot was converted into a snug little farm. A comfortable family domicile, and barn, were erected upon it, nor was there much of debt remaining. Thus the darkness appeared to be passing away, and the pleasant sun-light to pour its beams upon a family, who had long been chilled by dreary cloud and storm. It seemed as though the winter had gone, and the spring to have come, with its freshness and vigor, its joyful hopes of smiling summer, and plenteous autumn ; but these appearances were more deceptive than true. Ezra had now seen his best days, and those of his father were soon numbered and finished. Mother Baldwin and 'sister Anna' had yet to endure adversity, more intense than that of by-gone years ; and it must have seemed hard that hopes, so reasonably founded as theirs, upon patient endurance and ceaseless toil, should be so utterly blasted.

Ezra, being abroad one dark evening, driving a loaded team, made a mis-step, fell, and the cart-wheel passed over his leg, just above the ankle, crushing and fracturing it into perhaps a hundred fragments. He was carried home, and a surgeon called in, who thought that the limb might be saved, and amputation avoided. But it would have been far better to have adopted the latter alternative. Ezra was placed upon his back, and told that

he must lie *perfectly still for the space of fifty days*. He did so, and then was told that *fifty days more* would be requisite. These he also fulfilled, but the formidable wound was not healed. The bones had been so shivered that the parts or particles would not be knitted together. However, after many of them had worked their way out, an ossification took place, and the limb became capable of use, though for a long time tender and feeble.

By this wound, Ezra was confined to his bed one whole year, and to the house for several more. So long a confinement, in conjunction with incessant and intense pain, wore heavily upon his nature, broke the strength of his constitution, and made him but the wreck of a man.

After these sad years of confinement and suffering were over, he slowly emerged into the active world, and once more began to take a small share in its business and concerns. His spirits, which had been entirely dead, were somewhat revived, and Hope with brightening glance looked forward to the future. The thought that he might yet be half a man, was most welcome, and inspirited him with patience, resolution and cheerfulness. Time wore on, and when he had reached his fortieth year, he found himself in debt for half of what he possessed — a debt incurred by absolute necessity, and one which he was now solicitous to remove, and which he entertained strong hopes of being able to cancel.

But one day, as he was returning from the field, he was seized, as suddenly as if stricken by a cannon ball, by an acute pain in one of his femoral joints. It was an extraordinary form of the sciatic rheumatism, and with this excruciating malady he languished another year, and was reduced a second time to the brink of the grave.

Again, however, he gathered a measure of strength, and became capable of attending to the lighter parts of business. Once more he took courage, and again he hoped. And then again, in the same instantaneous manner, he was seized in the joint of the other side, and laid upon a bed of pain for another year. Though on the verge of a grave, which must almost have seemed welcome, it was Heaven's decree that he should yet live. Once more he so far recovered as to be able to superintend his little establishment ; and though his strength was but frailty, life began to look pleasant, and the seasons of the year to have for him, their interest as well as their return.

At the age of fifty years, another malady fell with uncommon force upon this unfortunate man. He was seized, when alone, with a paralysis, which arrested the active power of every limb, and he was instantaneously rendered incapable of moving, by an act of will, a hand or foot. His consciousness however remained, and after a while he regained the power of speech. By degrees he also recovered the use of the muscles of his hands, arms, and lower limbs. Again, however, he rose from a bed of helplessness, and endeavored to be of some service to himself and others. But misfortunes never come singly, and there were little as well as great ones in his lot. Once, a boy, whom he had hired to assist him, fell from a scaffold, and broke his leg; and there were accidents among his little herd, and many other vexatious incidents.

But the most trying affliction must have been the death of her upon whom he had dared to place his fated affections. He married, when near his sixtieth year, a woman many years his junior, who had come, with all of woman's free, uncalculating love, to share his blighted fortunes, to cheer his humble home, and endeavor by every gentle art to alleviate the sorrows of him whose afflictions had rendered him doubly dear. Now the hopes, which had for many years been dead within his heart, of once enjoying the pleasures of conjugal sympathy and friendship, seemed about to be fulfilled, and he also thought that for his declining years he had secured the services of an affectionate nurse and faithful housewife. The young bride lived but a few months, when she fell into a decline, lingered, and died.

The touching lines of Moore, which have so often been quoted by the sentimental upon the most trivial occasions, seem truly applicable to him :

"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree, or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamed or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
And must I, must I lose *that* too?"

Mother Baldwin soon followed her daughter-in-law to the eternal world, having attained the advanced age of eighty-five years, and accomplished, amidst obscurity and suffering, an uncommon amount of usefulness.

'Sister Anna,' though her personal troubles have been small compared with her brother's, seems to have felt them more acutely, and her mind is somewhat alienated. In this respect, Mr. Baldwin has been fortunate. Though nearly disabled from all business, (one of his best efforts for years being to walk with his staff, in a very long time, about half a mile,) he is sane, composed and balanced. His intellect, it is true, is not what it once was, nor what it would have been, had the path of life been less rugged and thorny. He takes much interest in reviewing the experience of by-gone days, and reflecting upon the dispensations of Providence towards him. The result of them, upon his feelings and disposition, has been most happy.

"Here I am," he says, "waiting the event of God's holy will. I have full confidence in His wisdom, mercy and salvation. What heaven is, I know not; but I have no doubt that it will adequately correspond to the promises of God, and fulfil them. I cannot say, with my old friend Joseph Emerson, that heaven is a real structure — a place that has length and breadth, height and depth. It may be so; or, so far as my spiritual vision stretches forward, it may not. *His* vision, however, may have been better than mine. Nor can I say, with Payson, that I see its golden turrets, that its breezes fan me, its odors revive me, and that its blissful songs now vibrate on my ear. Yet his faith may have been correct, as well as powerful. I choose rather to adopt the language of the apostle, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him.' The hand that brought me into the world, did it gently, and graciously; and I doubt not that the same divine hand, carrying me from this world to the future, will do it with no less mercy, gentleness, and grace."

Thus has he (and it is the testimony not only of his lips, but of his conduct) so learned the unsubstantial character of the present life and world, as to rise above their adversities, and aspire to a life and world which have better foundations; where no clouds of disappointment cast their dark shadows, where dis-

astrous accidents are never permitted, where malady and decay are unknown ; for in that world there is health without sickness, action without fatigue, rest without satiety, joy unmingled with grief, and life without mortality.

ANNETTE.

THE REFORMED INEBRIATES.

THEIR CLAIMS.

“A cry hath gone forth, a cry wild and dread,
The cry of a people that famish for bread.
It comes from the hamlet, from sons of the soil,
It comes from the city where artizans toil;
It comes from the hearth of the widowed and poor,
It comes from the millions who will not implore.”

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

The cry for bread comes in childhood's pleading tones. How mournfully it thrills the heart of that father, whose conscience, goaded and bleeding, from a thousand stings of newly-awakened conviction, accuses him of “taking bread from the children's mouths, and casting it” to his own depraved appetites !

The inebriate is not, as a matter of course, brutal in his passions and attachments. On the contrary, many who have come out from the ranks of the intemperate, and many who remain to be reclaimed, are possessed of high natural talent, and warm affections. To these, perhaps, unregulated by religious principle, some fell victims. There were, perhaps, high aspirations for excellence in some darling art ; but poverty, disease or errors in judgment, defeated their purposes. Perhaps some “made idols and found them clay ;” and sought a Lethean draught.

Be it as it may, they are sufferers. When they wake from the dream that so long has held them, there is every thing to discourage them. Poverty, shame, mental and physical debility, press heavily upon them ; and it requires no puny effort to rise above them. There are bitter recollections of the past, and gloomy anticipations of the future. His old comrades assail him with enticements and raillery. In some instances,

“cries, wild and dread,
The cries of his children that famish for bread,”

are in his ears, nearly maddening him. Their thin and tattered dress is utterly insufficient to protect them from the inclemency of the weather ; and disease, incurred by exposure and privations, is preying at their vitals. He is destitute of employment ; and he sits down by his dull hearth, the victim of remorse, unsatisfied appetites, and despondence.

In such a situation, what can the wretched man do, unpitied and unaided ? Perhaps he will find energy to bear him on. Perhaps he will return to virtue and peace, despite the tide that opposes him. But it is far more probable that he will make a few feeble struggles, and then sink lower than ever, unless kind hearts feel for him, and kind hands are stretched forth to extricate him.

We, as individuals, or as a class, can do no great thing ; but we can give our mite, each one of us. And a thousand mites would constitute no mean offering in the cause of humanity. They would carry temporary relief to hundreds who “cry for bread ;” and would furnish some comfortable article of clothing to hundreds who suffer from cold. Would not this be a blessed work ? Should we not be happier in its performance, than in purely selfish expenditure ? We can do much, working singly ; but perhaps our means might be better employed, in combination, by temperance societies, either of our native towns, or the towns of our adoption. It matters not where our benefits fall, if thereby the repenting be encouraged to perseverance, and the “cry for bread ” answered.

This *world* is our home for a little time ; its inhabitants are our brothers and sisters, bound to us “by one holy tie.” We are all travellers here, destined to meet “thorns and quicksands in life’s way,” that depend much for their mitigation on mutual kind offices.

There are many other “strong reasons ” why we should listen to the “cry that hath gone out.” But we do not need them. We have only to obey the kind impulses that are in our hearts ; and the “cry wild and dread,” will be turned to sweet words of blessing for us, and of thanksgiving to Heaven.

MARGARET.

MARION'S DEPARTURE.

"She knew that she was dying — but the thought
 Came with no terror — for her soul was full
 Of heavenly hope and peace ; and from her lips,
 Flowed the rich music of the Christian's faith,
 Till death's dark seal had stamped them for its own."

In time long since lost in the ocean of past eternity, a carriage was seen slowly winding its way down the western declivity of the Green Mountains. Its occupants were a clergyman, his wife and daughter, and a female friend, who with them sought the renovating influence of the far-famed waters of Saratoga.

Freely they drank of the sparkling fount — but to Marion the health-giving principle was lost.— They returned to her native village ; but the rose of health bloomed not again upon the cheek of the invalid. Like the sweet-scented lily, which folds in its bosom the loathsome canker-worm, she silently wasted away. — Her illness was long protracted ; yet during the whole period she manifested the most pious resignation to the will of God, and a child-like confidence in His paternal care over her. Her trust was entirely in the grace of God ; and with sweet anticipation she looked forward to the time, when she should mingle her voice with those of the celestial choir, in chanting the praises of Redeeming Love.

The long-expected day at length arrived, and after bidding adieu to a numerous circle of weeping friends, she went home. Yes, Marion went home — for she feared not to die. Death to her was a welcome messenger, who summoned her from scenes of pain and sin and wretchedness, to the pure mansions of holiness and bliss. Yes, death summoned her from the dreariness of a sojourn among strangers, to the worship and enjoyments of her Father's house.

Feeble indeed would be an attempt to portray the agony that wrung the hearts of her kindred, as the fearful sentence, "She is gone," escaped from the lips of her physician.

Marion's chief delight consisted in deeds of active benevolence. The blessing of the poor and needy ever followed her. She delighted to seek the wanderer, and with words of love and kindness, win her back to the paths of virtue and honor. And her engaging manners and amiable disposition secured the love and

esteem of all who knew her. Wherefore many strangers followed in solemn procession, and mingled their tears over her premature grave.

On the following Sabbath, the mourning circle bowed before the altar, and earnestly the pastor prayed that the grace of God might be sufficient in that trying hour, to comfort and support them. The sermon passed without especial reference to the departed—but her memory was not thus to pass away, for it was embalmed in the holiest sanctuary of every heart.

As a voluntary, the choir selected that deeply-impassioned strain, 'Mount Vernon,' in which they sung as follows :

“ Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
Peaceful be thy silent slumbers,
Peaceful in the grave so low ;
Thou no more wilt join our numbers ;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel—
But, 'tis God who hath bereft us ;
He can all our sorrows heal.
Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled ;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.”

Although I had often heard that tune sung by masters of the art, I had never before witnessed so powerful an effect, as that produced by the country choir on this painful occasion. Strong men bowed their heads and wiped the gushing tear ; and in my view they were thereby dignified and ennobled—for I saw that they still worshiped before the altar of virtue and truth.

There was one in whose eye no tear glistened, and from whose bosom no sigh escaped. His was grief too strong, too all-absorbing for such manifestation. He was Marion's father. The suns of nearly four-score years had bleached his locks, and Marion had been the joy of his heart, and the solace of his declining years ; and now that she was gone, he felt that he was bereaved indeed. The expression of his mild blue eye seemed to be, “ Yet a little longer, and the same messenger who called my daughter, will summon me to ‘ the bosom of God, the home of the soul.’ ”

ORIANNA.

IRELAND.

Must that green isle beyond the sea
 Forever wear the galling chain?
 Shall Ireland never more be free,
 To pour her eloquence again?
 In her own parliamentary hall,
 Her senate chamber of debate,
 Her noble sons must mourn her fall —
 Her patriot sons lament her fate!

Must native genius fade and die,
 Beneath the oppressor's wrathful ire?
 Nor patriot voices cleave the sky,
 To fill the soul with sacred fire?
 On her own bosom ne'er repose
 Her generous, gifted, mighty ones;
 But weep her wrongs, and tell her woes,
 In other lands, 'neath other suns.

Forbid it, heaven! It must not be —
 Let Peace her downy pinions spread,
 And far across the heaving sea,
 On Erin's shores her blessings shed.
 I weep with those who weep her thrall.
 "My ruined country"! Hark! the cry —
 Oppression hasteth to its fall —
 And her redemption draweth nigh!

M. F. R.

VISIT TO A GRAVE-YARD.

It was in that charming season of the year called the Indian Summer, (a name derived from the natives, who believe that it is caused by a wind, which they believe to be the breath of their great god Cantantowwit, to whom the souls of all good Indians go, after their decease,) that I visited the burial-place of my friends, and took a last view of a spot where many times and oft I have loved to linger.

It was late in the afternoon of a beautiful day. The air was perfectly transparent, and the clouds which were floating in the sky, were of the purest azure, and tinged with gold. The southwestern breezes, as they breathed through the glowing trees, seemed almost to articulate, and I fancied that I could hear the still small voice of the Eternal, whispering of life and immortality beyond the grave; and oh! how did I long to lie down and sleep in that hallowed spot!

As the sun slowly descended, leaving behind him a line of crimson, to mark his path-way to rest, each cloud in the spacious firmament floated majestically to the western sky, and stood there in "grandeur magnificent," arrayed in all the gorgeous and brilliant hues of the rainbow. There as they stood, catching the parting rays of the king of day, and transforming them to different hues, I fancied those clouds to be the aerial couches of the spirits of those loved ones whose bodies lay slumbering beneath my feet; and how gladly would I have hailed a summons to join them! how gladly would I have *then* laid down my earthly vestments, and soared away to that western sky! But it could not be — for my pilgrimage was not ended.

I turned from this scene of supassing beauty, and another met my eye. In an easterly direction, the sun's rays yet lingered on the top of a lofty mountain, whose trees were of every hue, from the deep green of the spruce and fir, to the palest yellow of the autumn leaf; and there, above that mountain's top, was the most beautiful rainbow my eyes ever beheld. Beautiful even in death was the foliage of the trees on that mountain — but more beautiful was the bow of Omnipotence, arched over its top.

The beautiful tints soon faded away in the gray twilight — but they still remain bright on the tablet of Memory. Long, long did I linger on that hallowed spot; and not until the shades of night had gathered thick around me, did I retrace the path that led me thither.

B. C.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to call the attention of your fair readers to winter recreations. I mean out-of-door amusements — for of in-door pleasures we have already quite a variety. Of course, sleigh-rides (I mean in large companies, and in an elegant new-fashioned vehicle,) would be quite popular, if they were more easily managed. But besides the expense, there is much labor requisite in arranging and directing a large party, in the short time which usually elapses from a snow-storm to a thaw. Every thing must be done in a hurry-flurry, and nobody likes to be hurried or flurried; and then there are large bills for the gentlemen

to pay, and often injured dresses for the ladies to replace, and great many unpleasant "after-scenes;" but there might be other and cheaper amusements, in which all who wished, could easily participate.

There is not probably a nation in the world whose people exercise so little in the open air as ours. Our climate, I acknowledge, is variable; but exposure would render us less vulnerable to its local diseases, and inure us to all its changes. These very sudden and frequent alternations of heat and cold, of wet and dry, are arguments in favor of constant, though not careless, exposure. With proper precautions, we may be enabled to defy our barbarous winters; our dreary, drizzling, drenching springs; our debilitating, melting, scalding summers, and our shivering though more equal and healthy, autumns.

We should not wait for pleasant days and unclouded skies, but walk and run and slide and skate in any weather, when we can do so without abusing our constitutions and tempting disease. Few are probably aware how much judicious, careful exposure to all weathers, can do towards strengthening a constitution.

I have mentioned sliding and skating, although they are not usually classed with female recreations, or exercises. But in some countries the prejudice against them is unknown; and among the Russians, Hollanders, and more northerly nations, they are frequent amusements. Even in England, they are occasionally practised; and it is probable that if some English actress, or French *danseuse*, should endeavor to revive the custom here, our fashionables would be enraptured with the idea. Oh, how I have sometimes wished that I could pretend to be a foreign princess, or some such body, and set fashions in dress, manners, domestic habits and every thing else. How very useful *I might be*,—but it is of no use to repine at fortune or circumstances.

"But we might do all these things," some one will say, "they are not customary or fashionable." True, we might; but we do not wish to come home from a happy party, looking as if we had been away, stealing sheep, or robbing hen-roosts, or doing some such mean tricks. We wish to have public opinion corrected upon this subject, and all acknowledge that we are right, and that out-door amusements are far preferable, even in winter, to sitting in crowded rooms, gossiping about each other or flirting with the beaux. Not that we approve of girls going out of doors

when old Boreas is holding forth with one of his most terrible blasts, or when the clouds are "pouring down pitch-forks," and all such sharp things, as the little boys say. But we think that as

"Too much confinement fades the fair,
A pleasant slide in open air,
With pleasant company, at night,
When the moon shines, will set all right."

Now we cannot conceive of a more pleasant amusement for a clear, cold, frosty winter night, than for a bevy of brave young men and fair young maids to go out, when the sparkling stars and brilliant moon are glittering upon the icicled trees and snow-crusted earth, and taking some hand-sleds, "half-a-dozen more or less," according to the number of the party, and betaking themselves to some steep hill, draw up their sleds and drive up their bodies; and then, after all have gained the summit, arrange themselves in complete order, and, by a well-directed jerk, impart a momentum to each vehicle, which will soon carry it pleasantly and safely to the bottom of the hill.

It is, to be sure, a sad pity that there should be such a drawback to the pleasure, as having to drag the sleds up hill; but it is so with all the pleasures of this earth. There is some abatement to every felicity, and dregs to every cup of bliss. But when the company is large, sleigh-bottoms might be used. These hold more, and are equally as convenient to handle. But as the burden of their conveyance, and the trouble of assisting the ladies, would both come upon the "nobler sex," the females need suffer but little, unless through the exercise of sympathy — which some one says is no suffering at all.

Then there is the skating — equally as pleasant as the sliding, if only well managed. As much time and practice are requisite to render any one an expert skater, the ladies might obviate this difficulty by the following plan: Let a gentleman provide himself with two pairs of skates, one for himself and the other for his partner. Having well secured them to their feet, she could take fast hold of the skirts of his coat, and if he was a dexterous glider, and she maintained a firm position, a gay time she could have of it, enjoying all the pleasure without incurring any of the fatigue of this exercise.

But besides the health, vigor and buoyancy imparted to the constitution, there would be another important advantage in this

amusement. In the near proximity of lads and lasses which would be unavoidable, and especially at a time when the spirits were wildly exhilarated, and glad feelings bursting forth in sounds of merriment, how easily would hand meet hand, and heart respond to heart, and soul commingle with soul ; and, in their unrestrained felicity, how readily would they resolve to toil together in all the up-hills, and slide merrily the down-hills, and skim gaily over the smooth places of life ; and thus many very nice young people might be saved from a life of single blessedness.

And then should a lady, incautiously venturing upon a thinner sheet of ice, unfortunately (?) fall through, how romantic it would be for her partner to dive after her, and save her ! and then the papers would ring with the incident, or accident, and the printers would say that the life thus preserved, they doubted not, would be consecrated to the gallant deliverer ; and a hint would be given to remind them that the printer's "imp" is very fond of wedding cake, &c.

But we have said enough to convince all who are convincible of the utility of these pleasures, and hope our good word will not be spoken in vain.

EGO.

AN ALLEGORY.

Seated on the bank of a murmuring stream, with my book, I indulged myself in planning some way of escape from my supposed hard task of studying. I was aroused by a slight tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see who this intruder was ; when lo ! I beheld the most beautiful creature the earth could boast !

As soon as I had partially recovered from my fright, she addressed me thus : "I have long watched you, and heard your sighs for me — but have never had a favorable opportunity till now to address you. You sigh for the novelties and pleasures of this dazzling world ; you despise those musty books ; and you are, in fact, precisely like me. So come with me, and I will show you my treasures and palaces."

I complied. She led me through street after street, and lane after lane — when at last we reached a house beautiful in appearance, but poorly constructed. Here I was about to enter, when my attention was attracted by a low whisper. I listened, and heard the following pithy maxim—"Look before you leap." I did, and judge of my astonishment, when I turned to ask my conductress the meaning of those words, I beheld her changed to

her original form, and instead of a pleasant and smiling face, nothing remained but a malicious grin of triumph, with pride and self-esteem depicted on her haggard countenance.

I was now at a loss what to do, when I was relieved by the approach of a nymph, at whose appearance my enchantress vanished. "Had I not come," said Learning, (for that was her name) "what would have been your fate, Ignorance only knows, as none return when once they have crossed her threshold."

I fell on my knees, and was about to thank my conductress for her assistance, when a bee lit on my lip, and I awoke. It was a dream of much profit to me.

N. S. L.

 LOWELL.....A PARODY.

When Lowell once desired to show
 What factory girls had power to do,
 Her heaps of cloth as white as snow,
 She largely piled, and rapidly.

But Lowell saw another sight,
 When intellect proclaimed her right,
 And operatives by her clear light,
 To Science brought their OFFERING.

By pen and pencil fast arrayed,
 And scheme, by thought's deep doings laid,
 On reason's rock, in fancy's shade,
 They wrought their spirit's imagery.

Then felt the land the impulse given,
 Then rushed each pen impetuous driven,
 And bright as meteor of heaven,
 Far flashed the mind's artillery.

And brighter yet these minds shall glow,
 'Mid Lowell's drifts of mimic snow:
 And swifter yet shall be the flow
 Of genius, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce can Truth's bright sun
 Undo what slander's night has done;
 Yet time shall write the victory won,
 Upon a truth-lit canopy.

The world is gazing. On, and save
 Your name from ignominy's grave.
 Wave, Science, thy bright banner wave,
 Above each Lowell factory.

Here poetry and prose shall meet
 Upon the Offering's flying sheet,
 Till blushing calumny retreat —
 Then lock her in her sepulchre.

L. S. H.

A REVERIE.

I was in a land of dreams and shadows ; and I wandered in pursuit of the unreal forms which, Ignis-Fatuus-like, are ever alluring those who turn from realities to indulge in dreaming. Faith, Hope and Love were my companions.

It was early morn when we entered this visionary land. Faith clad in sober gray, walked at my right hand ; and strongly did she encourage me in the pursuit of Happiness, whom in various forms she would from time to time point out ; and she promised that ere noon she would lead me to the bower of Content, where I might dwell forever with her. Love, in azure robes, was at my left ; and softly did she whisper me to trust to Faith, who had conducted many weary pilgrims to the abode of Happiness. And Hope, in robes of green, all decked in flowers, with laughing eye and fairy-like step, tripped gaily on before, and with her merry laugh hushed every rising sigh.

We were ascending a hill, and steep and rugged was our path. Ere half way to its summit, Faith groaned, and with a death-like grasp clung to me. I turned my head to look, and painful was the sight — for Faith was dead. I essayed to free myself from her grasp, but her stiffened corse I could not move. I called on Hope and Love for aid. Hope laid her hand upon her heart, and said, “I cannot aid thee now. I’ll seek *who* can, and quick return.”

Imploringly, I turned to Love. Her form was changed — her face was withered — and her azure robes were black. The low winds murmured, and the blackened sky portended a storm.

But soon the winds were hushed,—the sky resumed its azure hue, and balmy zephyrs gently breathed their fragrance. Hope now returned ; and with her, came a beauteous form, clad in robes of snowy whiteness. She bent her dove-like eyes upon me, and then in tones seraphic spoke :

“Thou dreaming child of earth ! I come to aid, to succor thee. From the bonds of Despair I will set thee free, and loose thee from the death gripe of Faith ; and Hope, aided by my counsel, shall conduct thee to the bower of Contentment. But think not, that even there, thou wilt find Happiness ; for in the land of dreams and shadows, she is a stranger. Her dwelling is in the Celestial City ; and thither I will conduct thee, after thou hast accomplished thy mission here. And though painful be that mission, faint not ; but let Hope cheer thee and make thy burdens light. And however bitter be the cup which thy Father giveth thee to drink, refuse it not.”

BEREAVED.

LEISURE HOURS OF THE MILL GIRLS.

The leisure hours of the Mill girls — how shall they be spent ? As Ann, Bertha, Charlotte, Emily, and others, spent theirs ? as we spend ours ? Let us decide.

No. 4 was to stop a day for repairs. Ann sat at her window until she tired of watching passers-by. She then started up in search of one idle as herself, for a companion in a saunter. She called at the chamber opposite her own. The room was sadly disordered. The bed was not made, although it was past nine o'clock. In making choices of dresses, collars and aprons, *pro tempore*, some half dozen of each had been taken from their places ; and there they were, lying about on chairs, trunks and bed, together with mill clothes just taken off. Bertha had not combed her hair ; but Charlotte gave hers a hasty dressing before 'going out shopping ;' and there laid brush, combs and hair on the table. There were a few pictures hanging about the walls, such as 'You are the prettiest Rose,' 'The Kiss,' 'Man Friday,' and a miserable, soiled drawing of a 'Cottage Girl.' Bertha blushed when Ann entered. She was evidently ashamed of the state of her room, and vexed at Ann's intrusion. Ann understood the reason, when Bertha told her, with a sigh, that she had been 'hurrying all the morning to get through the "Children of the Abbey,"' before Charlotte returned.'

'Ann, I wish you would talk to her,' said she. 'Her folks are very poor. I have it on the best authority. Elinda told me that it was confidently reported by girls who came from the same town, that her folks had been known to jump for joy at the sight of a crust of bread. She spends every cent of her wages for dress and confectionary. She has gone out now ; and she will come back with lemons, sugar, rich cake, and so on. She had better do as I do — spend her money for books, and her leisure time in reading them. I buy three volumes of novels every month ; and when that is not enough, I take some from the circulating library. I think it our duty to improve our minds as much as possible, now the Mill girls are beginning to be thought so much of.'

Ann was a bit of a wag. Idle as a breeze, like a breeze she sported with every trifling thing that came in her way.

'Pshaw!' said she. 'And so we must begin to read silly novels, be very sentimental, talk about tears and flowers, dew and bowers. There is some poetry for you, Bertha. Don't you think I'd better "astonish the natives" by writing a poetical rhapsody, nicknamed "twilight reverie," or some other silly, inappropriate thing, and sending it to the "Offering?"' Oh, how fine this would be! Then I could purchase a few novels, borrow a few more, take a few more from a circulating library; and then shed tears and grow soft over them — all because we are taking a higher stand in the world, you know, Bertha.'

Bertha again blushed. Ann remained some moments silent.

'Did you ever read Pelham?' asked Bertha, by way of breaking the silence.

'No; I read no novels, good, bad or indifferent. I have been thinking, Bertha, that there may be danger of our running away from the reputation we enjoy, as a class. For my part, I sha'n't ape the follies of other classes of females. As Isabel Greenwood says — and you know she is always right about such things — I think we shall lose our independence, originality and individuality of character, if we all take one standard of excellence, and this the customs and opinions of others. This is a jaw-cracking sentence for me. If any body had uttered it but Isabel, I should, perhaps, have laughed at it. As it was, I treasured it up for use, as I do the wise sayings of Franklin, Dudley Leavitt, and Robert Thomas. I, for one, shall not attempt to become so accomplished. I shall do as near right as I can conveniently, not because I have a heavy burden of gentility to support, but because it is quite as easy to do right,

"And then I sleep so sweet at night."

Good morning, Bertha.'

At the door she met Charlotte, on her return, with lemons, nuts and cake.

'I am in search of a companion for a long ramble,' said Ann. 'Can you recommend a *subject*?'

'I should think Bertha would like to shake herself,' said Charlotte. 'She has been buried in a novel ever since she was out of bed this morning. It was her turn to do the chamber work this morning; and this is the way she always does, if she can get a novel. She would not mind sitting all day with dirt to her head.'

It is a shame for her to do so. She had better be wide awake, enjoying life, as I am.'

'Nonsense !' exclaimed Ann, in her usual *brusque* manner. 'There is not a cent's choice between you, this morning ; both are doing wrong, and each is condemning the other without mercy. So far you are both just like me, you see. Good morning.'

She walked on to the next chamber. She had enough of the philosopher about her, to reason from appearances and from the occupation of its inmates, that she could succeed no better there. Every thing was in the most perfect order. The bed was shaped, and the sheet hemmed down *just so*. Their lines that hung by the walls were filled 'jist.' First came starched aprons, then starched capes, then pocket handkerchiefs, folded with the marked corner out, then hose. This room likewise had its paintings, and like those of the other, they were in perfect keeping with the general arrangements of the room and the dress of its occupants. There was an apology for a lady. Her attitude and form were of precisely that uncouth kind which is produced by youthful artificers, who form head, body and feet from one piece of shingle ; and wedge in two sticks, at right angles with the body, for arms. Her sleeves increased in dimensions from the shoulders, and the skirt from the belt, but without the semblance of a fold. This, with some others of the same school, and two 'profiles,' were carefully preserved in frames, and the frames in screens of green barage. Miss Clark was busily engaged in making netting ; and Miss Emily in making a dress. Ann made known her wants to them, more from curiosity to hear their reply, than from a hope of success. In measured periods they thanked her — would have been happy to accompany her. 'But, really, I must be excused,' said Miss Clark. 'I have given myself a stint ; and I always feel bad if I fall an inch short of my plans.'

'Yes ; don't you think, Ann ?' said Emily ; 'she has stinted herself to make five yards of netting to-day. And mother says there is ten times as much in the house as we shall ever need. Father says there is twenty times as much ; for he knows we shall both be old maids, ha ! ha !'

'Yes ; and I always tell him that if I am an old maid, I shall need the more. Our folks make twenty or thirty yards of table linen every year. I mean to make fringe for every yard ; and

have enough laid by for the next ten years, before I leave the Mill.'

'Well, Emily,' said Ann, 'you have no fringe to make. Can't you accompany me?'

'I should be glad to, Ann; but I am over head and ears in work. I have got my work all done up, every thing that I could find to do. Now I am making a dress for Bertha.'

'Why, Emily, you are making a slave of yourself, body and mind,' said Ann. 'Can't you earn enough in the Mill to afford yourself a little time for rest and amusement?'

'La! I don't make but twelve dollars a month, besides my board. I have made a great many dresses evenings; and have stinted myself to finish this to-day. So I believe I can't go, any way. I should be terrible glad to.'

'Oh, you are *very* excusable,' answered Ann. 'But let me ask if you take any time to read.'

'No; not much. We can't afford to. Father owns the best farm in Burt; but we always have had to work hard, and always expect to. We generally read a chapter every day. We take turns about it; one of us reads while the other works.'

'Yes; but lately we have only taken time to read a short psalm,' said Emily, again laughing.

'Well, the bible says "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," or I might be tempted to remind you that there is such a thing as laboring too much "for the meat that perisheth." Good morning, ladies.'

Ann heard a loud, merry laugh from the next room, as she reached the door. It was Ellinor Frothingham's; no one could mistake, who had heard it once. It seemed the out-pouring of glee that could no longer be suppressed. Ellinor sat on the floor, just as she had thrown herself on her return from a walk. Her pretty little bonnet was lying on the floor on one side, and on the other, a travelling bag, whose contents she had just poured into her lap. There were apples, pears, melons, a mock-orange, a pumpkin, squash, and a crooked cucumber. Ellinor sprang to her feet when Ann entered, and threw the contents of her lap on the floor with such violence as to set them to rolling all about. Then she laughed and clapped her hands, to see the squash chase the mock-orange under the bed, a great russet running so fur-

ously after a little fellow of the Baldwin family, and finally penning him in a corner. A pear started in the chase; but after taking a few turns, he sat himself down to shake his fat sides and enjoy the scene. Ellinora stepped back a few paces to elude the pursuit of the pumpkin, and then, with well-feigned terror, jumped into a chair. But the drollest personage of the group was the ugly cucumber. There he sat, Forminius-like, watching the mad freaks of his companions.

‘Ha! see that cucumber!’ exclaimed Ellinora, laughing heartily. ‘If he had hands, how he would raise them so! If he had eyes and mouth, how he would open them so!’ suiting action to her words. ‘Look, Ann! look, Fanny! See if it does not look like the Clark girls, when one leaves any thing in the shape of dirt on their table or stand!’

Peace was at length restored among the *inanimates*.

‘I came to invite you to walk; but I find I am too late,’ said Ann.

‘Yes. Oh, how I wish you had been with us! You would have been so happy!’ said Ellinora. ‘We started out very early, before sunrise — intending to take a brisk walk of a mile or two, and return in season for breakfast. We went over to Dracut, and met such adventures there and by the way, as will supply me with food for laughter, years after I get married and trouble comes. We came along where some oxen were standing yoked, eating their breakfast while their owner was eating his. They were attached to a cart filled with pumpkins. I took some of the smallest, greenest ones, and stuck them fast on the tips of the oxen’s horns. I was so interested in observing how the ceremony affected the Messrs. Oxen, that I did not laugh a bit until I had crowned all four of them. I looked up to Fanny, as I finished the work, and there she sat on a great rock, where she had thrown herself when she could no longer stand. Poor girl! tears were streaming down her cheeks. With one hand she was holding her lame side, and with the other filling her mouth with her pocket handkerchief, that the laugh need not run out, I suppose. Well, as soon as I looked at her and at the oxen, I burst into a laugh that might have been heard miles, I fancy. Oh! I shall never forget how reprovngly those oxen looked at me. The poor creatures could not eat with such an unusual weight on their horns, so they pitched their heads higher than usual,

and now and then gave them a graceful cant, then stood entirely motionless, as if attempting to conjecture what it all meant.

‘Well, that loud and long laugh of mine brought a whole volley of folks to the door—farmer, and farmer’s wife, farmer’s sons, and farmer’s daughters. “Whoa hish!” exclaimed the farmer, before he reached the door; and “Whoa hish!” echoed all the farmer’s sons. They all stopped as soon as they saw me. I would remind you that I still stood before the oxen, laughing at them. I never saw such comical expressions as those people wore. Did you, Fanny? Even those pictures of mine are not so funny. I thought we should raise the city police; for they had tremendous voices, and I never saw any body laugh so.

‘As soon as I could speak, and they could listen to me, I walked up to the farmer. “I beg your pardon, sir,” said I, “but I did want to laugh so! Came all the way from Lowell for something new to laugh at.” He was a good, sensible man; and this proves it. He said it was a good thing to have a hearty laugh occasionally—good for the health and spirits. Work would go off easier all day for it, especially with the boys. As he said “boys,” I could not avoid smiling as I looked at a fine young sprig of a farmer, his oldest son, as he afterwards told us, full twenty-one.’

‘And now, Miss Ellinora,’ said Fanny, ‘I shall avenge myself on you, for certain saucy freaks, perpetrated against my most august commands, by telling Ann, that as you looked at this “young sprig of a farmer,” he looked at you, and you both blushed. What made you, Nora? I never saw you blush before.’

‘What made you, Nora?’ echoed Ellinora, laughing and blushing slightly. ‘Well, the farmer’s wife invited us to rest and breakfast with them. We began to make excuses; but the farmer added his good natured commands. So we went in; and after a few arrangements, such as placing more plates, &c., a huge pumpkin pie, and some hot potatoes peeled in the cooking we sat down to a full round table. There were the mealy potatoes, cold boiled dish, warm biscuit and doughnuts, pie, coffee, pickles, sauce, cheese, and just such butter and brown bread as mother makes—bread hot, just taken from the oven. They all appeared so pleasant and kind, that I felt as if in my own home, with my own family around me. Wild as I was, as soon as I began to tell them how it seemed to me, I burst into tears in spite

of myself, and was obliged to leave the table. But they all pitied me so much, that I brushed off my tears, went back to my breakfast, and have laughed ever since.'

'You have forgotten two very important items,' said Fanny, looking archly into Ellinora's face. 'This "fine young sprig of a farmer" happened to recollect that he had business in town to-day; so he took their carriage and brought us home, after Nora and a roguish sister of his had filled her bag as you see. And more and better still, they invited us to spend a day with them soon; and promised to send this "fine young sprig," &c., for us on the occasion.'

Ellinora was too busily engaged in collecting her fruit to reply. She ran from the room; and in a few moments returned with several young girls, to whom she gave generous supplies of apples, pears and melons. She was about seating herself with a full plate, when a new idea seemed to flash upon her. She laughed and started for the door.

'Ellinora, where now?' asked Fanny.

'To the Clark girls' room, to leave an apple peeling and core on their table, a pear peeling on their stand, and melon, apple and pear seeds all about the floor,' answered Ellinora, gaily snapping her fingers, and nodding her head.

'What for? Here, Nora; come back. For what?'

'Why, to see them suffer,' said the incorrigible girl. 'You know I told you this morning, that sport is to be the order of the day. So no scoldings, my dear.'

She left the room, and Fanny turned to one of the ladies who had just entered.

'Where is Alice?' said she. 'Did not Ellinora extend an invitation to her?'

'Yes; but she is half dead with the *blues*, to-day. The Brown girls came back last night. They called on Alice this morning, and left letters and presents from home for her. She had a letter from her little brother, ten years old. He must be a fine fellow, judging from that letter, it was so sensible and so witty too! One moment I laughed at some of his lively expressions, and the next cried at his expressions of love for Alice, and regret for her loss. He told her how he cried himself to sleep the night after she left home; and his flowers seemed to have faded, and the stars to have lost their brightness, when he no longer

had her by his side to talk to him about them. I find by his letter that Alice is working to keep him at school. That part of it which contained his thanks for her goodness, was blistered with the little fellow's tears. Alice cried like a child when she read it ; and I did not wonder at it. But she ought to be happy now. Her mother sent her a fine pair of worsted hose of her own spinning and knitting, and a nice cake of her own making. She wrote, that, trifling as these presents were, she knew they would be acceptable to her daughter, because made by her. When Alice read this, she cried again. Her sister sent her a pretty little fancy basket ; and her brother, a bunch of flowers from her mother's garden. They were enclosed in a tight tin box ; and were as fresh as when first gathered. Alice sent out for a new vase. She has filled it with her flowers, and will keep them watered with her tears, judging from present appearances. — Alice is a good-hearted girl ; and I love her. But she is always talking or thinking of something to make her unhappy. A letter from a friend, containing nothing but good news and assurances of friendship, that ought to make her happy, generally throw her into a crying fit, which ends in a moping fit of melancholy. This destroys her own happiness, and that of all around her.'

'You ought to talk to her ; she is spoiling herself,' said Mary Mason, whose mouth was literally crammed with the last apple of a second plate full.

'I have often urged her to be more cheerful. But she answers me with a helpless, hopeless "I can't, Jane ! you know I can't. I shall never be happy while I live ; and I often think that the sooner I go where 'the weary are at rest' the better." I don't know how many times she has given me an answer like this. Then she will sob as if her heart were bursting. She sometimes wears me quite out ; and I feel as I did when Ellinora called me, as if released from a prison.'

'Would it improve her spirits to walk with me ?' asked Ann.

'Perhaps it would, if you can persuade her to go. Do try, dear Ann,' answered Jane. 'I called at Isabel Greenwood's room as I came along, and asked her to go in and see if she could rouse her up.'

Ann heard Isabel's voice in gentle but earnest expostulation, as she reached Alice's room. Isabel paused when Ann entered, kissed her cheek, and resigned her rocking-chair to her. Alice

was sobbing too violently to speak. She took her face from her handkerchief, bowed to Ann, and again buried it. Ann invited them to walk with her. Isabel cheerfully acceded to her proposal, and urged Alice to accompany them.

'Don't urge me, Isabel,' said Alice. 'I am only fit for the solitude of my chamber. I could not add at all to your pleasure. My thoughts would be at my home, and I could not enjoy a walk in the least degree. But, Isabel, I do not want you to leave me so. I know that you think me very foolish to indulge in these useless regrets, as you call them. You will understand me better, if you just consider the situation of my mother's family. My mother a widow, my oldest brother at the West, my oldest sister settled in New York, my youngest brother and sister only with mother, and I a Lowell factory girl! And such I must be — for if I leave the Mill, my brother cannot attend school all of the time; and his heart would almost break to take him from school. And how can I be happy in such a situation? I do not ask for riches; but I would be able to gather my friends all around me. Then I could be happy. Perhaps I am as happy now as you would be in my situation, Isabel.'

Isabel's eyes filled, but she answered in her own sweet, calm manner:

'We will compare lots, my dear Alice. I have neither father, mother, sister, or home, in the world. Three years ago I had all of these, and every other blessing that one could ask. The death of my friends, the distressing circumstances attending them, the subsequent loss of our large property, and the critical state of my brother's health at present, are not slight afflictions, nor are they lightly felt.'

Isabel's emotions, as she paused to subdue them by a powerful mental effort, proved her assertion. Alice began to dry her tears, and to look as if ashamed of her weakness.

'I, too, am a Lowell factory girl,' pursued Isabel. 'I, too, am laboring for the completion of a brother's education. If that brother were well, how gladly would I toil! But that disease is upon his vitals which laid father, mother and sister in their graves, in one short year. I can see it in the unnatural and increasing brightness of his eye, and hear it in his hollow cough. He has entered upon his third collegiate year; and is too anxious

to graduate next commencement to heed my entreaties, or the warning of his physician.'

She again paused. Her whole frame shook with emotion ; but not a tear mingled with Ann's, as they fell upon her hand.

' You see, Alice,' she at length added, ' what reasons I have for regret when I think of the past, and what for fear, when I turn to the future. Still I am happy, almost continually. My lost friends are so many magnets, drawing heaven-ward those affections that would otherwise rivet themselves too strongly to earthly loves. And those dear ones who are yet spared to me, scatter so many flowers in my pathway, that I seldom feel the thorns. I am cheered in my darkest hours by their kindness and affection, animated at all times by a wish to do all in my power to make them happy. If my brother is spared to me, I ask for nothing more. And if he is first called, I trust I shall feel that it is the will of One who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.'

' You are the most like my mother, Isabel, of any one I ever saw,' said Ann. ' She is never free from pain, yet she never complains. And if pa, or any of us, just have a cold or headache, she does not rest till "she makes us well." You have more trouble than any other girl in the house ; but instead of claiming the sympathies of every one on that account, you are always cheering others in their little, half-imaginary trials. Alice, I think you and I ought to be ashamed to shed a tear, until we have some greater cause than mere home-sickness, or low spirits.'

' Why, Ann, I can no more avoid low spirits than I can make a world !' exclaimed Alice in a really aggrieved tone. ' And I don't want you all to think that I have no trouble. I want sympathy, and I can't live without it. Oh that I was at home this moment !'

' Why, Alice, there is hardly a girl in this house, who has not as much trouble, in some shape, as you have. You never think of pitying them ; and pray what gives you such strong claims on their sympathies ? Do you walk with us, or do you not ?'

Alice shook her head in reply. Isabel whispered a few words in her ear — they might be of reproof, they might be of consolation — then retired with Ann to equip for their walk.

' What a beautiful morning this is !' exclaimed Ann, as they emerged from the house. ' *Malgre* some inconveniences, factory

girls are as happy as any class of females. I sometimes think it hard to rise so early, and work so many hours, shut up in the house. But when I get out at night, on the sabbath, or at any other time, I am just as happy as a bird, and long to fly and sing with them. And Alice will keep herself shut up all day. Is it not strange that all will not be as happy as they can be? It is so pleasant!

Isabel returned Ann's smile. 'Yes, Ann, it is strange that every one does not prefer happiness. Indeed, it is quite probable that every one does prefer it. But some mistake the modes of acquiring it, through want of judgment. Others are too indolent to employ the means necessary to its attainment; and appear to expect it to flow in to them, without taking any pains to prepare a channel. Others, like our friend Alice, have constitutional infirmities, which entail upon them a deal of suffering, that, to us of different mental organization, appears wholly unnecessary.'

'Why, don't you think Alice might be as happy as we are, if she chose? Could she not be as grateful for letters and love-tokens from home? Could she not leave her room, and come out into this pure air, listen to the birds, and catch their spirit? Could she not do all this, Isabel, as well as we?'

'Well, I do not know, Ann. Perhaps not. You know that the minds of different persons are like instruments of different tones. The same touch thrills gaily on one, mournfully on another.'

'Yes; and I know, Isabel, that different minds may be compared to the same instruments, *in* and *out* of tune. Now I have heard Alice say that she loved to indulge this melancholy; that she loved to read Byron, Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon, until her heart was as gloomy as the grave. Is n't this strange—even silly?'

'It is most unfortunate, Ann.'

'Isabel, you are the strangest girl! I have heard a great many say that one cannot make you say any thing against any body; and I believe they are correct. And when you reprove one, you do it in such a mild, pretty way, that one only loves you the better for it. Now, I smash on, pell-mell, as if unconscious of a fault in myself. Hence I oftener offend than amend. Let me think.—This morning I have administered reproof in my own

blunt way to Bertha for reading novels, to Charlotte for eating confectionary, to the Clark girls for their "all work and no play," and to Alice for moping. I have been wondering all along how they can spend their time so foolishly. I see that my own employment would scarcely bear the test of close criticism ; for I have been watching motes in others' eyes, while a beam was in my own. Now, Isabel, I must ask a favor. I do not want to be very fine and nice ; but I would be gentle and kind-hearted — would do some good in the world. I often make attempts to this end ; but always fail, somehow. I know my manner needs correcting ; and I want you to reprove me as you would a sister, and assist me with your advice. Will you not, dear Isabel ?'

She pressed Isabel's arm closer to her side, and a tear was in her eye as she looked up for an answer to her appeal.

'You know not what you ask, my beloved girl,' answered Isabel, in a low and tremulous tone. 'You know not the weakness of the staff on which you would lean, or the frailties of the heart to which you would look up for aid. Of myself, dear Ann, I can do nothing. I can only look to God for protection from temptation, and for guidance in the right way. When He keeps me, I am safe ; when He withdraws His spirit, I am weak indeed. And can I lead you, Ann ? No ; you must go to a higher than earthly friend. Pray to Him in every hour of need, and He will be "more to you than you can ask, or even think."'

'How often I have wished that I could go to Him as mother does — just as I would go to a father !' said Ann. 'But I dare not. It would be mockery in one who has never experienced religion.'

'Make prayer a *means* of this experience, my dear girl. Draw near to God by humble, constant prayer ; and He will draw near to you by the influences of His spirit, which will make you just what you wish to be, a good, kind-hearted girl. You will learn to love God as a Father, as the Author of your happiness and every good thing. And you will be prepared to meet those trials which must be yours in life as the "chastisements of a Father's hand, directed by a Father's love." And when the hour of death comes, dear Ann, how sweet, how soothing will be the deep-felt conviction that you are going *home* ! You will have no fears — for your trust will be in One whom you have long loved and

served ; and you will feel as if about to meet your best and most familiar friend.'

Ann answered only by her tears ; and for some minutes they walked on in silence. They were now some distance from town. Before them laid farms, farm-houses, groves and scattering trees, from whose branches came the mingled song of a thousand birds. Isabel directed Ann's attention to the beauty of the scene. Ann loved nature ; but she had such a dread of sentimentalism, that she seldom expressed herself freely. Now she had no reserves, and Isabel found that she had not mistaken her capacities, in supposing her possessed of faculties, which had only to develop themselves more fully, which had only to become constant incentives to action, to make her all she could wish.

'You did not promise, Isabel,' said Ann, with a happy smile, as they entered their street, 'you did not promise to be my sister ; but you will, will you not ?'

'Yes, dear Ann ; we will be sisters to each other. I think you told me that you have no sister.'

'I had none until now ; and I have felt as if a part of my affections could not find a resting place, but were weighing down my heart with a burden that did not belong to it. I shall no longer be like a branch of our woodbine when it cannot find a clinging-place, swinging about at the mercy of every breeze ; but like that when some kind hand twines it about its frame, firm and trusting. See, Isabel !' exclaimed she, interrupting herself. 'There sits poor Alice, just as we left her. I wish she had walked with us — she would have felt so much better. Do you think, Isabel, that religion would make her happy ?'

'Most certainly. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden. Take my yoke upon you ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye *shall* find rest to your souls" — is as "faithful a saying" and as "worthy of all acceptance" now, as when it was uttered, and when thousands came and "were healed of *all* manner of diseases." Yes, Alice may yet be happy,' she added musingly, 'if she can be induced to read Byron less, and her Bible more ; to think less of her own gratification, and more of that of others. And we will be very gentle to her, Ann ; but not the less faithful and constant in our efforts to win her to usefulness and happiness.'

Ellinora met them at the door, and began describing a frolic

that had occupied her during their absence. She threw her arms around Isabel's waist, and entered the sitting-room with her. 'Now, Isabel, I know you don't think it right to be so giddy,' said she. 'I will tell you what I have resolved to do. You shake your head, Isabel, and I do not wonder at all. But this resolution was formed this morning, on my way back from Dracut; and I feel in my "heart of hearts" "a sober certainty of waking" energy to keep it unbroken. It is, that I will be another sort of a girl, altogether, henceforth; steady, but not gloomy; less talkative, but not reserved; more studious, but not a book-worm; kind and gentle to others, but not a whit the less independent "for a' that," in my opinions and conduct. And, after this day, which I have dedicated to Momus, I want you to be my Mentor. Now I am for another spree of some sort. Nay, Isabel, do not remonstrate. You will make me weep with five tender words.'

It needed not so much — for Isabel smiled sadly, kissed her cheek, and Ellinora's tears fell fast and thick as she ran from the room.

Ann went immediately to Alice's room on her return. She apologised to her for reproving her so roughly, described her walk, gave a synopsis of Isabel's advice, and her consequent determinations. By these means she diverted Alice's thoughts from herself, gave her nerves a healthy spring, and when the bell summoned them to dinner, she had recovered much of her happier humor. Ellinora sat beside her at table. She laughingly proposed an exchange, offering a portion of her levity for as much of her gravity. She thought the *equilibrium* would be more perfect. So Alice thought, and she heartily wished that the exchange might be made.

And this exchange seems actually taking place at this time. They are as intimate as sisters. Together they are resolutely struggling against the tide of habit. They meet many discouraging failures; but Isabel is ever ready to cheer them by her sympathy, and to assist them by her advice.

Ann's faults were not so deeply rooted; perhaps she brought more natural energy to their extermination. Be that as it may, she is now an excellent lady, a fit companion for the peerless Isabel.

The Clark girls do not, as yet, coalesce in their system of im-

provement. They still prefer making netting and dresses, to the lecture room, the improvement circle, and even to the reading of the 'Book of books.' So difficult is it to turn from the worship of Plutus !

The delusion of Bertha and Charlotte is partially broken. — Bertha is beginning to understand that much reading does not naturally result in intellectual or moral improvement, unless it be well regulated. Charlotte is learning that 'to enjoy is to obey ;' and that to pamper her own animal appetites, while her father and mother are suffering for want of the necessaries of life, is not in obedience to Divine command.

And, dear sisters, how is it with each one of *us* ? How do *we* spend our leisure hours ? Now, 'in the stilly hour of night,' let us pause, and give our consciences time to render faithful answers.

D.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

"He sleeps there in the midst of the very simplicities of Nature."

There let him sleep, in Nature's arms,
Her well-beloved, her chosen child —
There 'mid the living, quiet charms
Of that sequestered wild.
He would have chosen such a spot,
'Twas fit that they should lay him there,
Away from all the haunts of care ;
The world disturbs him not. —
He sleeps full sweet in his retreat —
The place is consecrated ground,
It is not meet unhallowed feet
Should tread that sacred mound.

He lies in pomp — not of display —
No useless trappings grace his bier,
Nor idle words — they may not say
What treasures cluster here.
The pomp of nature, wild and free,
Adorns our hero's lowly bed,
And gently bends above his head
The weeping laurel tree.
In glory's day he shunned display,
And ye may not bedeck him now,
But Nature may, in her own way,
Hang garlands round his brow.

He lies in pomp — not sculptured stone,
Nor chiseled marble — vain pretence —
The glory of his deeds alone
Is his magnificence.

His country's love the meed he won,
He bore it with him down to death,
Unsullied e'en by slander's breath —
His country's sire and son.
Her hopes and fears, her smiles and tears,
Were each his own. — He gave his land
His earliest cares, his choicest years,
And led her conquering band.

He lies in pomp — not pomp of war —
He fought, but fought not for renown;
He triumphed, yet the victor's star
Adorned no regal crown.

His honor was his country's weal;
From off her neck the yoke he tore —
It was enough, he asked no more;
His generous heart could feel
No low desire for king's attire;—
With brother, friend, and country blest,
He could aspire to honors higher
Than kingly crown or crest.

He lies in pomp — his burial place
Than sculptured stone is richer far;
For in the heart's deep love we trace
His name, a golden star.
Wherever patriotism breathes,
His memory is devoutly shrined
In every pure and gifted mind;
And history, with wreaths
Of deathless fame, entwines that name,
Which evermore, beneath all skies,
Like vestal flame, shall live the same,
For virtue never dies.

There let him rest — 'tis a sweet spot;
Simplicity becomes the great —
But Vernon's son is not forgot,
Though sleeping not in state.
There, wrapped in his own dignity,
His presence makes it hallowed ground,
And Nature throws her charms around,
And o'er him smiles the sky.
There let him rest — the noblest, best;
The labors of his life all done —
There let him rest, the spot is blessed —
The grave of WASHINGTON.

ADELAIDE.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No. 3.

SCENES ON THE MERRIMAC.

River scenery....Morning upon the Merrimac....Evening upon the river....The first Steamboat upon the Merrimac....The Penobscots....Breaking up of the ice....Ship building....The launching of the Walter Scott....Remarkable coincidence....Fate of the ship.

I have been but a slight traveller, and the beautiful rivers of our country have, with but one or two exceptions, rolled their bright waves before 'the orbs of fancy' alone, and not to my visual senses. But the few specimens which have been favored me of river scenery, have been very happy in the influence they have exerted upon my mind, in favor of this feature of natural loveliness.

I do not wonder that the 'stream of *his* fathers' should be ever so favorite a theme with the poet, and that wherever he has sung its praise, the spot should henceforth be as classic ground. Wherever some 'gently rolling river' has whispered its soft murmurs to the recording muse, its name has been linked with his; and far as that name may extend, is the beauty of that inspiring streamlet appreciated.

Helicon and Castalia are more frequently referred to than Parnassus, — and even the small streams of hilly Scotland are renowned wherever the songs of her poet 'are said or sung.' 'The banks and braes o' bonny Doon,' are duly applauded in the drawing-rooms of America; and the Tweed, the 'clear winding Devon,' the braes of Ayr, the 'banks of Ballockmyle,' and the 'sweet Afton,' so often the theme of his lays, for his 'Mary's asleep by its murmuring stream,' are names even here quite as familiar, perhaps more so, than our own broad and beauteous rivers. Such is the hallowing power of genius, and upon whatever spot she may cast her bright, unfading mantle, there is forever stamped the impress of beauty.

'The Bard of Avon' is an honorary title wherever our language is read; and though we may have few streams which have as yet been sacred to the muse, yet time will doubtless bring forth those, whose genius shall make the Indian cognomens of our noble rivers, names associated with all that is lofty in intellect and beautiful in poetry.

The Merrimac has already received the grateful tribute of

praise from the muse of the New England poet ; and well does it merit the encomiums which he has bestowed upon it. It is a beautiful river, from the time when its blue waters start on their joyous course, leaving 'the smile of the Great Spirit' to win through many a vale, and round many a hill, till they mingle

"With ocean's dark, eternal tide."

I have said that I have seen but few rivers. No ! never have I stood

"Where Hudson rolls his lordly flood ;
Seen sunrise rest, and sunset fade
Along his frowning palisade ;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak ;
Or seen, along his valley gleam,
The Mohawk's softly winding stream ;
The setting sun, his axle red
Quench darkly in Potomac's bed ;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna ;"—

but I still imagine that all their beauties are concentrated in the blue waters of the Merrimac — not as it appears here, where almost beneath my factory window, its broad tide moves peacefully along ; but where by 'Salisbury's beach of shining sand' it rolls amidst far lovelier scenes, and with more rapid flow. Perhaps it is because it is *my* river that I think it so beautiful — no matter if it is ; there is a great source of gratification in the feeling that whatever is in any way connected with our *humble* selves, is on that account invested with some distinctive charm, and in some mysterious way rendered peculiarly lovely.

But even to the stranger's eye, if he have any taste for the beautiful in Nature, the charms of the banks of the Merrimac would not be disregarded. Can there be a more beautiful bend in a river, than that which it makes at Salisbury Point ? It is one of the most picturesque scenes, at all events, which I have ever witnessed. Stand for a moment upon the draw-bridge which spans, with its single arch, the spot where 'the winding Powwow' joins his sparkling waters with the broad tide of the receiving river. We will suppose it is a summer morning. The thick white mist from the Atlantic, which the night-spirit has thrown like a bridal veil, over the vale and river, is gently lifted by the Aurora, and the unshrouded waters blush 'celestial, rosy red' at the exposure of their own loveliness. But the bright flush

soon gone, and as the sun rides higher in the heavens, the millions of little wavelets don their diamond crowns, and rise, and sink, and leap, and dance rejoicingly together ; and while their sparkling brilliancy arrests the eye, their murmurs of delight are no less grateful to the ear. The grove upon the Newbury side is already vocal with the morning anthems of the feathered choir, and from the maple, oak and pine is rising one glad peal of melody. The slight fragrance of the kalmia, or American laurel, which flourishes here in much profusion, is borne upon the morning breeze ; and when their roseate umbels are opened to the sun, they ' sing to the eye,' as their less stationary companions have done to the ear.

The road which accompanies the river in its beauteous curve, is soon alive with the active laborers of ' Salisbury shore ' ; and soon the loud ' Heave-ho !' of the ship-builders is mingled with the more mellifluous tones which have preceded them. The other busy inhabitants are soon threading the winding street, and as they glance upon their bright and beauteous river, their breasts swell with emotions of pleasure, though in their constant and active bustle they may seldom pause to analyze the cause. The single sail of the sloop which has lain so listless at the little wharf, and the double one of the schooner which is about to traverse its way to the ocean, are unfurled to the morning wind, and the loud orders of the bustling skipper, and the noisy echoes of his bustling men, are borne upon the dewy breeze, and echoed from the Newbury slopes. Soon they are riding upon the bright waters, and the little skiff or wherry is also seen darting about, amidst the rolling diamonds, while, here and there a heavy laden ' gundelow ' moves slowly along, ' with sure and steady aim,' as though it disdained the pastime of its livelier neighbors.

Such is many a morning scene on the banks of the Merrimac ; and not less delightful are those of the evening. Perhaps the sunset has passed. The last golden tint has faded from the river, and its waveless surface reflects the deep blue of heaven, and sends back undimmed the first faint ray of the evening star. The rising tide creeps rippling up the narrow beach, sending along its foremost swell, which, in a sort of drowsy play, leaps forward, and then sinks gently back upon its successors. Now the tide is up — the trees upon the wooded banks of Newbury, and the sandy hills upon the Amesbury side, are pencilled with minutest

accuracy in the clear waters. Farther down, the dwellings at the Ferry, and those of the Point, which stand upon the banks, are also mirrored in the deep stream. You might almost fancy that beneath its lucid tide there was a duplicate village, so distinct is every shadow. As, one by one, the lights appear in the cottage windows, their reflected fires shoot up from the depths of the Merrimac.

But the waters shine with brighter radiance as evening lengthens ; for Luna grows more lavish of her silvery beams as the crimson tints of her brighter rival die in the western sky. The shore is still and motionless, save where a pair of happy lovers steal slowly along the shadowed walk which leads to Pleasant Valley. The old weather-worn ship at the Point, which has all day long resounded with the clatter of mischievous boys, is now wrapped in silence. The new one in the ship-yard, which has also been dinning with the maul and hammer, is equally quiet. But from the broad surface of the stream there comes the song, the shout, and the ringing laugh of the light-hearted. They come from the boats which dot the water, and are filled with the young and gay. Some have just shot from the little wharf, and others have been for hours upon the river. What they have been doing, and where they have been, I do not precisely know ; but, from the boughs which have been broken from *somebody's* trees, and the large clusters of laurel which the ladies bear, I think I can 'guess-o.'

But it grows late. The lights which have glowed in the reflected buildings have one by one been quenched, and still those light barks remain upon the river. And that large 'gundelow,' which came down the Powow, from the Mills, with its freight of 'factory girls,' sends forth 'the sound of music and dancing.' We will leave them — for it is possible that they will linger till after midnight, and we have staid quite long enough to obtain an evening's glimpse of the Merrimac.

Such are some of the scenes on the river, and many are also the pleasant spots upon its banks. Beautiful walks and snug little nooks are not unfrequent ; and there are bright green sheltered coves, like Pleasant Valley, where 'all save the spirit of man is divine.'

I remember the first steamboat which ever came hissing and puffing and groaning and sputtering up the calm surface of the

Merrimac. I remember also the lovely moonlight evening when I watched her return from Haverhill, and when every wave and rock and tree were lying bathed in a flood of silver radiance. I shall not soon forget her noisy approach, so strongly contrasted with the stillness around, nor the long, loud, ringing cheers which hailed her arrival and accompanied her departure. I noted every movement, as she hissed and splashed among the bright waters, until she reached the curve in the river, and then was lost to view, excepting the thick sparks which rose above the glistening foliage of the wooded banks.

I remember also the first time I ever saw the aborigines of our country. They were Penobscots, and then, I believe, upon their way to this city. They encamped among the woods of the Newbury shore, and crossed the river (there about a mile in width) in their little canoes, whenever they wished to beg or trade. — They sadly refuted the romantic ideas which I had formed from the descriptions of Cooper and others ; nevertheless they were to me an interesting people. They appeared so strange, with their birch-bark canoes and wooden paddles, their women with men's hats and such *outré* dresses, their little boys with their unfailing bows and arrows, and the little feet which they all had. Their curious, bright-stained baskets, too, which they sold or gave away. I have one of them now, but it has lost its bright tints. It was given me in return for a slight favor. — I remember also one dreadful stormy night while they were amongst us. The rain poured in torrents. The thick darkness was unrelieved by a single lightning-flash, and the hoarse murmurs of the seething river, was the only noise which could be distinguished from the pitiless storm. I thought of my new acquaintance, and looked out in the direction of their camp. I could see at one time the lights flickering among the thick trees, and darting rapidly to and fro behind them, and then all would be unbroken gloom. Sometimes I fancied I could distinguish a whoop or yell, and then I heard nought but the pelting of the rain. As I gazed on the wild scene, I was strongly reminded of scenes which are described in old border tales, of wild banditti, and night revels of lawless hordes of barbarians.

These are summer scenes ; and in winter there is nothing particularly beautiful in the icy robe with which the Merrimac often

enrobes its chilled waters. But the breaking up of the ice is an event of much interest.

As spring approaches, and the weather becomes milder, the river, which has been a thoroughfare for loaded teams and lighter sleighs, is gradually shunned, even by the daring skater. Little pools of bluish water, which the sun has melted, stand in slight hollows, distinctly contrasted with the clear dark ice in the middle of the stream, or the flaky snow-crust near the shore. At length a loud crack is heard, like the report of a cannon — then another, and another — and finally the loosened mass begins to move towards the ocean. The motion at first is almost imperceptible, but it gradually increases in velocity, as the impetus of the descending ice above propels it along ; and soon the dark blue waters are seen between the huge chasms of the parting ice. By and by, the avalanches come drifting down, tumbling, crashing and whirling along, with the foaming waves boiling up wherever they can find a crevice ; and trunks of trees, fragments of buildings, and ruins of bridges, are driven along with the tumultuous mass. — A single night will sometimes clear the river of the main portion of the ice, and then the darkly-tinted waters will roll rapidly on, as though wildly rejoicing at their deliverance from bondage. But for some time the white cakes, or rather ice-islands, will be seen floating along, though hourly diminishing in size, and becoming more ‘like angels’ visits.’

But there is another glad scene occasionally upon the Merrimac — and that is, when there is a launching. I have already alluded to the ship-builders, and they form quite a proportion of the inhabitants of the shore. And now, by the way, I cannot omit a passing compliment to the inhabitants of this same shore. It is seldom that so correct, intelligent, contented and truly comfortable a class of people is to be found, as in this pretty hamlet. Pretty it most certainly is — for nearly all the houses are neatly painted, and some of them indicate much taste in the owners. And then the people are so kind, good, and industrious. A Newburyport Editor once said of them, ‘They are nice folks there on Salisbury shore ; they always pay for their newspapers’ — a trait of excellence which printers can usually appreciate.

But now to the ships, whose building I have often watched with interest, from the day when the long keel was laid till it was launched into the river. This is a scene which is likewise cal-

culated to inspire salutary reflections, from the comparison which is often instituted between ourselves and a wave-tossed bark. How often is the commencement of active life compared to the launching of a ship ; and even the unimaginative Puritans could sing,

“Life’s like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high, and sometimes low,
Where every man must plough the ocean,
Whatsoever winds may blow.”

The striking analogy has been more beautifully expressed by better poets, though hardly with more of force. And if we are like wind-tossed vessels on a stormy sea, then the gradual formation of our minds may be compared to the building of a ship. And it was this thought which often attracted my notice to the labors of the ship-wright.

First, the long keel is laid — then the huge ribs go up the sides — then the rail-way runs around the top. Then commences the boarding, or timbering of the sides; and for weeks, or months, the builder’s maul is heard, as he pounds in the huge *trunnels* which fasten all together. Then there is the finishing inside, and the painting outside, and after all the launching.

The first that I ever saw was a large and noble ship. It had been long in building, and I had watched its progression with much interest. The morning it was to be launched I played truant to witness the scene. It was a fine, sun-shiny day, September 21, 1832; and I almost wished I was a boy, that I might join the throng upon the deck, who were determined upon a ride. The blocks which supported the ship, were severally knocked out, until it rested upon but one. When that was gone, the ship would rest upon greased planks, which descended to the water. It must have been a thrilling moment to the man who lay upon his back, beneath the huge vessel, when he knocked away the last prop. But it was done, and swiftly it glided along the planks, then plunged into the river, with an impetus which sank her almost to her deck, and carried her nearly to the middle of the river. Then she slowly rose, rocked back and forth, and finally righted herself, and stood motionless. But while the dashing, foaming waters were still clamorously welcoming her to a new element, and the loud cheers from the deck were ringing up into the blue sky, the bottle was thrown, and she was named the

WALTER SCOTT. It will be remembered that this was the very day on which the Great Magician died — a fact noticed in the Saturday Courier about that time.

Several years after this, I was attending school in a neighboring town. I happened one evening to take up a newspaper. I think it was a Portsmouth paper ; and I saw the statement that a fine new ship had been burnt at sea, called the WALTER SCOTT. The particulars were so minutely given, as to leave no room for doubt that it was the beautiful vessel which I had seen launched upon the banks of the Merrimac.

ANNETTE.

Lowell, January 25, 1842.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

“Good morning,” said Clara de Lacy, as she entered the small but neatly furnished apartment of aunt Polly Ross, as she was familiarly called by some scores of old and young, in her vicinity.

“Ah, Clara ! is it you ?” exclaimed the old lady, as she raised her spectacles upon her forehead, and gazed steadily into the face of her young friend. “It is many a long day since you have spent an hour with me. Pray, take the old arm-chair, and sit close by my side, that I may hear every word that passes from your lips — for you know I am rather hard of hearing.”

“With pleasure,” answered Clara ; “and do you see, aunt, I have brought my knitting-work. Now don’t laugh because I have grown so industrious all at once.”

“Bless your kind heart,” said the old lady, “I hope I shall never see the day when I shall laugh at a young girl’s industry. But, Clara dear, you must tell me all the news. I suppose you are going to the Prince de Joinville’s ball; and I wish you would have your eyes about you, on that eventful evening, and tell me all about the splendid things that deck the ‘old cradle of liberty’ — for I have been told that there never has been anything in the city of ‘notions’ to compare with this anticipated festival.”

“No, aunt ; father says he cannot go to the ball, and he has

very forbidden my mentioning it in his presence again. 'Balls, balls, all the time.' He says he verily believes I was born with a desire for them, and that my thoughts are all centered in places of amusement. I can assure you I was very much offended; and as a proof of my resentment, I left the room, without bidding him his usual good night, and shut the door violently after me. Now, aunt, I will tell you a very singular dream I had that night, after crying myself to sleep with the thought that nobody enjoyed so little of this world's pleasure as I did. Perhaps you can interpret for me this strange vision of my sleeping hours. But to the dream.

"Scarcely had I fallen asleep, when the sound of distant music fell on my ear; and as I listened intently, it grew nearer and nearer, until I could hear the thrilling chorus of a full band. Presently some one by my side called me by name. I turned to answer the speaker; but what was my surprise to behold a tall, noble-looking gentleman, in military costume; and upon his breast he wore the star of honor, that marked him as one of the nobles of sunny France. He bowed as he raised his cap, until the nodding plume nearly swept the ground. Begging me to excuse him for thus addressing me, without an introduction, he said, 'I recognized you the first moment I entered the garden' (—for it seemed a garden in which we were standing,) 'from your close resemblance to a portrait in my father's possession, which he has often told me was the face of one of his best friends while in America; and I knew you could be none other than his daughter.'

"After these few preliminaries, we soon found ourselves chatting as pleasantly as if we had been acquainted for years. He spoke of the garden through which we were wandering. He said it was called the garden of Eden; and surely, I never saw anything that so much resembled the Eden which my imagination had pictured. The trees were much larger than our common ones, and they were thronged with feathered songsters that caroled forth the sweetest lays I have ever been permitted to hear; and then the flowers were more numerous and beautiful, and a sweeter odor arose from the bright petals as they waved to and fro in the passing breeze. But why do I particularize where all was beautiful?

"Soon 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dream.' I stood

upon a waste and desolate plain, in the midst of which was an old Gothic church, filled and surrounded with people from the four points of the compass. The old and young, the beautiful and those that made no pretensions to beauty, all were there, and for what? I looked for my former companion, to make some inquiries concerning this motley crowd; but he, too, had fled, and in his place was the most isolated of mortal beings, who answered to my many questions. She said her name was Disappointment; and oh! her voice sounded as sweet as the low sad notes of a broken lute, as she proceeded to inform me that this was the bridal day of her sister, whose name was Pleasure, and 'ah! she is to be united with Pain, and for that she was expelled from the garden of Eden, her native home; and all for the sake of being wedded to Pain. But look! she is coming forth.'

"The crowd made way for her; and soon she appeared, with all her enchantments, followed by thousands of her votaries, with music and dancing; and in the rear came her companion. Words I could describe him; but picture to yourself Milton's demon, *that* is the best description I can give of him. I, too, was about to join the many, when Disappointment entreated me not to be led astray by the wiles of her sister. 'She will lead you on, until you are involved in trouble and difficulty; then she will leave you with her companion, to extricate yourself as best you may. Go, ask the gay ones that are found in the ball-room, at the billiard table, or in parties where the wine cup goes merrily round, if Pleasure ever helped them out of trouble: their answer will be, 'No; but it has caused them much Pain.' Go, stand on the sea side; and as the waves dash upon the beach, ask of them what Pleasure has done? and a voice like the thundering of Sinai will answer, 'It has led many to destruction.'

"She left me; and a moment had scarcely passed, when I looked around and found I was alone where but a short time before thousands were standing. I was lost, and knew not which way to turn. I had no inclination to follow the path which Pleasure and her train had taken, and my home was far away.

"But relief soon came, in the shape of my royal companion. In the morning, mounted upon a coal-black charger, and leading on his side another to match it, and both were splendidly caparisoned. He dismounted, and asking my pardon for the abrupt manner in which he had left me, begged permission to accompa-

me home — to which request I gladly acceded. We were quickly mounted, and our fiery steeds were impatient to be gone, when Disappointment again appeared, and expressed her heart-felt gratitude that we were not led by that reckless, destroying Pleasure ; and she ardently hoped we should ever be found among those who shunned the paths of folly, loved wisdom, and sought after truth. The moment she ceased speaking, my horse started, and threw me to the ground. The fall and the fright awakened me.

“I do believe, aunt, if I am no *better* for that dream, I am certainly *wiser*. But I must bid you good evening, for see ! the storm clouds are gathering, and I have a long walk before me ; but I give you my promise to improve the first opportunity to listen to your interpretation.”

ROSALINE.

THE REVERSE.

One pleasant winter evening, an elderly female might have been seen threading some of the principal streets of Lowell, until she at length stopped at one of the neatest tenements in the central part of our city. Her call at the bell was answered by a domestic, who, in reply to her inquiries for Mr. Q., showed her into a handsomely furnished parlor, where the master of the house was seated with his family, surrounded by all the luxuries of fashionable life.

Mr. Q. arose to receive his visitor, and when he perceived who it was, his countenance assumed its most bland and condescending expression ; and, giving her a most cordial shake of the hand, he introduced Miss Y., the factory girl, to his genteel wife and accomplished daughters.

Those who have observed the supercilious manner in which the humble operative is often treated by the *upper class*, might have been surprised at the exceedingly kind and unremitting attentions of the polished host to his humble guest. There was nothing at all in her appearance to attract more than ordinary attention. Her dress was very plain, consisting of a dark merino cloak and bonnet, of inferior texture, and evidently much though

carefully worn. Her appearance was no more interesting than is that of the greater portion of our toil-worn operatives, and her countenance, though not remarkably expressive, still plainly told the tale of patient, humble, uncomplaining and unassuming fortitude. But Mr. Q. was a very kind, benevolent man, and universally beloved to be one of the most generous, public-spirited men in the city. Indeed, he deserved the compliment; for, besides many other charitable deeds, he had given a fine bell to one of the most flourishing societies in the city.

"Caroline, my dear," said Mr. Q. to his eldest daughter, "do open your piano, and play for Miss Y. one of your best tunes."

Caroline seated herself at the instrument, and acquitted herself in a manner which proved that no expense had been spared, to make her a proficient in music. In compliance with her father's repeated invitations, she continued her efforts to enliven the party, until she was fairly exhausted. After she had resumed her seat in the circle, Mr. Q. exerted himself to keep up an uninterrupted flow of conversation, until, at length, some slightly impatient tones and gestures convinced him that the business which had drawn his guest to his house, was not to be left undone.

He requested his wife and children to withdraw for a few moments; and then, dropping his cheerful look, and drawing his chair nearer to his companion, he said, with a serious tone, "Miss Y., I know why you have come here to-night, and grieve to tell you that the money which you lent me, and indeed all my other property, is irrecoverably lost."

"Oh! Mr. Q.! it cannot be so; it certainly is not *all* gone. I have indeed heard rumors respecting you, which led me to think it in danger, and was advised by judicious friends to take it out of your hands. But it cannot be that it is *already* lost!"

"It is all, all gone," replied Mr. Q., in a very pathetic tone.

"Two thousand dollars lost — speculated away — and wrung from a poor, desolate, friendless factory girl!" continued Miss Y.; "and by *you*, too, Mr. Q.! such a kind, charitable, pious man. You, who knew how constantly and painfully I had toiled for the one half of it, and that the other was the bequest of my poor, hard-working sister Mary! Little did she think when she left me that evidence of her industry and frugality that it would be swindled from me thus. But do not think, M

Q., from what I have said, that I have considered the money a compensation for my sister's loss. Far from it. While she lived, I had *one* to care for and sympathize with me ; and one, too, whom I could watch, and love. I am now desolate — fatherless, motherless, brotherless, and sisterless ; *alone* in this cold, selfish world ; but the thought has been somewhat consoling, that when the dark day should come, a sufficient sum was in reserve to purchase those attentions and comforts which no friends may ever bestow upon me. Can it be that you have suffered it *all* to slip away ?”

“ It is all gone,” said Mr. Q., in a melancholy tone. “ You cannot regret it more than I do ;” and he applied his fine white pocket-handkerchief to his overflowing eyes — for he was a very kind-hearted, charitable, pious man.

It was of course useless to stay longer, and she departed with a heavy heart, leaving her serene, urbane, and very gentlemanly host to recall his wife to her chair in the beautifully furnished parlor, and Caroline to her seat at the fine piano.

And where did she go ? Into the fourth story of a factory boarding-house, where she laid her aching limbs upon a hard bed, and endeavored to forget in sleep her privations, sorrows, and wrongs. But she found the words of the poet too true, when speaking of this vainly sought bearer of temporary balm,

“ The wretched he forsakes ;
Quick, on his drowsy pinions, flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear.”

This was several years since, and Miss Y. is still one of the hard-working ones of this hard-working city. A few weeks since, an old acquaintance met her in the streets ; and in answer to her inquiries was informed that Mr. Q. had left Lowell, and was residing in the country in his usual genteel and expensive manner.

She never expects to receive any thing from him, though she scarcely alluded to this topic. But she said much of her dear departed sister, with whom she had once been wont to eat, and sleep, and walk, and toil. It was evident that in her desolation her mind was frequently reverting to those happier days, when such trials and injuries were unknown as have since darkened her lot ; and it is more than probable that her mind often enjoys a prospective view of that better land, “ where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

HANNAH.

THE TREES AND THE RILL.

AN ALBUM TRIBUTE.

How beautiful ! See that old tree bend o'er,
 As bend the aged. One would think it made
 That little stream its charge — so tenderly
 It looks upon the sleeping rivulet.
 Its leafy branches spread a canopy
 Above the gently murmuring, quiet stream.
 How like a living thing its shadow falls
 Upon that clear bright surface ! Mirrored back,
 The tree inverted meets the eye, all dressed
 In perfect uniform, as happily
 Adorned beneath the wave, as on its banks
 Its own original. Beside it stands
 A fit companion for the guardianship
 Of one so worth the cherishing. They seem
 As if dividing, pleased to share the joy,
 The burden of protecting such a charge.

And well, full well they keep their trust ;
 "The winds of heaven dare not visit it
 Too roughly." Gratefully, methinks,
 And with a filial love it offers up
 A welcome tribute to parental care.
 That look of deep and lovely innocence —
 That ceaseless song of thankful gaiety —
 That meek, untiring, eddying smile — that soft
 And circling dimple — those refreshing drops.
 So like the overflowings of the soul
 Of sympathy — that playful curl, so like
 The artlessness of beauty's very self —
 Are sights and sounds that whisper to the eye,
 The ear of human nature's better heart.
 It is the ornament and half the life
 Of that sequestered vale. Its keepers owe
 Their strength and beauty to the generous rill ;
 And all along its banks bright flowerets bloom.
 The children of the forest, too, have come,
 Invited by such lavish eloquence,
 And spread near by a soft green covering,
 An arbor for the tenants of the fields.

'Tis beautiful ! I fain would have a home
 Upon the banks of such a rill, and share
 With nature's children all her luxuries ;
 And grateful as that silent rivulet,
 So cheerfully devote myself to all.

H. S. L.

HOME AFFECTIONS.

"I would not lose the lightest thought
 With one remembrance of thine fraught, —
 And my heart said, No name but thine
 Should be on the last page of mine." — L. E. L.

Whose heart will not acknowledge that in the cultivation and enjoyment of all the affections, those of home are the deepest and holiest? What matters it if the world is cold, if the inhumanity and selfishness of mankind will not receive, but coldly reject, our warm sympathies, — if we can turn to our own dear home, embalmed, as it were, amid the sweetest scenes on memory's page, where distrust and doubt darken not the brightness of its purity, and selfish interest and jealousy are unbidden guests; if there, at the shrine of parental love and kindness, we may ask and receive all that our feelings claim. And where is to be found the enjoyment like that which dwells around our own fire-side, where we can exchange kindly affections in confidence and trust?

At times we may be dissatisfied, and think to seek fairer scenes and warmer friends in foreign climes; and as we wander forth upon this broad and beautiful earth, replete with life and verdure, for the gratification of every desire, home is for a time forgotten. But when we mingle with the busy inhabitants of earth, all our bright visions vanish — for we too often find them uncharitable, cold, and distrustful towards strangers; and we, too, have learned to doubt, and turn a suspicious eye upon those we once fondly thought our friends. 'Tis then the home affections weave their magic spell around the heart; and what sacrifice would we not make, what sufferings would we not endure, to fly away on the wings of love, and enter that haven of contentment and peace, that sheltered us in our early youth from the storm of worldly sorrow, and the temptations to evil that ever and anon sweep over the paths of youth, like the simoom of the desert, desolating all over which they pass.

And many, many times have we been constrained to continue in the paths of rectitude and virtue, when we thought of a father's blessing, and a mother's tears, as she bade us closely adhere to the cause of virtue and of truth. And will not this reverential love to those who watched over us in our infancy, this home affection that is twined with every thought and action, — nay,

does it not often influence us to endeavor to be more worthy of their love, more truly grateful for their tender solicitude? In the still calm hour of night, do we not sometimes revisit the scene of long past joys, and again stand before our aged parent to receive his parting blessing? Our eyes fill with tears as we bid adieu, and in turning hastily to conceal them, we awake; and in the fulness of our hearts' deep emotions, a prayer of gratitude ascends to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," for the blessings we have received from the best of parents.

ETHEL.

"I'LL TRY."

" 'I CAN'T,' never accomplished any thing," said my grandfather one day; "but 'I'LL TRY,' has done much. Now, Lucy," he continued, "I hope you will not use that phrase in my presence again. What can sound so disagreeably, as to hear a young lady, even to the most simple request that requires a little exertion on her part, answer with 'Oh! I can't!' Now who knows but you possess the genuine talents that would make you a bright star in the literary world, if you would but try to bring them forth. I have often seen small poetical effusions from your pen, that to me appeared really beautiful. Will you not allow me to look over your desk, and select a few articles for publication?"

"Oh, no!" said Lucy, as she seated herself on a low stool by her grandfather's side, smiling archly; "'I can't,' no, I should have said, 'I would rather not' have those worthless lines published;" and she lowered her voice as she continued to say "Grandfather, 'I'll try.'"

Months passed by, and she kept her word; and beautiful indeed were the productions of her pen. She knew not until she *tried*, what she was capable of producing; and had it not been for the timely admonition of one she loved, her noble faculties might still have lain dormant. And in conclusion we would ask, Are there not others who too often say, "I can't"? If so, remember the advice of the old man; and if you do not succeed it will do no harm to take up your pen, and *try*.

ADA.

THE LESSONS OF NATURE.

Not in the light, nor in that single object, however beautiful, which concentrates within itself the most of beauty and instruction, can more than a small portion of the lessons of nature be condensed.

Many and varied are her voices, but there is ever a unison in the mingled strain ; and whenever those tones seem to us 'harsh discord,' it must be that there is disunion in the spirit-harp. Not that the lessons are always synonymous, whether the voice come 'bellowing from the savage sea,' or whispering through the forest boughs — crashing from the Alpine height, or singing from the winding rill. But, whatever the instrument through which the voice is uttered, and whatever the key to which the tones are pitched, there is never discordance in the symphony. 'Great Nature speaks,' and her spirit is one, and never at variance with itself. We may listen, at one time, to the evening breeze, which wakes low melody from some natural Æolian harp ; and anon our ears are deafened with the angry crash of warring clouds. The voices were very different, and they have uttered different truths ; but we pause, and recall once more the lesson and the tones, and we feel that it was one spirit finding its utterance in both.

'But what are these lessons ?' one may ask. They are the reiteration of truths old as tradition itself, or the suggestion of those which are just springing to the light, and yet to sway and edify the world. There is no principle, no proposition, no axiom, but finds its prototype in the outward creation. This is why the poet, 'Nature's constant interpreter,' invariably applies to her for illustrations ; and if he has been an attentive listener to her instructions, the application will never be made in vain.

And not to the ear of the poet, or the eye of the painter or sculptor, (though these may be her favorites,) not to these *alone*, does she address herself. She has many and sweet modulations in her thousand voices, and among them are those which can attract and beguile the immature mind of the little child, or the hardened heart of the vicious and unlettered peasant. Though she may often convey reproof, yet who can quarrel with the reprover ? She may have spoken rebuke, but it was in obedience

to the laws which govern and sustain her ; and had we been innocent, that voice would have been one of commendation.

The first great truth which finds a response in the heart is this : 'There is a God.' Every object in the material world may have its own peculiar lesson, but they all unite in the proclamation of this one truth.

*"There is a God, each rock and wave doth cry ;
There is a God, the winds and clouds reply."*

No sentence in our language is more frequently quoted, than that in which we are bidden to 'look thro' Nature up to Nature's God ;' and so universal is the heart's desire to bear its own record to the suggestive power of Nature, and give assurance that it has been obedient to this injunction, that it forms the theme of the loftiest and maturest intellect, as well as the subject upon which to exercise the crude, undisciplined mind of the wayward scholar.

Milton, Pope, Cowper, Byron, indeed every standard poet, has married to beautiful verse the lofty suggestions and ideas which Nature has inspired him. Thompson has never been happier than when, in his immortal Hymn to the Seasons, he says

*"These, as they change, Almighty Father ! these
Are but the varied God."*

But though every poet, with the distinctive trait which characterizes his muse, has borne his witness, and set his seal to the reality and universality of Nature's teachings, yet in comprehensiveness and simple majesty, none has ever equalled — none will ever surpass Mrs. Barbauld, in the following lines :

*"I read thine awful name emblazoned high
In golden letters on the illumined sky ;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree ;
In every leaf, that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees :
With THEE in shady solitudes I walk ;
With THEE in busy, crowded cities talk ;
In every creature own thy forming power,
In each event THY providence adore."*

And these great truths which are thus beautifully embodied by Genius, cannot but stamp their impress upon the humblest individual,—

"Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind," &c.

Look also at that little girl, who stands amid her elder companions, with downcast eye and blushing cheek. She approaches her teacher with that paper, upon which is carefully traced, though in unformed and almost illegible chirography, her first attempt at composition. What has our little maiden chosen as her theme ? Ah ! it is 'The Beauties of Nature' ; or, if not of Nature, collectively, yet of some object, feature, or season — perhaps 'Winter,' or 'Spring,' 'Summer,' or 'Autumn' — may be 'Birds,' or 'Flowers' ; 'Leaves,' 'Butterflies,' or 'Icicles' : but whatever she has selected is immediately invested with almost every charm and attribute possessed by the animate or inanimate world. And the lesson which she invariably deduces, is that of the goodness of God. No child could ever fasten its eye upon aught but the beautiful ; and how quickly does the young heart respond to its obvious teachings ! As this young girl advances in life, may the predilection, so naturally evinced, for this sublime and never-erring teacher, be strengthened and confirmed — for

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her,"

and never will she fail to bring, from her vast receptacle, lessons of warning, advice, reproach or consolation, to those in whom the world within responds to the world without.

Our 'perceptions of the divine' grow keener, deeper, more all-embracing, and wider-grasping, as years advance, and the mind matures ; but it is long before we can hear in 'the mournful dash of the wild sea-waves,' or 'the howling of the wintry blast,' the same kind voice which made our young hearts thrill, as we listened to 'the droppings of the summer-shower,' or the rustling of faint breezes in the little grove.

But at length we do learn it ; and still higher may our perceptions reach, till goodness and mercy are also recognized as the revelations of 'the deep wail of human life.'

The little school-girl, and the admired poetess, unite in offering their tributes at the same shrine ; and though the intrinsic value of the oblation may be very different, yet both should be accounted equally acceptable. To the ear of the experienced listener, the voice of the former seems to utter but faint echoes

of the strain of the latter. It may be so — but we should look deep into the spirit-harp, and consider what has caused it thus to echo. It was some universal principle, which caused such differing strings to vibrate in one key.

I remember well my first attempt at composition. I was a little girl, some nine or ten years of age, and with none but elders for companions. At the quarterly examination, a composition was expected from the students. I might have been excused, but I would not avail myself of any privilege ; and as it was Winter, I took that for my subject. My article, of course, commenced with the positive assertion, that ‘ Winter is the most delightful season of the year,’ which I considered as a first truth, which needed no train of argument, chain of reasoning, or labor of sophistry to support it. Sleigh-bells, icicles, snow-spangles, &c. were duly descanted upon ; and all wound off with a quotation from the little hymn,

“ Who made the Winter and the Spring ? ”

and the reply,

“ It is our God ; how good He is ! ”

and all who listened were entreated to open their minds to the reception of this new deduction, with all the little eloquence which the writer was mistress of.

It is many years since then, and I have been where Nature teaches — not other lessons — but in far other voices. And I am now where Art is almost a successful rival in the impressions and influences upon my mind. I am so long and constantly shut out from the sweet voices of the natural world, that I fear those early teachings may be too evanescent. But though they may, for a while, be unheeded memories, yet they have not been in vain. I am not what I should have been without them. Their influence has been on my soul, and like the impress of an engraver upon the rocks which support a ruined fountain, are the records of those teachings on my heart. The moss of years, and the lichens fed by an impure atmosphere, may veil the tracery ; but it is still there, and has given its impress to the outward conformation of the over-spreading mould.

And those who have never acknowledged the influence of Nature’s teachings, are no less indebted to her for some impressions upon their hearts and characters. Whole nations, as the Sw

for instance, or the ancient Greeks, are represented as receiving from the natural scenery around them the distinguishing trait in their national character. Very few, like Washington Irving, avow their obligations to those features of their country, amidst which their minds received their first ideas of the grand, terrible, majestic, and beautiful ; but all are in some degree indebted.

Were we the inhabitants of some Alpine glen, surrounded by icy precipices, and overlooked by snow-capped hills, the wildness and grandeur of that scenery could but awaken within us the deepest emotions of reverence and awe of HIM who poured the rushing torrents in their rocky beds, and placed upon the lofty heights those jeweled diadems of Nature's watchmen.

It was my design to draw the attention of my readers to the lessons of nature, as they vary in her different aspects ; as when the rocks speak in their steady voices of HIM in whom 'there is no variableness nor shadow of turning' ; and of the ocean, forever sounding 'the loud bass in Nature's anthem' ; and of the flowery vale ; and of the blue sky, spreading its beautiful arch so perfectly over the up-turned eye of the humblest being. But I should exceed the bounds I have prescribed myself ; and I fear I have already exceeded your patience.

What has been already said may be trite, for it is a subject upon which many have written. But their united contributions have raised a glorious monument, in which the richly sculptured marble, and roughly chiseled rock, form an equal proportion. Upon that pile is humbly cast the hastily-gathered pebble of

ELLA.

NOTE. In looking over a volume of poems, to-day, I was much interested in observing how many of the different writers had chosen their themes from Nature ; and what beautiful lessons they had drawn from the most insignificant of material objects. The moss, or snow-flake, or moon-beam, is made eloquent with instruction ; and how many beautiful lessons have been drawn from the fall of a leaf, the bursting of a bubble, or the breaking of a wave upon the shore ! I think I shall at some future time recur to this subject.

E.

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

On the borders of the softly-flowing Guadalquivir, at a short distance from the ancient city of Seville, was a noble plain covered with fields of grain, gardens, and orchards, on which was encamped a chosen force of Arabs and Africans. The commander in chief of these Moslem warriors was Muza ben Nozie, the renowned emir of Alamagreb. Already had the city lost the flower of her youth in the battle of Guadalete; and Seville, once proud of her strength, now felt that she must be a prey to the Infidels.

The superior force and skill of the Moslems, together with the want of warlike munitions in the city, drove the inhabitants to desperation. Hourly were they in expectation that the gates would be forced, and that carnage and plunder would be the fate of proud Seville.

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful day, four cavaliers, of illustrious families and uncommon valor, ascended the golden tower, which had long been the pride of their city, and from thence took a survey of the enemy's camp. Gloriously it shone in the setting sun, as it resounded with the note of the trumpet, the clash of the cymbal, and the neighing of fiery Arabian steeds. The swarthy troops were from every nation of the African coast, from Syria and Egypt. There were Saracen, Tartar, Copt, and swarthy Moor. Their turbans and robes of various dyes and fashions, the flashes of steel and gleams of burnished gold, like rays of vivid lightning, gave a splendid appearance to the host.

The heart of Don Sarvedra sunk within him, as he beheld Maguel el Rumi, at the head of a battalion of light Bedouin horsemen, careering in front of the city, launching their darts at the sentinels, and then wheeling off beyond the reach of the missiles which were hurled after them.

"Urdiarles, Alonzo," said Sarvedra, "there is no hope but in flight! See yonder my Greek captive, the infamous Maguel — renegado that he is! He has come to glut his vengeance, and will instigate the Infidels to more than their wonted barbarity."

The three were in deep consultation, when Don Fernand approached them. "Sarvedra," said he, "I will allay the fury of Maguel, if thou wilt be just. Relinquish to him the fair Greek."

whom fate has made thy captive. Her heart is with him; and long ere she fell into thy hands, she was his affianced bride.—Yield her up, and let me be the bearer of a message that will carry joy to the heart of a much injured man, and make a friend of him who is now thy bitter foe.”

Fire flashed from the eyes of Sarvedra, but he answered not; and Fernand walked sorrowfully away. They soon descended from the tower; and after attending vespers, they assembled the garrison, when Sarvedra thus addressed them: “We cannot save the city; but it is possible that we may save ourselves. Let us cut our way through the Infidel force, and in Lusitania augment our numbers—from whence we may return for the rescue of the city.”

The advice of Don Sarvedra was seconded by Urdiarles and Alonzo, and adopted by the garrison, who assembled in the dead of night, and after partaking of the eucharist, mounted on horseback, and suddenly sallying from one of the gates, rushed in a compact body upon the camp of their enemies, which was negligently guarded. Sarvedra, Urdiarles and Alonzo led the way. They had safely passed the last out-post, when an arrow whistled by the ear of Sarvedra, and several more stuck in the target which he had thrown upon his back. He put spurs to his charger and galloped at full speed. The clatter of swift hoofs echoed behind him, but he heeded them not, until a vengeful voice assailed him with the cry, “Yield thee! yield thee! Don Sarvedra; it is in vain thou dost fly!”

Sarvedra turned like a lion. His eye-balls flashed furiously, as he surveyed the proud form of Maguel el Rumi.

“Don Sarvedra,” said Maguel, “dost thou know me? Haughty Christian, well do I know thee! Well do I know thy blooming bride! Long, long did I live beneath thy roof! Oft in the list of glory have I seen thee win the prize, amidst the acclamations of an admiring multitude! Seven years I was thy captive; and she, who was long since to have been my bride, (the dark-eyed Ada,) is still held by thee in cruel bondage! Yes, seven years I was thy captive—seven long years of painful woe: but now, proud chief, thou shalt be mine! Thou shalt drink the cup of sorrow which I drank at thy hands, even to its most bitter dregs! Thou shalt see Isabella, thy blooming bride, the slave

of the injured Ada ; and thou shalt also see thy aged parents go down in sorrow to the grave !”

Sarvedra made no reply ; but throwing himself from his charger, drew his sword, braced his shield, and prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. Maguel also dismounted ; and never did two warriors meet better matched, or of more equal prowess. Their shields were hacked to pieces ; the ground was strewn with fragments of their armor, and stained with their blood.

Alonzo and Urdiarles were soon by the side of Sarvedra ; and lion-like did they parry the blows, and resist every effort which was made to take them alive, by the thousand Arabs and Moors who rushed to the assistance of Maguel. Hundreds of Moslems lay bleeding on the banks of the Guadalquivir ; and echo sent back their dying groans across the silver waters, whose golden sands were stained with gore, ere, wearied out, these three undaunted cavaliers, covered with wounds, lay cold in death.

While this scene was passing, the main body of the Christians had succeeded in making their way through the centre of the Moslem camp, from whence they made safe their retreat to Beja. Notwithstanding their many disadvantages, the Christian warriors gave proof of their valor and warlike skill while passing through the enemy's army, by sending many of the Moslems to the shades of death ; and even the Arabian emir, Muza ben Nozier, skilled as he was in all the arts of war, could not rally his forces so as to retard their progress.

With the first dawn of morning, Muza marched his army in battle array to the gates of Seville, and demanded entrance. The gates were thrown open, the keys given to the Arabian emir, and soon was the Moslem banner seen waving on the battlements of Seville.

Maguel, whose wounds did not hinder him from duty, hastened to the palace of Don Sarvedra. The dark-eyed Ada met him with a mixture of joy and fear. Great as was her joy at being released from a long and painful captivity, and much as she had been wronged, her gentle nature would not suffer her to welcome even Maguel, until she was assured that no harm should befall Isabella, the wife of Sarvedra. By her intercession, Isabella was suffered to remain in quiet possession of the palace, and a band of chosen Arabs was stationed around it, to protect it from pillage. Muza ben Nozier, with his usual compassion, put a stop

to the pillage which had commenced in the city; and placing a garrison there for its security, withdrew his army. The bodies of the Moslems who were slain the preceding evening, were interred on the green banks of the beautiful Guadalquivir, with all the honors of a Moslem burial; while those of the Christians were gathered promiscuously and burned in heaps, and their ashes given to the four winds.

The following day, while Maguel was careering over the plain, at the head of his Bedouins, he espied beneath the shelter of a rock, the body of a Christian knight. He dismounted to examine it, and found it to be Don Fernand, from whom he had received many favors while he was the captive of Sarvedra. The heart of Fernand still beat, though faintly; but he was insensible. By Maguel's orders, the Arabs laid him on one of their horses, and proceeded to the camp, where, with much care he was resuscitated; and in a short time was so far recovered, that it was concluded upon to send him to Granada, with the escort which was to accompany Ada thither, where she was to remain in the care of Betiz Aben Habuz, the alcaide or king of Granada, until Spain was subdued, and Maguel, released from the toils of war, appeared to claim her as his bride.

On the morning of the day in which Muza ben Nozier left his encampment on the banks of the Guadalquivir, to march his army into Lusitania, Don Fernand, mounted on a swift Arabian courser, took his station by the side of the dark-eyed Ada, who was seated on a fleet palfrey; and surrounded by a shining band of chosen Arabs, started for Granada. Notwithstanding the country through which they passed bore marks of the devastations of war, they were cheered by the pipe of the shepherd, and the song of the husbandman; and their journey was rather pleasant than otherwise, until near their place of destination. The last day of their journey was just ushered in; the gray dawn had begun to streak the east, when a party of Christian warriors, mounted on fiery steeds, rushed upon the escort. All was given up for lost, when a battalion of Arabian horsemen came galloping to their rescue. This timely succor was sent by the orders of the king of Granada, who had heard that a party of Christians were to waylay the escort of Ada, on whom they intended to wreak their vengeance, out of hatred to Maguel. Don Fernand was suspected as being privy to their intentions, and he was loaded

with chains and thrown into a dungeon, upon their arrival at Granada.

The fair Almira, daughter of Betiz Aben Habuz, welcomed Ada with a sister's affection, and soon were their hearts knit together in the strongest bonds of friendship. The every wish of Almira was granted by her indulgent father, and ere long through her intercession, Don Fernand was liberated from his confinement, and had the freedom of the city. He was soon the companion of the fair Almira and the dark-eyed Ada, in all their excursions.

Almira was the most beautiful of Arabian damsels. Although her complexion had the dark tinge of the natives of Arabia Felix it was clear and transparent, and the deep rose blushed through the lovely brown. Her black eyes were full of fire, and flashed beneath their long silken lashes. Her form was of the most perfect symmetry, and clad in robes woven in the most costly loom of the orient; her head sparkled with diamonds, and was decorated with the rarest plumes of the bird of paradise.

Fernand was not long insensible to her charms; nor was it long before he knew that he had a shrine in the heart of the Arabian princess. Never so happy as when in each other's company, Fernand would often leave Ada in the palace garden, in company with the attendants of the princess, while with Almira he would ramble without the city, to admire the voluptuousness of the surrounding country. The smiling beauty of the vega, its green hills and valleys in all their freshness, formed a striking contrast with the stern, warrior look of the city of Granada, and was in unison with the feelings of the lovers, as they viewed the prospect.

In one of their rambles, they strolled across the vega, and climbed the rocky heights beyond. The mountains were strangely wild and broken; and at their feet were little valleys, enameled with groves and gardens, and interlaced with silver streams. At length they came to a defile, where the mountains were rent asunder to make way for a foaming torrent. The road wound along the edge of a precipice, until it came to a place where a bridge was thrown across the chasm. It was a fearful pass, great cliffs hung over the road, and the torrent roared frightfully below. This bridge was famous in the history of the Moorish wars, and known by the name of Baranco de Toscos.

Fernand and Almira were seated on this bridge, viewing the stupendous cliffs above, and listening to the pipes of the shepherds in the valleys below, when Aben Habuz suddenly appeared before them, attended by a body of guards. "Traitor! Christian dog!" exclaimed the king: "What meanest thou? Was it not enough that I gave thee the freedom of Granada, and gave thee liberty to visit my palace? Will nothing satisfy thee but to rob me of my daughter? Traitor! by Allah, thou shalt die! Soldiers, seize him!"

"Stay your hands!" exclaimed the terror-stricken Almira, as she clasped Fernand in her arms: "Soldiers, stay your hands! And thou, O my father, retract thy rash vow, or from this bridge I will plunge in the torrent below—and Aben Habuz shall be childless!"

The earnest and wild manner of Almira moved the heart of Aben Habuz. In wild suspense he stood, leaning on his lance, with his eyes transfixed on the lovers. At length, fetching a deep sigh, he raised them to heaven, and "Allah, direct me!" came from his trembling lips.

"Return to the city, O my father!" said the fair Almira, "whither Fernand and myself will follow; and, O gracious Allah, be thou our guide and protector!"

On the evening of the next day, Don Fernand was summoned before the king, whose anger had in a great measure revived. The king's attendants were commanded to strip Fernand, and give him a flagellation, and then chain him in a dungeon.

They had nearly disrobed him, when a locket fell to the floor, and rolled to the king's feet. He took it up, and who could describe the emotions of his heart as he viewed a miniature of Zadia, his long lost sister! "Whence came this?" exclaimed the king.

"It is my mother's likeness; and my father gave it me when he went to the battle of the Guadalete, where he perished," said the undaunted Fernand.

"Son of my sister—my much loved Zadia!—oh, forgive me!" fell from the lips of Aben Habuz, as he fainted in the arms of Don Fernand.

It was long before Aben Habuz recovered his consciousness. When he did, he sent for Almira, and bade his attendants leave him alone with his daughter and Don Fernand. Seated between

them, and clasping a hand of each, he related the manner in which Zadia, his beloved sister, was lost to her kindred.

Zadia had attained her seventeenth year. Beautiful as a *hourie*, many a noble Arab sought her hand ; but with a modest grace she declined the offers of all. Her parents wondered at her obduracy — for many who sought her love were, in the estimation, unexceptionable ; and her father, Ibrahim Habuz, would have been proud of the alliance.

It was on the evening of the seventeenth birth-day of Zadia that Ibrahim Habuz, returning from a distant excursion, met his daughter, on her favorite palfrey, attended by a young knight of noble mein, whom his keen eye discovered to be Alcanzor Abdelemelec, the son of his bitter foe. Side by side they rode, earnestly engaged in conversation, and heeded not *whom* they met, until Zadia was summoned by her father to attend him home. Zadia waved her hand to the youthful knight, and obeyed her father — hoping (in vain) that the shades of evening would conceal from his knowledge, that Alcanzor was her attendant.

Bitter were the invectives of Ibrahim Habuz, who gave Zadia a month's time to select a husband from among his chosen friends ; and until her decision was made, he confined her to her chamber. Unceasingly did Zadia lament her fate, and firmly did she declare that she would wed none but Alcanzor.

A month passed away, and preparations were made for the nuptials of Zadia, with an old lord, belonging to Tangier. In vain was it that Zadia plead for a father's pity. The heart of Ibrahim Habuz was hardened against his child, and he determined that his will should be her law ; and contrary to every principle of humanity, he forced her to yield obedience. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp ; and the old lord, with his youthful bride, immediately departed for Tangier, attended by a numerous cavalcade.

Soon after their arrival at Tangier, Zadia was one afternoon strolling in company with her maids along the sea-shore. A sumptuous galiot was riding at anchor ; and as they stood gazing at the rich carving and gilding with which it was decorated, and the silken bandaroles and banks of crimson oars, a party of sailors seized them, and conveyed them on board a skiff, which they rowed with all expedition to the galiot. The alarm was given by some fishermen, who witnessed the transaction ; but before pro-

parations could be made to pursue them, the galiot had received them on board, and was proudly sailing across the straits of Hercules.

Alcanzor Abdelmelec had been seen in Tangier, on the preceding day; and there was every reason to suppose that it was a preconcerted plan between him and Zadia, that this method should be adopted to rescue her from the clutches of her old lord. But notwithstanding every exertion that was made, a mystery ever after hung over the fate of Alcanzor Abdelmelec and Zadia. It was supposed that they met a watery grave, for it was ascertained that the galiot was wrecked on the other side of the straits, near Tarifa.

From Don Fernand, Aben Habuz learned that Zadia was the only person who was saved from the wreck of the galiot — all the others having been either drowned, or butchered by the inhabitants of the neighborhood, who having suffered much from the cruel maraudings of the Barbary cruisers, were so hardened against the Moslems, that they could not compassionate their misfortunes.

Zadia's uncommon beauty attracted the notice of Don Sebastin Fernand, who, in company with a party of cavaliers, chanced to be traveling along the coast at the time; and he purchased her of the Christians who had preserved her life. After reposing some days, and having recovered from the fatigue and terror of the scenes through which she had passed, Zadia was conveyed to Seville. During the journey Don Sebastin became more and more enamored of her beauty, and daily sought, by tender assiduity, to soothe the distress of his lovely captive, and gain her affections. His gentle treatment had the desired effect, and before their arrival at Seville, Zadia had consented to become the wife of Don Sebastin. Before their marriage, Zadia embraced the Christian faith, and was baptized by the archbishop of Seville, who gave her the name of Elvira.

Don Fernand was their only child. He remembered but little of his mother — she having died when he was scarce seven years of age. Her remains were deposited by the side of those of Alcanzor, which had been removed from their resting-place on the coast of Tarifa, and, with the archbishop's leave, deposited in the vault of the cathedral, in the city of Seville.

Aben Habuz, although rejoiced that he had found a relative

in Don Fernand, would not consent to his union with Almira unless he embraced Islamism. He deemed it impious for a follower of Mahomet to marry a Christian ; and he enjoined it upon Don Fernand to renounce his faith. An old Dervise, who had come from Arabia Felix in company with Almira, after her father was made alcaide of Granada, undertook to expound the doctrine of the koran. His exposition, together with the entreaties of Almira, soon put an end to Don Fernand's scruples respecting the propriety of renouncing the Christian faith ; and he embraced Islamism, to the no small joy of Aben Habuz.

About this time Maguel el Rumi arrived at Granada, to claim the hand of the dark-eyed Ada. Maguel was graciously received by the alcaide, who was glad to receive tidings of the victories achieved by the Moslems, from one who had been a partaker of their toils. He gave a soldier-like account of the armies of the faithful, whose commanders had proved themselves as mild in conquest as they had been intrepid in assault ; and whose moderation and benignity soothed the terrors of the vanquished, and restored tranquility.

The joy of Ada was unbounded when she beheld Maguel, safely released from the toils of war, and welcomed with rapture by Aben Habuz to a home in Granada.

Splendid preparations were made by the alcaide for the nuptials of Don Fernand and Almira ; and they were solemnized with great pomp and rejoicings throughout the whole city of Granada. To honor Maguel el Rumi, his nuptials were celebrated at the same time with those of Don Fernand.

The friendship which had long existed between these men continued through life ; and when Don Fernand succeeded to the government of Granada, which he did upon the death of Aben Habuz, he found in Maguel a wise counsellor, and one ever ready to assist him. Blessings attended them, both in public and in private life. Their dwellings were the abodes of domestic bliss in all its variety. Dutiful sons and daughters were added to their store, whose filial piety was a crown of rejoicing to their parents, and an honor to the city wherein they dwelt.

Don Fernand and Almira both lived to a good old age ; and when at length they went down quietly to the grave, their loss was keenly deplored by the city of Granada, which was for ages the favorite abode of their descendants.

TABITHA.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No. 4.

POPE NIGHT.

How very few are the days kept in New England, as festivals, compared with those observed by other nations ! Thanksgiving Day, and the Fourth of July, are with us the *great* days, and the only ones celebrated universally. Election Day is sometimes *elected*, by country girls, as a proper time for an afternoon party, and much attention is generally bestowed upon the election cake. Muster Day is a *great* day with the *little* boys, yet seldom aught but a season of vexation to their anxious mammas and sisters. Forefathers' Day (the 22nd of December) is very unfrequently alluded to ; and Christmas Day is, by many descendants of the ascetic Puritans, considered a day of unhallowed rites and religious mockery. New Year's Day is, to be sure, thought a day when every body must say, "I wish you a happy new year," though the conduct of the well-wisher may, in every other respect, sadly refute his expressed desire to contribute to his neighbor's happiness. The First of April is sacred to Momus, and is perhaps as consistently and invariably observed as any of those previously mentioned.

But the little boys of Amesbury and Salisbury, have a celebration which, so far as I know, is peculiar to themselves. It is the observance of Pope Night, or the Fifth of November, by bonfires upon the hills, shoutings, and all such demonstrations of rejoicing. The fifth of November, 1605, it will be remembered, was the ever-memorable era of the Gunpowder Plot ; but from whom our young friends learned this, and their mode of celebrating it, I have never yet ascertained. But it is most certainly considered one of their *white* days, or rather nights ; and is anticipated with much impatience, for months previously to its arrival.

Preparations are made for it long before the forgetful ship-builders have recalled the interesting fact, that there will be a Pope Night this year also ; but in due season they are effectually reminded of it, by finding that their tar-barrels have, on some pleasant, star-lit evening, most generously bestowed half their supplies upon some intruder, or quietly eloped, barrel and all ; and, snugly ensconced under some old wharf, barn, or project-

ing rock, are patiently awaiting the time when their grand deed will make ample amends for this temporary seclusion.

And a truly splendid appearance they sometimes present, when after the thick shades of evening have descended upon hill, vale, and river, their bright light streams up into the dark firmament mingled with the brighter but more flickering and evanescent flames of the other materials for the illumination. I remember well the first night I ever witnessed it. Dark and cloudy were the heavens above, and still and quiet the earth beneath. Suddenly, from a neighboring hill, a spire of light, like a signal flame, sprung into the murky atmosphere, and

“Rocked through the dark skies to and fro.
Then shot forth another, another still;
And see! how they answer from hill to hill!
Tossing, like pines in the tempest’s sway,
Joyously, wildly, the bright spires play;
And each is hailed with a pealing shout,”

from the throngs of little fellows, whose mothers all know that ‘they are out,’ and are often out also, admiring their *brilliant* exploits. Bridge’s, Brown’s, Swett’s, Whittier, and Powow hills are each thronged with their juvenile patriots; but all this effervescence among the youngsters, has little to do with Protestantism or Popery. Very few of them know what a vast and terrible plot was many years ago conceived by the Catholics of England to revenge themselves upon their oppressors. Nor do they know what cruel persecutions had maddened them to such horrible retaliation. Very few of them, I fear, would care if King James, Guy Fawkes, the Pope, Parliament, and all, had been blown together — though they would have liked to see the explosion.

I have said that few of the members of these active little bands are aware what they are commemorating; and you will quite often hear the youngsters call it *Poke* Night, as any thing else, and *poke* night it assuredly is. There they are, hopping about screaming, shouting and clapping, and *poking* together their piles of brush, and all sorts of combustibles. Nothing comes amiss that will make a blaze — corn-stalks, pumpkin-vines, bean-poles, and every thing which can be raked and scraped, far and near, lend their “shining light” in this good cause.

But the old fragments from the ship-yards, and more especially the remnants of tar-barrels, which they have either begged or stolen, form their chief dependance. I say begged — for they

sometimes condescend to *ask* for them, and the man who presents them with a barrel which is not entirely emptied, is thenceforth entitled to their everlasting gratitude.

It takes considerable to furnish them with 'tar-mops,' as they call them, or bunches of corn-stalks, or something of that kind, which they fasten upon the end of a long stick, then dip it in the tar, and when they have fired it, they run around, brandishing it in the air, and swinging it far above their heads. Strange and imp-like do their little forms appear, when revealed by the deep red glare of the crackling flames, as they sing and yell around them, sporting with that element which has been deemed a fit plaything for demons, and reminding a classic observer of "the carnival of the Furies." Surely Powow hill could seldom have exhibited a wilder scene, in those savage festivals from which it derived its cognomen, than it sometimes does on the night of the fifth of November.

As the materials for the illumination diminish, the fires of course die away; but before they are entirely extinguished, the reserved tar-barrels are fired, and when well enveloped in flame, are, by a well directed blow, sent whirling, bounding and hissing down the hill. Those huge red fire-balls are truly worthy of a painter's delineation, as they come rolling and tearing down the hills; and, after their mad leaps into the valleys, it takes but a short time of uninterrupted combustion to reduce them to ashes. Then the little boys stand and watch the smouldering relics of their toil and materials, until their mothers call them home.

ANNETTE.

WASHINGTONIAN REFORM.

"To err is human—to forgive, divine."

While we all hope to be forgiven our numerous errors and follies, is it not strange, ay, astonishing, that we should be so slow to forgive those who offend *us*? Yet so it is. I believe it to be an incontestible fact, that the community has entirely lost many valuable members, by its own reluctance to extend the hand of kindness to those who have wandered from the path of virtue—the only means of leading them back to honor, to usefulness, and to happiness.

I would not lessen the odiousness of vice ; on the contrary, would have its hideousness portrayed in such vivid colors, that a glance of it should make the heart shrink back as from the touch of a viper. But I would have the wanderer from the path of rectitude encouraged to return, by the voice of kindness and love. It does not follow, as a matter of course, that an individual wholly corrupt, because of one deviation from the "straight and narrow way."

Stephen Burroughs, one of the greatest rogues that ever infested our country, declared that when he came out of prison the first time, he would have gladly earned his living, but found it impossible to procure work, and his friends treated him as though they did not wish him in their houses. Therefore he was compelled to "steal for a living." Thus was that wretched being thrust down the precipice of irremediable ruin, by the very persons who should have saved him by kindness, and gently led him back to adorn the triumph of virtue.

The circumstances which I shall now introduce, have transpired in the history of persons with whom I am personally acquainted.

The first was a youth in his teens. He was sent to the State Prison for aiding in secreting stolen goods. Some benevolent individuals interested themselves in his behalf, and obtained his pardon. When he came out, they procured him a situation in a respectable shop, where he went to work, determined to gain not only a competency of worldly goods, but a *character*; and his efforts were crowned with success. He is now a useful citizen, a faithful husband, and an affectionate father.

A young girl, unfriended and alone, wandered through the street. A benevolent individual saw her, and gave her a home. After a few months of good conduct, she yielded to temptation and took property that belonged to another. She was soon detected, and brought before the bar of justice, where mercy and dwelt. When the term of her punishment expired, she returned to the friends she had injured, (for she had no other,) and they received and treated her kindly. They pointed her to the path of integrity and undeviating honesty, as the only way to gain confidence and respect which she had so recently forfeited. The forgiveness thus bestowed was not extended in vain, — the young wanderer returned to duty, and now enjoys the respect of all who know her.

The last circumstance which I shall bring to support my position, is this : A young lady, amiable and beautiful, was lured to the embrace of sin, under a specious guise. The destroyer wrought a fearful ruin. The cheek where the rose and lily had vied in their loveliness, was blanched to an ashy paleness. Most truly did she mourn her departure from the path of virtue. And while she felt that she had quite forfeited all claim to the regard of society, friends stepped forward, whose hearts had been baptized in the font of love divine, and with true Christian benevolence, opened the gate of virtue, which leads to the highway of happiness, and gently bade her enter. As she tremblingly advanced, each lent an arm to support her feeble steps. As she proceeded, she gradually gained strength, until at length she stood alone — redeemed ! ay, *saved* to herself, to her friends, and to community. Years have since elapsed, and they have served to test the sincerity of her repentance.

These have been the triumphs of love and forgiveness, and the same causes may still produce similar results.

Who can tell the fearful depths of vice into which these might have plunged, had they been abandoned, as was the unfortunate Burroughs ! If we more frequently considered the divine precept, "*Let him that is WITHOUT SIN cast the first stone,*" I believe we should see more of the heavenly principle of forgiveness exercised in the world.

ORIANNA.

A WINTER EVENING.

It was one of those beautiful winter evenings, when night's silver queen sheds her soft lustre on crusted snow and glittering ice, that the merry peals of laughter were heard throughout our little village ; and at every door, with heart-felt glee, was sung the old ballad, —

"Come, boys and girls, come out to play,
The moon is a-shining as bright as day.
Come with a whoop, and come at a call;
Come with a good will, or not at all."

The boys and girls responded to this invitation, by a simultaneous rush into the street, and with a sufficient number of hand-

sleds, made all possible haste to a steep snow-bank, near the shore of a small pond, whose icy fetters were of the smoothest polish. Then commenced the delightful sport of sliding down the hill, seated on a hand-sled — the boys on the front part, and the girls on the hinder part. “Hurrah !” and with the velocity of a steam-engine, down went the sleds to the foot of the hill, not stopping until they reached the shore of the pond, and had slid not a little distance over its glass-like surface.

After a while, the fatigue of climbing up hill was thought not to be sufficiently compensated by the pleasure of sliding down, and it was proposed that they should slide across the pond, and call at Dr. W.’s, on the opposite side. All agreed to this proposal, for right sure they were, not only of a kindly greeting, social chat, and much good counsel, but also of apples and cider in great plenty. It was agreed upon to slide around the shore of the pond, in order to enjoy the delightful scenery of a lot of beech and maple trees, with here and there a tall hemlock and a dwarf spruce, all richly clad in a drapery of jeweled ice, which glittering in moon-beams, seemed to vie in splendor with the spangled firmament above.

While admiring the splendor of the scene, a dark substance in a path which lay through the wood, attracted attention ; and some of the youngers, upon going to ascertain what it might be, found that it was the body of a poor day laborer, who, having taken a drop too much of the “O be joyful,” his usual remedy for the evils of “smoky house, and scolding wife,” had sat down to soliloquize upon the delights of “home, sweet home ;” and giving way to a drowsy sensation, would no doubt have slept the sleep of death, but for the timely assistance of this playful company.

“Holloa ! uncle Levi !” shouted the boys at the top of their voices. “Wake up, wake up, and help us trap a racoon,” — at the same time shaking him with all their might.

“Coon in the wood-pile,” at length hiccuped the poor inebriate.

The girls took off their aprons, and lashed two of the hand-sleds together with them ; then spread some of their cloaks upon the sleds, upon which the boys placed uncle Levi, (as they called him,) and wrapping him up in cloaks, made all possible haste to the hospitable mansion of Dr. W.

The good doctor thought it a fine frolic, when, *sans ceremonie*, his door flew open, and some half-dozen boys entered, dragging in "uncle Levi," and followed by all the boys and girls belonging to our village; but when he learned in what a sad state "uncle Levi" was found, he administered all needful restoratives, and the boys and girls experienced the heart-felt pleasure of knowing of a truth, that with the assistance of Dr. W., they had not only saved the life of a fellow creature, but had been instrumental in reclaiming an inebriate — for "uncle Levi" from that time tasted not *strong drink*.

After seeing "uncle Levi" comfortable, and partaking of some refreshments, the young people started for home. The doctor, with true country politeness, accompanied them half way; and when he stopped to view the forest trees, all glistening in their jeweled winter-robes, he confessed that his eyes scarce saw a lovelier sight. "But," said he, musing, "Heaven beheld a lovelier sight, when so many young hearts and hands, on this very spot, were actively engaged in doing good; and surely some blessing will attend the work." B. C.

MY SCHOOLMATES.

There are many scenes linked with the past, upon which the eye of memory delights to dwell; and it affords a sweet relief sometimes to turn our thoughts away from the cares and vexations of the present hour, and allow them to rest awhile upon objects that live only in remembrance.

My schoolmates! how varied are the sensations that are awakened by the mention of that name! Years have gone by since your familiar voices have greeted my ear, and many long miles are now between us; but neither time nor distance can erase from the heart the remembrance of dear and loved friends. Oh, those were halcyon days, when together we roamed the flowery fields, gathering from them blossoms rich and rare! Satisfied with the present, we thought not that the future might throw darkness and gloom along our pathway.

And is it not a wise dispensation of Providence, that a veil has

been thrown over the future that the eye of man cannot penetrate? for who could endure to live, could he behold all the misery and suffering in the way before him! But man is made the creature of expectation, always looking forward for something better than the present moment affords; and however different the reality may prove, there is always one bright spot in the distance, that the star of hope illumines, that makes his path more pleasant, than if he could behold the thorns that lie therein.

But Time, which changes all things, has left its impress upon my young companions. They are no longer the merry school-girls, who sported with me upon the green, or rambled on the hill-side, beneath the forest shade. Some have grown up to womanhood, left the homes of their youth, and entered upon untried scenes, with but one fond and faithful heart to cheer and support them in all the trials through which they might be called to pass. Others still remain with their parents, a joy and a comfort to declining age.

But there was one among my young companions, who was my most intimate friend. Where now is *she*? When last we met, the smile of health lighted up her countenance, and life and animation beamed in every feature. But the destroyer came, and while in the bloom of life, ere the flowers of spring had faded, her pure spirit left its earthly tenement, to dwell with kindred spirits in a land of rest. Eighteen summers had scarcely passed over my young friend, when the rose on her cheek began to fade, and the light of her eye to grow dim, which told too plainly that she must die. Many were the tears shed upon the spot sacred to her memory—for she was beloved by all who knew her.

While reflecting upon the changes a few years have wrought among our young companions, we are forcibly reminded of the mutability of all earthly objects. A little while, and the places that know us, will know us no more forever. Such reflections should teach us to improve the present moments as they fly, for the future may not be ours.

Farewell to consideration of the past—for present scenes now claim my attention. But, my young companions! should I never meet you more, till my heart's latest pulsation will I cherish your memory.

MARIA.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

I love on memory's page to trace
 The busy days of yore ;
 Each hill and dell and hiding-place,
 I ne'er shall visit more.

My early home, my happy home !
 A thousand times more dear
 Than mansion great, or lordly dome,
 Do thy blest shades appear.

The garden, orchard, field and brook,
 The pasture on the hill,
 Where oft I've strayed around to look,
 Or played beside the rill ;

Or climbed the ancient mossy rock,
 Close by the Gilead tree ;—
 That scene the lapse of time shall mock,
 Remembered still by me.

Remembered, too, the generous well,
 Close by the rock and tree ;
 The "oaken bucket," hung to tell
 Of "sparkling waters free."

And in its lucid face I'd gaze,
 To see the bucket swing ;
 Or from its quiet resting-place,
 The pure cold water bring.

My childhood home, my childhood home !
 How dear that name to me !
 Although afar I dwell or roam,
 My heart still turns to thee.

R. F.

 THE SUFFOLK-STREET CHAPEL.

'The 'Free Chapel Enterprise' is a phrase unintelligible to many of our operatives, and I will preface my article upon it with some remarks addressed particularly to them.

When a majority of our young friends leave the retired country towns of New England for this bustling city, one of the first contrasts, which elicits disapprobation, is that relative to religious affairs. They have been accustomed to the spacious old meeting-house, where each time-worn pew has been, from time beyond

their recollections, an heir-loom in the family which wears there, and pew-rent is a thing unknown. True, the minister must be supported, but it is done by contributions, or in some way which causes them no disturbance.

Here, they soon see it is very different. The factory girls form a large proportion of the population, and the factory girls are expected to support most of the institutions of religion. This is something new and unexpected. They strongly disapprove of it. The gospel, they think, should be dispensed "without money and without price." To go to meeting is to indulge in an expensive luxury, and they would rather remain at home, or go for a while "all round," that is, take a peep into every place of worship. The latter is a plan which I think far from objectionable at first — for something must be learned (at least, of toleration) in thus mingling with differing, and in many respects strange sects. First, they go to see the Catholics. These are to them the *lions* of Lowell, and strange indeed does their symbolical service appear to these descendants of the Puritans.

If they can so far subdue prejudice, and think the "folks at home" will never discover the transgression, they go also to the Unitarian church. Here they expect to see something very theatrical, some parody upon the usual religious services, and the best but a dry essay upon "*moral honesty*." "Do they have meetings like other folks?" was a question once asked, and they are probably often amazed to see solemn worship go up to "one only God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Then, if they can venture so far, they go to hear the Universalists; and strange does this also appear to them, that love, fear, can be found a sufficient impulse to draw together so large a band of worshippers.

The Episcopalians, Baptists, &c., are each favored with a visit, and I here repeat the assertion, that no harm can accrue from this. The truth must force itself upon the minds of the most prejudiced, that there is, beneath these minor differences of manner and matter, some principle common to all. All are exercising, sincerely, the noblest faculties of their nature; and in the most important articles of faith, there is union between them. They everywhere hear supplication raised, and praise ascribed, to God, the Maker and Preserver of all things. They every where hear of the Friend and Savior of man, and every where of a re-

bution for good and evil. The conviction must be theirs, that in all these, there is some portion of the true spirit of piety, and they will feel that mere opinions and creeds, though they may be the skeleton — the bone and sinew of the religious frame — are not the rounded lineaments which please the beholder's eye by their beauty, nor yet the active stream which courses through each vein, and gives it life and vigor.

But when curiosity has been fully gratified, it is too often the case, that, instead of fixing upon some one place in which they may join with others in these exercises, they discontinue altogether their attendance upon public worship. Early religious habits, and fixed principles may influence many to sacrifice something for the gratification of religious desires; but many continue indifferent, postpone a regular attendance upon meeting till "a more convenient season," and finally sink into utter apathy.

Now we can all conceive how, in a large city, this class will continually increase, and will be augmented by the rise of a generation who have *never* been led to the house of God, and hardly heard, except in terms of profanation, His holy name.

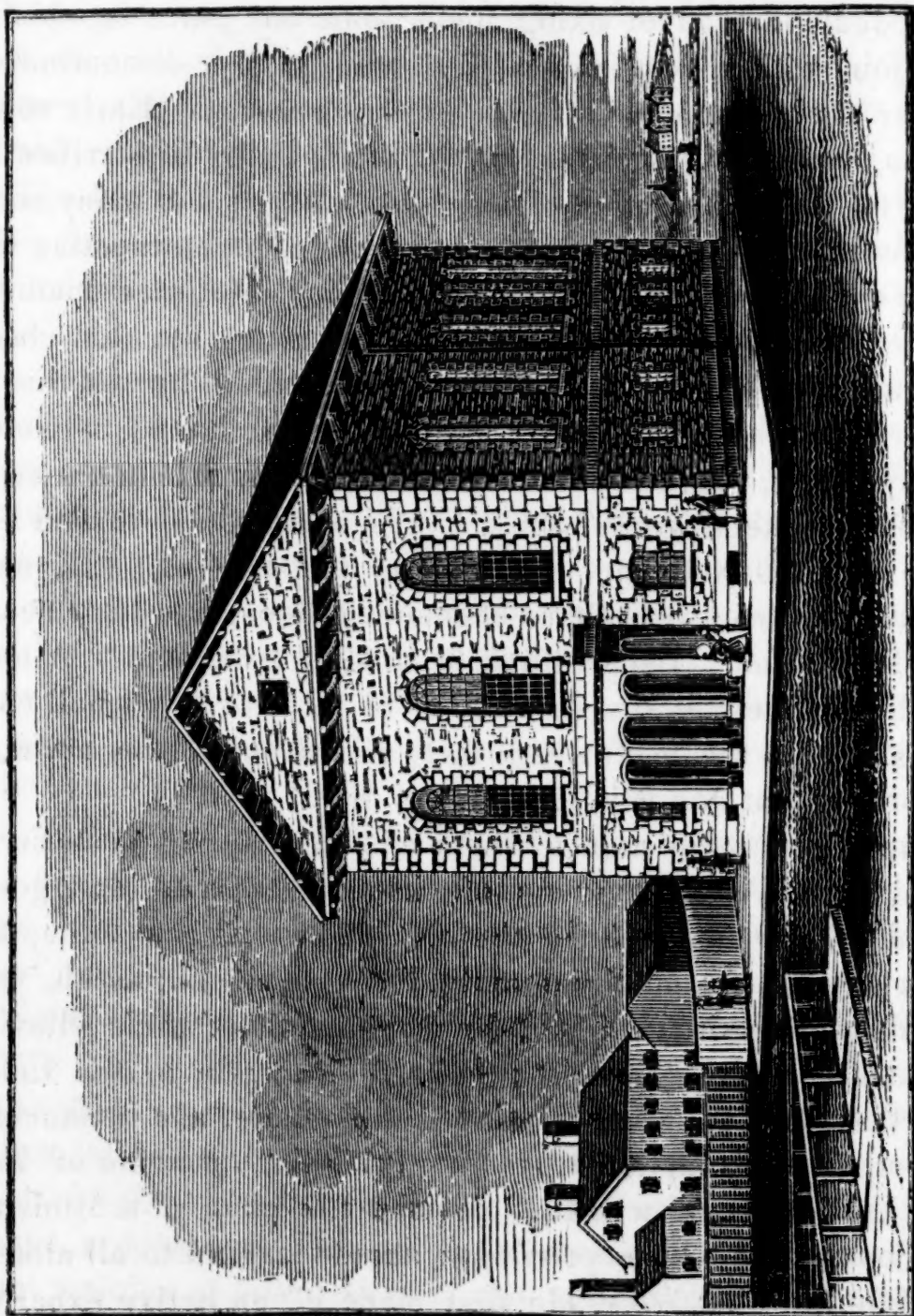
About thirteen years since, it was ascertained that in Boston there were 20,000 connected with no place of worship, and for but few of these were there accommodations, had they been disposed to attend. Let us think of this for a moment. A number which would equal the population of forty of our small country towns. This was a startling fact, and aroused the attention of the benevolent and religious of that city.

There are some names which will descend to posterity, hallowed by the remembrance of virtues displayed, and good effected. There have been those, who, listening to the appeal of suffering and degraded humanity, have sacrificed health, wealth, friends, and even life itself, for the benefit of their fellow men. Howard the philanthropist; Eliot, the apostle to the Indians; Oberlin; Neff; Father Mathew, and others, are instances. It cannot be presumption to place in this list the name of *Tuckerman*, the individual who first devised the plan of a Ministry for the Poor — one whose privileges should extend to all alike, and to all be literally *free*. He first made it 'an active experiment, laboring, as it were, alone; bearing the ark single handed; putting his own hand to the plough, and turning not back, though it went through flints, and quarries of opposition, on the field of

its adventure, before it was made ready for planting, or prepared for the good harvest of success which has followed.'

There are now three Free Chapels in Boston, and as ministers are 'Ministers at Large,' or Ministers to the Poor; and when it is stated that SARGENT and WATERSTON are two of these ministers, it will be acknowledged that those who have been thus collected to receive the bread of life, are not sent back with stones.

SUFFOLK-STREET CHAPEL, BOSTON.



The Suffolk-street Chapel, of which we here have a view, may be remarked as a unique structure, and the following statistics may not be uninteresting :

"The cost of this Chapel was about \$14,500, exclusively of the land, which was given by the city, according to a grant, in 1806, to the first religious society which should build a church thereon. The architectural style of the house is somewhat imposing and peculiar. It is built of rough stone, with rustic finishings of granite at the corners, and around the windows, which have circular heads. Its position is prominent; and one of the most singular features of the edifice is its height, together with the unusual projection of the coving, or eaves, 4 feet 6 inches on all sides beyond the body of the walls. This peculiarity gives a massive and somewhat novel appearance to the whole. It has a portico in front, supported by four or five granite piers, with intervening arches."

So much for its external appearance, and the interior is said to correspond with the exterior in beauty and convenience; and altogether it is thought to be "one of the neatest, most appropriate, and substantial places of worship in the city. By the generous efforts of individuals, it has been furnished with organ, clock, communion-table, lamps, &c., and is rapidly filling up with the families in its neighborhood."

I have before me a concise account of the anniversary of the Sunday School connected with this Chapel, which was also the anniversary of its Dedication. It appears, by the report of the Superintendant, that the school, which at first numbered but 30 pupils, has gradually increased, until now there are 200 pupils, and 30 teachers, making an average attendance of 150. This must indeed be a striking and gratifying result, and says much for the fidelity and talents of the Pastor of the Chapel, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT. With one more quotation, we close our remarks upon this building. It is that "the blessing of Heaven may rest upon the pastors, the people, and the Sunday schools of these Chapels, so that the word of divine truth may have free course, 'and be glorified.'"

And now why can we not have something of a similar character in this city? Is it not needed? Should there not be one place where those, who, from whatever cause, feel unable to contribute to the maintenance of the gospel, may still enjoy its privileges? one place where they can go, without beholding the box labelled in staring characters, "SUPPORT PUBLIC WORSHIP," or hearing the request to give something for the formation of a new society, or the support of an old one? I say not but that these things should be done, but none should be compelled to do them, or relinquish their claim to the privileges of the gospel. And perhaps we might witness the gratifying

spectacle, which has been seen elsewhere. In some places the Ministry to the Poor has proved so beneficial to the temporal interests of its recipients, that their pastors are partially, if not wholly, supported by their own voluntary contributions.

I forgot to mention, where I should have done it, that Dr. Tuckerman, the noble and lamented pioneer in this great cause is now deceased ; but the work which he projected is spreading over our own land, and even to some of the cities of Europe. It is one of the grand characteristics of our age — one of the landmarks which will show posterity how far the tide of progress had reached in our time ; and methinks its swelling surge sends forth the voice of rebuke to all who say that Society, ay, Religion itself, is fast retrograding to the darkness of times long since gone by. While there are those who look upon Futurity with dark forebodings, and see the light of day fast waning from the sky, there are also those who look to it alone for real light, and assert that all who have yet lived, have groped in shadows. The Radical looks upon the morning, the Conservative upon the evening, star. The true man sees the sun wending his glorious way in the firmament ; and though there may be clouds about him, and some dark with portending storms, yet there are also those of rose and amber tinge, and through them all are the deep rifts which disclose ‘the calm serene of heaven.’”

H. F.

THE DEALINGS OF PROVIDENCE.

“ Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs ;
Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal ;
Kindly, perhaps, sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere.”—JENYNS.

There are dark spots in life's picture, perceptible even to those who look only on its brightest side. Gloomy feelings steal upon them, which they can neither understand nor repel. They seem to be on the principle of reaction, purely mechanical ; and the depth of the gloom is generally graduated by the elevation of feeling that preceded it. Kirk White was doubtless under the influence of feelings of this sort, when he penned the following complaint —

“Then whence it is I cannot tell,
 But there is some mysterious spell,
 That holds me when I'm glad,
 And so the tear-drop fills my eye,
 But yet, in truth, I know not why,
 Or wherefore I am sad.”

This species of suffering is peculiar to highly sensitive, and naturally sunny temperaments; and we can easily conceive it a necessary discipline for such temperaments. This world would be all too lovely and attractive without it. The eye would never turn to heaven as the “better land,” if it met no repulsive objects here. But how far this suffering is the result of mental organization, and how far of the infringement of laws that we know or might know, is an important inquiry; and should be carefully considered before we allow ourselves to murmur against Providence. If we are addicted to mental intoxication, we must suffer mental exhaustion and disease, just as surely, and as justly, too, as the inebriate suffers after a Bacchanalian revel. Let us think of these things, my sensitive sisters, before we intrench ourselves in the privileges of those who innocently endure “much tribulation.”

We can easily understand why the guilty suffer. It needs no uncommon perception, no high exercise of faith, to see and believe that the dispensation of Providence is just and merciful, which has so blended transgression and suffering, that they cannot be separated. Not so when we see the lovely and innocent suffering with the guilty. We can sometimes suppose it necessary to humble pride, to teach the prosperous lessons of dependence on God, and to turn the worldly-minded from their idols. But there are instances in which such discipline seems wholly unnecessary, in which the “meek and lowly” follower of Jesus drags out a wretched existence, the victim of another's crime. Physical deformity and diseases are laid upon the “pure in heart.” While pity weeps for them, reason would fain know why such dispensations are permitted to enter the plans of Providence. But she fails in her investigations; and faith comes in to do her “perfect work.” With child-like trust, she lays her head on the bosom of her heavenly Father, although His breast-plate be of thorns — kisses His rod, although it wounds, but not to heal.

And herein lies one of the sweetest “uses of adversity.” The Christian loves to look upward for a sublimer, more enduring joy, than can be found in the grovelling pursuits of sense. He

would not exchange this dear privilege, even though it be wedded to poverty and toil, for

“silver, or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.”

Then even here, in His darkest doings, our heavenly Father justified, nay, glorified. Trust on, then, meek and quiet mourner for

“He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal.”

INTEMPERANCE.

I saw a sight, a sad and mournful sight,
And such an one as I sincerely hope
And humbly pray I ne'er may see again.
Yet 'twas a common sight, oft seen by those
Who can look on with careless unconcern,
And hearts which seem as cold and destitute
Of every finer feeling of the soul,
As the cold marble. Yes, a woful sight
It surely was—one which would almost make
An angel weep. It was a drunken youth—
A lovely lad, upon whose blooming cheek
Scarce sixteen summers had in beauty shone;
And he was reeling from the dire effects
Of the debasing cup—the fatal draught
That has so many noble youth laid low,
And so much misery caused. There were fiends
(*Men* they were called, because they had the form;
We'll call them fiends, ay, fiends in human shape)
Resolved to lead this thoughtless youth astray,—
And well did they succeed. Day after day
They lured him to that fatal spot, where Rum
Bound him in chains from which he could not break.
Alas! he fell! that generous, noble youth,
Who once had been the pride of all his friends;
His widowed mother's darling, only son,
Who once such cheering promise gave of worth,
Exalted worth. And now her heart was torn,
With anguish deep, as tongue cannot describe.
She plead with him in vain: he still went on
The broad high-way to death.

And many such
There are, who thus are led to ruin dark.

And now I fain would ask each patriot heart,
If this must *always* be. Say, shall our youth,
America's brave sons—her noblest sons—
Our country's hope, be blighted thus? This foe,
Intemperance, shall it ever havoc make
Of all we hold most dear? Say, shall this foe
Still cause the widowed mother's heart to bleed

Over her fallen son, and cause the heart
 Of wife and more than orphan child to throb
 With bitter, untold woe? Shall we submit,
 And tamely wear a much more galling yoke
 Than any Eastern despot ever laid
 Upon a subject's neck? The thundering sound
 Of million voices strongly answers, No!
 We will arise, and to the conflict come
 Against this foe. With our united strength,
 And with the strength of Him who rules above,
 We'll put the monster down. Ay, though his height
 To heav'n should reach, and he the land bestride
 As with a single step; his giant form
 We will cut down, and into pieces hew;
 And generations yet to come, shall see
 Naught but his giant bones beneath the sun
 Lie bleaching.* We know this work shall onward move,
 For 'tis a glorious work; and it will spread
 Till it has gained "the universal sway."
 This cause of God, the holy Temperance cause,
 Shall triumph yet—for the almighty arm
 Of Him who rules on high is on our side,
 And in His might we must and will prevail.

R. C. T.

* "Argument for Early Temperance, by Edward Hitchcock," page 68.

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.

With the first principles of mental instruction, energy of character should be cultivated. Along with the higher powers, it should be cherished, and allowed to expand in the earliest dawnings of intellectual light. Although the powers be humble, and the opportunities few, the person possessed of energy may accomplish much. What to others are insurmountable obstacles, serve to stimulate him to renewed exertion. What the world calls intolerable evils, he names good discipline; and he trains his mind according to this established principle, — whatever is worth possessing, is worth using effort to obtain. Step by step, he moves forward in his rugged pathway, undismayed by the frowning cliffs above. With undaunted courage, with unabated zeal, he pursues his well-directed course, not doubting that the prize is within his reach, though placed on the highest eminence of his most sanguine wishes; and it proves the reward of many toilsome years of self-denial and grievous suffering. High has he placed the standard of moral excellence; and as he approaches the lofty pinnacle of his hopes, in deeper humility does he worship and adore his Maker — bless Him for existence, with feelings of reverential awe — admire the perfection of His character — resolve to serve his Lord and Master, more faithfully, grate-

fully — acknowledging His mercy and goodness guiding him in his past career, and meekly begs the care and protection of his heavenly Father during the short, uneven journey of life.

All intelligent beings are endowed with faculties peculiar to themselves, and placed in peculiar circumstances that should draw forth the heaven-born energies of the mind. Should every accountable being do justice to his or her own individual faculties — think and act for *one* — pursue a line of conduct suited to his sphere, however humble his station may be — he is honorable, he is respectable ; and that person has, perhaps, a more worthy character, than the one of lofty genius, who, with better opportunities, suffers himself to be hid in the crowd, or in any way whatever, by neglect, or servile imitation, to deface the original beauties bestowed by the Creator.

The man who rises by his own efforts, proves himself worthy of his opportunities — is an independent man. Conscious worth sustains him in the path of integrity — buoys his spirit up in the dark moments of trial — speeds the time that shall again place the conqueror's wreath upon his brow — continues him a being of sunlight — urges him forward in his honorable pursuit, to learn and ever practice that which shall improve his own mind, and promote the welfare of his fellow men. 'Onward, still onward,' is his motto ; and 'onward' he marches, earning and deserving the affection and esteem of the wise and good, and enjoying the approving smiles of a pure conscience.

Though adverse winds blow roughly upon him, he quails not at their overwhelming force ; he feels not their cold, blighting influence — for he is shielded by Omnipotence — living in strict obedience to the commands of a righteous God. Thick clouds may gather and hover over his mind : they cannot shade from his single vision the bright star of his hope. Its steady light dispels the gloom, and radiates his safe, narrow path, with renewed brightness to his more watchful view. Loud storms may rage around : he heeds not their fury. They cannot extinguish the living flame that lights up the temple of his soul — for it emanated from Deity. Its effulgent brightness sheds a halo of gladness on all around, by a well ordered life and godly conversation. The powers of darkness all may combine, and threaten momentary destruction : calmly he passes on. His well-balanced mind is unmoved from the firm foundation of truth and virtue. The all-governing principle within defies the angry power of contending passions. Although he has not wealth or rank to transmit to future generations, he has that which is better. His sense and worth shall be remembered, when the hollow things of earth are forgotten. His name shall be cherished by all who know how to value true goodness of heart. And when to its bright, eternal source the unstained fountain of being has passed, the influence of his deeds shall live, a blessing to the world.

T. E. H.

LIFE AMONG FARMERS.

There is much complaint among farmers' wives and daughters, of want of time for rest, recreation, and literary pursuits. 'It is cook, eat, and scrub — cook, eat, and scrub, from morning till night, and from year to year,' says many a farmer's wife. And so it is in many families. But how far this results from the very nature of the situation, and how far from injudicious domestic management, is a query worthy of our attention. A very large proportion of my readers who are now factory girls, will in a few months or years be the busy wives of busy farmers; and if by a few speculations on the subject before us, and an illustration to the point, we can reach *one* hint that may hereafter be useful to us, our labor and 'search of thought' will not have been in vain.

Mr. Moses Eastman was what is technically called a wealthy farmer. Every one in the country knows what this means. He had a farm of some hundred or more acres, a large two-story dwelling house, a capacious yard, in which were two large barns, sheds, a sheep-cote, granary, and hen-coop. He kept a hundred sheep, ten cows, horses and oxen in due proportion. Mr. Eastman often declared that no music was half so sweet to him, as that of the inmates of this yard. I think we shall not quarrel with his taste in this manifestation; for it is certainly delightful on a warm day, in early spring, to listen to them, the lambs, hens — Guinea and American — turkeys, geese, and ducks and peacocks.

Mr. Eastman was unbending in his adherence to the creed, prejudices and customs of his fathers. It was his boast that his farm had passed on from father to son, to the fourth generation; and every body could see that it was none the worse for wear. He kept more oxen, sheep and cows than his father kept. He had 'pulled down his barns and built larger.' He had surrounded his fields and pastures with stone wall, in lieu of Virginian, stump, brush and board fence. And he had taught his sons and daughters, of whom he had an abundance, to walk in his footsteps — all but Mary. He should always rue the day that he consented to let Mary go to her aunt's; but he acted upon the belief that it would lessen his expenses to be rid of her during her childhood. He had all along intended to recall her as soon

as she was old enough to be serviceable to him. But he said he believed that would never be, if she lived as long as Methuselah. She could neither spin nor weave as she ought ; for she put so much material in her yarn, and wove her cloth so thick, that no profit resulted from its manufacture and sale. Now Deborah, his oldest daughter, had just her mother's *knack* of making a good deal out of a little. And Mary had imbibed some very dangerous ideas of religion, — she did not even believe in ghosts ! — dress, and reading. For his part, he would not, on any account attend any other meeting than old Mr. Bates'. His father and grandfather always attended there, and they prospered well. But Mary wanted to go to the other meeting occasionally, all because Mr. Morey happened to be a bit of an orator. True, Mr. Bates was none of the smartest ; but there was an advantage in this. He could sleep as soundly, and rest as rapidly, when at his meeting, as in bed ; and by this means he could regain the sleep lost during the week by rising early and working late. And Mary had grown so proud that she would not wear a woolen, home-manufactured dress visiting, as Deborah did. She must flaunt off to meeting every sabbath, in white or silk, while *chintz* was good enough for Deborah. Deborah seldom read any thing but the Bible, Watts' Hymn Book, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a few tracts they had in the house. Mary had hardly laid off her finery, on her return from her aunt's, before she inquired about books and newspapers. Her aunt had heaps of books and papers. These had spoilt Mary. True, papers were sometimes useful ; he would have lost five hundred dollars by the failure of the — Bank, but for a newspaper he borrowed of Capt. Norwood. But the captain had enough of them — was always ready to lend to him — and he saved no small sum in twenty years, by borrowing papers of him.

How Capt. Norwood managed to add to his property he could not conceive. So much company, fine clothing, and schooling ! he wondered that it did not ruin him. And 'twas all folly — 'twas a sin ; for they were setting extravagant examples, and everybody thought they must do as the Norwoods did. Mr. Norwood ought to remember that his father wore home-made ; and what was good enough for his good old father, was good enough for him. But alas ! times were dreadfully altered.

As for Mary, she must turn over a new leaf, or go back to her

aunt. He would not help one who did not help herself. Mary was willing, nay, anxious to return. To spend one moment, except on the sabbath, in reading, was considered a crime ; to gather a flower or mineral, absurd ; and Mary begged that she might be permitted to return to Mrs. Barlow. As there was no prospect of reforming her, Mr. Eastman and his wife readily consented. Mr. Eastman told her, at the same time, that she must be preparing for a wet day ; and repeatedly charged her to remember that those who folded their hands in the summer, must ' beg in harvest, and have nothing.'

Mary had often visited the Norwood's and other young friends, during her year spent at home ; but she had not been permitted to give a party in return. Why, Deborah had never thought of doing such a thing ! Mary begged the indulgence of her mother, with the assurance that it was the last favor she would ever ask at her hand. The mother in her at last yielded ; and she promised to use her influence with her husband. After a deal of cavilling, he consented, on the condition that the strictest economy should attend the expenditures on the occasion, and that they should exercise more prudence in the family, until their loss was made gain. So the party was given.

' You find yourself thrown on barren ground, Miss Norwood,' said Mary, as she saw Miss Norwood looking around the room ; ' neither papers, books, plants, plates, or minerals.'

' Where are those rocks you brought in, Molly ?' said Deborah, with a loud, grating laugh.

Mary attempted to smile, but her eyes were full of tears.

' What rocks, Deborah ?' asked Clarina Norwood.

' Them you see stuffed into the garden wall, there. Mary fixed them all in a row on the table. I think as father does, that nothing is worth saving that can't be used ; so I put them in the wall to keep the hens out of the garden. The silly girl cried when she see them ; should you have thought it ?'

' What were they, dear Mary ?' asked Clarina.

' Very pretty specimens of white, rose and smoky quartz, black and white mica, gneiss, hornblende, and a few others, that I collected on that very high hill, west of here.'

' How unfortunate to lose them !' said Miss Norwood, in a soothing tone. ' Could not we recover them, dear Mary ?'

' There is no room for them,' said Deborah. ' We want to

spread currants and blueberries on the tables to be dried. Besides, I think as father does, that there is enough to do, without spending the time in such flummery. As father says, "time is our estate," and I think we ought to improve every moment of it, except Sundays, in work.'

'I must differ from you, Miss Eastman,' said Miss Norwood. 'I cannot think it the duty of any one to labor entirely for the "meat that perisheth." Too much, vastly too much time is spent thus by almost all.'

'The mercy! you would have folks prepare for a wet day, would n't you?'

'I would have every one make provisions for a comfortable subsistence; and this is enough. The mind should be cared for as Deborah. It should not be left to starve, or feed on husks.'

'I don't know about this mind, of which you and our Mother make such a fuss. My concern is for my body. Of this I know enough.'

'Yes; you know that it is dust, and that to dust it must return in a little time, while the mind is to live on forever, with God and His holy angels. Think of this a moment, Deborah, and say, should not the mind be fed and clothed upon, when its destiny is so glorious? Or should we spend our whole lives in adding another acre to our farms, another dress to our wardrobe, and another dollar to our glittering heap?'

'Oh, la! all this sounds nicely; but I *do* think that every man who has children should provide for them.'

'Certainly—intellectual food and clothing. It is for this I am contending. He should provide a comfortable bodily subsistence, and educate them as far as he is able and their destiny require.'

'And he should leave them a few hundreds, or thousands, to give them a kind of a start in the world.'

'He does this in giving them a liberal education, and he leaves them in banks that will always discount. But farther than education of intellect and propensity is concerned, I am for the self-made man. I think it better for sons to carve their own way to eminence with little pecuniary aid by way of a settlement; and for daughters to be "won and wedded" for their own intrinsic excellence, not for the dowry in store for them from a rich father.'

'There is no arguing with you, every body says ; so I'll go and see how my cakes bake.'

Mr. Eastman came in to tea, contrary to his usual custom.

'Clarina, has your father sold that great calf of his ?' he inquired, as he seated himself snugly beside his 'better half.'

'Indeed, I do not know, sir,' answered Clarina, biting her lip to avoid laughing.

'I heard Mr. Montgomery ask him the same question, this morning ; and pa said "yes," I believe,' said Miss Norwood, smiling.

'How much did he get for it ?'

Miss Norwood did not know.

'Like Mary, I see,' said Mr. Eastman. 'Now I'll warrant you that Debby can tell the price of every creature I've sold this year.'

'Yes, father ; I remember as plain as day, how much you got from that simple Joe Slater, for the white-faced calf—how much you got for the black-faced sheep, Rowley and Jumble, and for Star and Bright. Oh, how I want to see Bright ! And then there is the black colt—you got forty dollars for him, did n't you, father ?'

'Yes, Debby ; you are a keen one,' said Mr. Eastman triumphantly. 'Did n't I tell you so, Julia ?'

'I do not burden my memory with superfluities,' answered Miss Norwood. 'I can scarcely find room for necessities.'

'And do you rank the best way of making pies, cakes, and puddings, with necessities or superfluities ?'

'Among necessities in household economy, certainly,' answered Miss Norwood. 'But Mrs. Child's Frugal Housewife renders them superfluities as a part of memory's storage.'

'Oh, the book costs something, you know ; and if this can be saved by a little exercise of the memory, it is well, you know.'

'The most capacious and retentive memory would fail to treasure up and retain all that one wishes to know of cooking and other matters,' said Clarina.

'Well, then, one may copy from her book,' said Mr. Eastman.

'Indeed, Mr. Eastman, to spend one's time in copying her recipes, when the work can be purchased for twenty-five cents, would be "straining out a gnat, and swallowing a camel,"' remarked the precise and somewhat pedantic Miss Ellinor Gould Smith. 'And then the peculiar disadvantages of referring to

manuscript ! I had my surfeit of this before the publication of valuable work.'

'Ah ! it is every thing but valuable,' answered Mr. Eastman. 'Just think of her pounds of sugar, her two pounds of butter, dozen eggs, and ounces of nutmegs. Depend upon it, they are not very valuable in the holes they would make in our cash bag. He said this with precisely the air of one who imagines he has uttered a poser.'

'But you forget her economical and wholesome prescriptions for disease, her directions for repairing and preserving clothing and provisions, that would be lost without them,' answered Mr. Smith.

'But one should always be prying into these things, and let them for themselves,' said Mr. Eastman.

'On the same principle, extended in its scale, every man might make his own house, furniture, and clothing,' said Miss Norwood.

'With the expenditure of much labor and research, she has supplied us with directions ; and I think it would be vastly foolish for every wife and daughter to expend just as much, when they can be supplied with the fruits of hers, for the product of half a day's labor.'

'Does your mother use it much ?' asked Mrs. Eastman.

'Yes ; she acknowledges herself much indebted to it.'

'I should n't think she'd need it ; she is so notable. Has she made many cheeses this summer ?'

'About the usual number, I believe.'

'Well, I've made more than I ever did a year afore — thirty in my largest hoop, all new milk, and twenty in my next largest part skimmed milk. Our cheese press is terribly out of order now. It must be fixed, Mr. Eastman. And I have made more butter, or else our folks have n't eat so much as common. I made it salter, and there's a great saving in this.'

'There's a good many ways to save in the world, if one will take pains to find them out,' said Mr. Eastman.

'Doubtless ; but I think the best method of saving in provisions is to eat little,' said Clarina, as she saw Mr. Eastman *put down* his third biscuit.

'Why, as to that, I think we ought to eat as much as the appetite calls for,' answered Mr. Eastman.

'Yes ; if the appetite is not depraved by indulgence.'

'Yes ; it is an awful thing to pinch in eating,' said Deborah.
 'I never knew one to sin in doing it,' said Miss Norwood.
 'But many individuals and whole families make themselves excessively uncomfortable, and often incur disease, by eating too much. There is, besides, a waste of food, and of labor in preparing it. In such families, there is a continual round of eating, cooking and sleeping, with the female portion ; and no time for rest, recreation, or literary pursuits.'

'I have told our folks a great many times, that I did not believe that you lived by eating, over to your house,' said Mr. Eastman. 'I have been over that way before our folks got breakfast half ready ; and your men would be out to work, and you women folks sewing, reading, or watering plants, or weeding your flower garden. I don't see how you manage.'

'We do not find it necessary to manage at all, our breakfasts are so simple. We have only to make cocoa, and arrange the breakfast.'

'Don't you cook meat for breakfast ?' asked Mrs. Eastman.

'Never : our breakfast invariably consists of cocoa, or water, cold white bread and butter.'

'Why, our men folks will have meat three times a day — warm, morning and noon, and cold at night. We have warm bread for breakfast and supper, always. When they work very hard, they want luncheon at ten, and again at three. I often tell our folks that it is step, step, from morning till night.'

'Of course, you find no time to read,' said Miss Norwood.

'No ; but I should n't mind this, if I did n't get so dreadful tired. I often tell our folks that it is wearing me all out,' said Mrs. Eastman, in a really aggrieved tone.

'Well, it is quite the fashion to starve, now-a-days, I know ; but it is an awful sin,' said Mr. Eastman.

Miss Norwood saw that she might as well spend her time in rolling a stone up hill, as in attempting to convince him of fallacy in reasoning.

'Clarina,' said she, 'did you ask Frederic to call for the other volume of the Alexandrian ?'

'Why, I should think that you had books enough at home, without borrowing,' said Mr. Eastman, stopping by the way to rinse down his fifth dough-nut. 'For my part, I find no time for reading anything but the Bible.' And the deluded man started

up with a gulp and a grunt. He had eaten enough for three full meals, had spent time enough for eating one meal, and reading several pages ; yet he left the room with a smile so self-satisfied in its expression, that it was quite evident that he thought himself the wisest man in New Hampshire, except Daniel Webster.

This is rather a sad picture of life among farmers. But many of my readers will bear me witness that it is a correct one, as far as it goes. Many of them have left their homes, because, in the quaint, but appropriate language of Mrs. Eastman, it was 'step, step, from morning till night.' But there are other and brighter pictures, of more extensive application, *perhaps*, than that already drawn.

Capt. Norwood had as large a farm as Mr. Eastman. His family was as large, yet the existence of the female portion was paradisiacal, compared with that of Mrs. Eastman and her daughters. Their meals were prepared with the most perfect elegance and simplicity. Their table covers and their China were of the same dazzling whiteness. Their cutlery, from the unfrequency of its contact with acids, with a little care, wore a constant polish. Much prettier these, than the dark oiled-cloth cover and corresponding *et cetera* of table appendages, at Mr. Eastman's. Mrs. Norwood and her daughters carried *system* into every department of labor. While one was preparing breakfast, another put things in nice order all about the house, and another was occupied in the dairy.

Very different was it at Mr. Eastman's. Deborah must get potatoes, and set Mary to washing them, while she made bread. Mrs. Eastman must cut brown bread, and send Deborah for butter, little Sally for sauce, and Susan for pickles. One must cut the meat and set it to cook ; then it was 'Mary, have you seen to that meat ? I expect it wants turning. Sally, run and salt this side, before she turns it.' And then, in a few moments, 'Debby, do look to that meat. I believe that it is all burning up. How do them cakes bake ? look, Sally. My goodness ! all burnt to a cinder, nearly. Debby, why didn't you see to them ?'

'La, mother ! I thought Mary was about the lot, somewhere. Where is she, I wonder ?'

'In the other room, reading, I think likely. Oh ! I forgot : I sent her after some coffee to burn.'

'What! going to burn coffee now? We sha'n't have breakfast to-day.'

'You fuss, Debby. We can burn enough for breakfast in five minutes. I meant to have had a lot burned yesterday; but we had so much to do. There, Debby, you see to the potatoes. I wonder what we are going to have for dinner.'

'Don't begin to talk about dinner yet, for pity's sake,' said Deborah. 'Sally, you ha'n't got the milk for the coffee. Susan, go and sound for the men folks; breakfast will be ready by the time they get here. Mary, put the pepper, vinegar and salt on the table, if you can make room for them.'

'Yes; and Debby, you go and get one of them large pumpkin pies,' said Mrs. Eastman. 'And Sally, put the chairs round the table; the men folks are coming upon the run.'

'Oh, mother! I am so glad you are going to have pie! I do love it so well,' said Susan, seating herself at the table, without waiting for her parents.

Such a *rush*! such a clatter of knives, forks, plates, cups and saucers! It 'realized the phrase of —,' and was absolutely appalling to common nerves.

After breakfast came the making of beds and sweeping, baking and boiling for dinner, making and turning cheese, and so on, until noon. Occasional bits of leisure were *seized* in the afternoon, for sewing and knitting that must be done, and for visiting.

The situation of such families is most unpleasant, but it is not irremediable. Order may be established and preserved in the entire household economy. They may restrict themselves to a simpler system of dietetics. With the money and time thus saved, they may purchase books, subscribe for good periodicals, and find ample leisure to read them. Thus their intellects will be expanded and invigorated. They will have opportunities for social intercourse, for the cultivation of friendships; and thus their affections will be exercised and warmed. Then, happy the destiny of the farmer, the farmer's wife, and the farmer's daughters.

A. F. D.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No. 5.

HANDKERCHIEF MOODY.

If any of the readers of the Offering have been inwardly accusing the eccentric Father Moody of naming (or rather nick-naming) his son 'Handkerchief,' they have done him foul injustice. He had one son, and he was christened by the good old Hebrew name of Joseph. He was born in the year 1700, and was a bright and amiable youth, and an excellent scholar; and he received the honors of Harvard University in the year 1718.

At this time the world was very bright before Joseph Moody, and the voyage of life must have looked, to his prospective eyes, like the boundings of the 'bonny boat,' over golden waters. He was young, talented, accomplished, greatly beloved, his father's hope and pride, and the heir of one of New England's noble names.

But sudden was the appearance of that dark cloud upon his firmament, which should henceforth shadow his pathway through life. In a sporting excursion, by mere accident, he shot a friend and companion dead. Though no one blamed him, yet all considered it a dreadful misfortune. He was forgiven by others, but he could not forgive himself. They would have forgotten it, but he pondered it in his heart.

The peculiar feature of his character, that which, as it were, formed his individuality, was his exquisite sensibility, his finely attenuated feelings. His 'spirit-harp' was strung with chords which to light touches could give back sweetest melody; but the hand which gave that terrible sweep, had shattered the strings forever.

Father Moody had set his heart upon Joseph's being a minister, but the son was very reluctant. It could not, however, have been for want of Christian faith, or practical goodness—for the former he had as much, and of the latter far more, than his eminent father. He seems to have inherited the old gentleman's excellencies, without his blemishes or oddities. But in compliance with his father's wishes, he resigned the clerkship of the County Court, which he had held for several years, entered the ministry, and was settled at the West Parish in York, called Scotland.

But the wound was in his heart which could never be healed. He was a murderer—there was blood upon his hand, and its stain must ever be there. The sun-shine of morn, the song of birds, the blossoming of flowers, all that is bright and beautiful in nature, failed to enliven his heart. His spirits were gone, and time, which usually lightens, only confirmed his dejection, and deepened his depression.

At length he became a monomaniac, and unfitted for public duties. He conceived himself unworthy to show his face, and resolved henceforth to go veiled in the sight of man. He bound a handkerchief around his head, in such a manner that a part of it should fall over his face, and conceal it. This he invariably wore, at home and abroad, during the remainder of his life; and from this circumstance he was called 'Handkerchief Moody,' an appellation which distinguishes him to this day.

Father Moody died in 1747, of course when his son was forty-seven years of age; and when he had heaved his last gasp, that veiled man stood by his bed, and laid his hand upon his face, uttering the following passage of scripture, 'And Joseph shall close his eyes.'

Handkerchief Moody died somewhere between the fiftieth and sixtieth year of his age, and was interred in the burial ground near the parsonage, on Scotland Hill. Some friendly brother published a small pamphlet, containing a tribute to his memory, entitled 'Joseph Embalmed,' and which is truly filled with the balm of affection and praise.

There is much in the character and fate of Handkerchief Moody, which reminds me of the poet Cowper. His gentleness, moral excellence, exquisite sensibility, talents, and the melancholy which rendered him, in spite of those, unhappy himself, and useless to others,—these are alike characteristics of both. Those who have never felt in any degree the affliction under which he labored, may speak of philosophy, and energy of will, as instruments for the removal of their afflictions, or antidotes to their pernicious effects. I would merely remark, myself, that I believe dejection of spirits, under whatever name it may be attacked—*blues*, *horrors*, or aught else—I believe these to be as much beyond our own control, as any other *disease*. They may be in some measure guarded against; they may be, to a certain

extent, wrestled with, and concealed from others ; but it belonged to a higher power than our own to remove them.

Handkerchief Moody has been spoken of as one of the comparatively few instances, where a man's destiny for this life is determined rather by casualty than by moral character. It was his misfortune, not his fault, that the tragedy occurred which rendered him a powerless, grief-stricken man, and that laid upon him the burden which might never be cast aside but in the grave.

But I dissent from this. The mournful occurrence which darkened the earth in sackcloth to him, would but have thrown upon him a transient veil for many others. It acted, and was reacted upon by a sensitive mind ; and very few would probably have suffered for an involuntary sacrifice of life, as did Handkerchief Moody.

The peculiarity which signalized him, suggested that beautiful tale of Hawthorne's, entitled 'The Minister's Veil.' The cultivated imagination and fascinating style of that poetical writer, has thrown a charm about his narrative, which it would be in vain for 'Annette' to attempt to emulate. Hers is but a simple record of facts, and in many respects the hero (?) of the 'untold tale' has the advantage of Handkerchief Moody. Mr. Hawthorne's *minister* never unveiled, from the moment the shroud was placed upon his features, until the moment of his death, when he was laid in his coffin with the black veil still concealing his death-blanching countenance : but a friend, of the descendant of Handkerchief, has said that, when a little boy, he remembered seeing the veil raised in compliance with the earnest request of the children.

I have no anecdotes to relate of the melancholy man, and now close my account of him with the remark, that when under the influence of a sad fit of the blues, I am very apt to attribute all my grief to the dire mischances, and peculiar misfortunes which have embittered my life ; but after the sad hour is over, I consider it all but the natural effect of the dark blood which descended to my veins from the unfortunate man-slayer, Handkerchief Moody.

ANNETTE

The article, already published, respecting Father Moody, has been corrected for me in one particular ; and though the

but a slight mistake, yet as we aim to give a correct detail of facts, we must be permitted to refer again to him here.

He was called upon to give thanks at the great Louisburg dinner, not because he was an odd man, but because, as their chaplain, he was entitled to that honor. And the young British and American officers were fearing and expecting a *long* prayer. How agreeable then must have been their surprise, when the old gentleman, who probably suspected their anticipations, arose and said, 'We bless thee, O Lord ! for the great and glorious victory with which thou hast favored us ; but so varied and numberless are thy mercies that our thanksgiving for them we will defer unto eternity. Amen.'

The individual who has furnished me with this new version, has added to it some farther account of the old man.

He was a spiritual monarch among his people, and his church was so large that this circumstance alone gave him a high distinction. He once made an exchange with the minister of Rye, and it was bruited around in the latter place, that a minister would preach for them who had *so many HUNDRED members in his church*. This caused the meeting-house to be filled to overflowing, and among others was a young lady, the belle of the town, greatly addicted to dress and finery. Under the influence of Father Moody's eloquence, she was entirely changed. She renounced all her frippery, and became eminent for sobriety, meekness, and devotion.

One evening, Father Moody was told of a certain man who did not pray in his family. He immediately ordered his horse, and was forthwith on his way to the man's house. When he arrived it was late, and the family had all retired for the night. Father Moody soon roused them, and told the man what he had heard. The poor culprit acknowledged the truth of the allegation. — 'Well,' said Father M., 'you are living in a great sin : you must do it no longer.' The man replied that he could not pray, he did not possess the gift of prayer ; but Father Moody told him that he *could* pray, and *should* pray. 'I will not leave the house,' continued he, 'until I hear you pray.' He pressed and urged the affair, until the man in agony of spirit exclaimed, 'Lord ! teach me to pray !' 'Well done !' responded Father M., 'that is a good prayer — you have begun excellently — I am satisfied.

Now go ahead, and as the purpose of my visit is accomplished will bid you good night.'

Father Moody, when returning from one of his parochial visits, fell in with a stranger. Religious conversation was soon introduced, and he, without reluctance, joined in it; but he demurred to many of Father M.'s positions. He denied that many of the doctrines, then, as now, considered the very pith and cream of orthodoxy, were true. He declared that the Bible did not teach them; and supported his declarations by a whole array of passages from the holy scriptures. Our good minister was amazed and perplexed. He had never before engaged so bold and so able an antagonist. He could not defeat the man, and with much difficulty escaped being defeated by him. 'And who,' thought he, 'can this creature be? He cannot be a son of New England or of Old England, or of any part of Christian Europe: he must be the Evil One himself.' Full of this persuasion, he returned home, and told madam that he had been disputing with the devil. 'And what,' inquired she, 'did the old fellow say?' 'Why,' responded Father M., 'he said that the doctrines of original sin and effectual calling, and an eternal hell of fire and brimstone are not contained in the Bible; and he quoted abundance of scripture to support his blasphemy.' 'But did the devil quote scripture?' said madam. 'Yes, yes,' answered the old man, 'and enough of it, too. He was very apt, but he quoted it *devilishly*.'

Father Moody published two books: one of them a small duodecimo, entitled 'The Gospel Way of escaping the doleful State of the Damned.' The reader is taken, in the book, to the very shore of the burning lake, and shown the thousands of men, women and children, who are writhing, weltering, shrieking and howling in this place of intense torment. 'And now,' says the author, 'if you could walk unharmed, day after day, upon the shores of this dreadful lake, seeing and hearing all that is to be seen and heard, your stupidity and unbelief would be removed, the faith in things unseen would fasten itself upon your mind, and you would never dare to sin or offend God any more.' The preface of this book is dated 1710.

The other is a pamphlet of 30 or 40 pages, and perhaps a sort of epitome of the larger one. It is in the form of a dialogue between a minister and an unconverted man. It commences thus:

“*Minister* — ‘Whither are you going, careless sinner?’ *Sinner* — ‘I am going to hell.’ ‘What kind of a place is hell?’ ‘It is a place of outer darkness, devouring fire, and keenest torment.’ ‘What sort of company will you have there?’ ‘Wicked men, and cruel devils, who will do all they can to torment me.’ ‘Will there be many there, to share your sufferings?’ ‘There will be nearly all the old world, and a large proportion of the new.’” The author proceeds to draw from the man the different points of his educational faith, and then, making of them a powerful appeal to his feelings, brings him into a state of extreme anxiety, then opens to him the way of salvation, carries him regularly through the gradations of conviction and conversion, and finally moors him in the harbour of hope, assurance, and joy.

These books have been thus referred to, as types of his pulpit discourses; and as their subjects indicate the topics which were most familiar to him, they are an index of him as a preacher.

A.

THE FIRST DISH OF TEA.

Tea holds a conspicuous place in the history of our country; but it is no part of my business to offer comments, or to make any remarks upon the spirit of olden time, which prompted those patriotic defenders of their country's rights to destroy so much tea, to express their indignation at the oppression of their fellow citizens. I only intend to inform the readers of the Lowell Offering, that the first dish of tea which was ever made in Portsmouth, N. H., was made by Abigail Van Dame, my great-great-grandmother.

Abigail was early in life left an orphan, and the care of her tender years devolved upon her aunt Townsend, to whose store fate had never added any of the smiling blessings of Providence; and as a thing in course, Abigail became not only the adopted, but also the well-beloved, child of her uncle and aunt Townsend. They gave her every advantage for an education which the town of Portsmouth afforded; and at the age of seventeen, she was acknowledged to be the most accomplished young lady in Portsmouth.

Many were the worshipers who bowed at the shrine of beauty and learning, at the domicile of Alphonzo Townsend; but his lovely niece was unmoved by their petitions, much to the perplexity of her aunt, who often charged Abigail with carrying an obdurate heart in her bosom. In vain did Mrs. Townsend urge her niece to accept the offers of a young student of law; and equally vain were her efforts to gain a clue to the cause of her refusal, until, by the return of an East India merchantman, Mr. Townsend received a small package for his niece, and a letter from Capt. Lowd, asking his consent to their union, which he wished might take place the following year, when he should return to Portsmouth.

Abigail's package contained a Chinese silk hat, the crown of which was full of Bohea tea. A letter informed her that the contents of the hat was the ingredient which, boiled in water, made what was called the 'Chinese soup.'

Abigail, anxious to ascertain the flavor of a beverage of which she had heard much, put the brass skillet over the coals, poured in two quarts of water, and added thereto a pint bason full of tea and a gill of molasses, and let it simmer an hour. She then strained it through a linen cloth, and in some pewter basons served it around the supper table, in lieu of bean-porridge, which was the favorite supper of the epicures of the olden time.

Uncle, aunt and Abigail seated themselves around the little table, and after crumbling some brown bread into their basons commenced eating the Chinese soup. The first spoonful sent their faces awry, but the second was past endurance; and Mrs. Townsend screamed with fright, for she imagined that she had tasted poison. The doctor was sent for, who administered a powerful emetic; and the careful aunt persuaded her niece to consign her hat and its contents to the vault of an out building.

When Capt. Lowd returned to Portsmouth, he brought with him a chest of tea, a China tea-set, and a copper tea-kettle, and instructed Abigail in the art of tea-making and tea-drinking, to the great annoyance of her aunt Townsend, who could never believe that Chinese soup was half so good as bean-porridge.

The *first dish of tea* afforded a fund of amusement for Captain Lowd and lady; and I hope that the narrative will be acceptable to modern tea-drinkers.

TABITHA.

THE WHITE MOUNTAIN SISTERS.

The little village of R. is not *in* nor *on* the White Mountains, nor even *among* them ; but so near that its fair young inhabitants may be called White Mountain girls, with quite as much propriety as the sons of Vermont are designated Green Mountain boys.

Very pretty girls were Amanda and Mary Ledyard, the daughters of a farmer in R., and seldom did their bright faces seem more radiant with rustic beauty, than on the fine, clear, frosty morning, which succeeded the severest snow-storm that had been known among the White Mountains for many winters. For two long days had the sun been obscured by thick, dull clouds ; and on the last, it seemed as though they were descending in one vast feathery mass, whitening the earth, and leveling its rough surface with the huge snow-flakes which fell into every crevice, and nestled in the slightest hollow. The inhabitants of R. seemed to have quietly resigned to the Snow-Spirit an undisputed sway over the outer world, and ventured to interfere with him no farther than to watch his still labors, as he mantled the rough, brown fields, hid the skater's course upon the brook, tasselled the bare limbs of the forest trees, and powdered the green pines as though in revenge for their audacity in retaining their green garments, when all others had yielded to the stern commands of old Winter, and given, as to a furious ruffian, the bright robes which had been the gift of generous Summer.

All this was watched by the good people of R., from the windows of their warm domiciles ; for during that thick storm none ventured from their own firesides. The farmer sat down, mending his tools, or casting up his accounts ; his wife took the huge bag of articles which had long been upon 'the mending list.' The doctor sat down to his books in his study, with the happy consciousness that no new patient would send out on such a day ; and his old ones submitted to necessity, and 'bitterly thought of the morrow.' The minister took a new quill, and another quire of paper ; and as he seated himself to write a sermon upon the formation of character, there were beautiful illustrations suggested by the surrounding operations of nature ; and he thought that, as the white mantle comes down from the skies, and veils with its pure, bright garment the bleak deformity of earth, even

so, with sure and noiseless descent, does the renewing grace from above, bury beneath its radiance the dark deformities of the child of guilt. The school-master took his choice sheet of gilt-edged post, and traced it over for one who was 'over the hill and far away;' and his pupils were whiling away their time, with those thousand expedients which are so often resorted to when children feel that they are 'shut up.'

But when the morning came, with the brilliant sunlight flashing back from the snow-spangled earth, how changed the scene. For a time, it is true, but few could find an egress from the barricaded doors, and the blue wreaths, which curled up from many a roof-tree, were the only outward manifestations of active life. But by and by, the huge shovel commences its devastation among the snow-banks, and paths are made, buildings *excavated*, and soon the broad highway teems with men, boys, sleds and oxen, intent upon their *Herculaneum* labors, and breaking out the road.

It was one of those keen winter mornings, when the blood races with a quicksilver motion through every vein; and who can wonder that Amanda and Mary neglected the task which had been assigned them, and stood peering over the little snow-bank which half obscured each window-pane, and begging mother to let them go out and get just *one* snow-ball, *to eat*. Franklin and Georgy had some great ones, to play with; and see how they have powdered each other with them! And now Georgy is hurt — for Franklin's ball has hit him on the nose, and the crimson drops are sprinkling the snowy earth. For an instant the little boy's hand is raised to hurl the glittering missile at his brother; but the second thought is best, and casting it away, he says, 'Come, Franky, we won't play at snow-ball any longer' and the next instant the brothers are bounding away, to join the throng upon the road.

By the middle of the day, horses and sleighs can venture out, and by night, the travelling is 'very good, considering.' And now, in the little public house at R., there is an impatient group awaiting the arrival of the mail; for it is the third day since old 'Squire Larkum has had a newspaper, or any body else a letter, pamphlet, or a bit of news. That strolling, vagabond class of nuisances, which have lately been designated *loafers*, has as usual its representatives in R.; and now, in the little building which is

tavern, post-office, grocery, and all, they are wondering where that stage can be. But at length its merry jingle is heard, the expectant group rush to the door, lanterns flash their bright glow over the sparkling earth, tobacco-pipes send their thick incense on the bracing air ; a few seconds of impatience, and then the horses whirl up to the door, the driver throws down his mail-bags, alights from his vehicle, proffers his attentions to the lady-passengers, and escorts them to the warm sitting-room of the house.

While old 'Squire Larkum, who is a very 'out of patience man,' is pulling his papers out of the postmaster's hand, he finds a letter, the only one in the mail-bag. It is for Miss Sophronia Pearson, and mailed at 'Terre Haute, Ia.,' which is all heathen Greek to our good postmaster ; but he guesses correctly that it is from 'her feller,' who has 'gone away off, beyond space, to make his fortin.' 'Squire Larkum offers to be penny-post, and clutching his papers, re-lighting his segar, and wrapping more closely around him his old plaid cloak, he starts off for Miss Sophronia.

And who is this rough fellow who has found his way out of the pile of buffalo robes, beneath which he has been napping, and comes swaggering into the bar-room ? His eyes are all fiery, and his face all whiskery ; his form is enveloped in a shaggy great coat, and his head in a thick fur cap, and he calls out, 'I say, is there a man about here by the name of Ledyard ?'

'Ledyard,' answers one, 'Mr. Ledyard — what can you want of him ?'

'Oh, nothing — only a little *particular* business. I say, driver ! do you carry me to his house ?'

'No, I don't. It is more than half a mile out of the way, and I am belated now.'

'Well Mr.,' to the tavern-keeper, with an oath, 'will you carry me there, or must I stay here all night ?'

The tavern-keeper looked half frightened, but replied that he had but one sleigh, and the boys had taken that to carry their girls to the singing school. 'But here's Mr. Crofoot going right by there. He will take you, I know.'

'With much pleasure,' replies Mr. Crofoot ; and in a few moments the pair are driving off to farmer Ledyard's.

'Confound the horses !' said the whiskered man ; 'how slow they go !'

'They are very tired,' replied his companion, 'and the travelling is bad.'

'I think as much,' came out from the thicket of whiskers. 'Why do you have such confounded roads, Mr. Clovenfoot?'

'Crofoot, sir — my name is Crofoot; and as to the roads, they are not always so bad. We have had an uncommon fall of snow.'

'Well, I should hope it was uncommon. Why, it has almost covered your little shanties, and those which are visible look as though they had been set down in some little hole scooped out for them. Well, I am glad that I don't live about "these diggins,"' and the whiskers stood far apart, to let loose a long and loud horse-laugh. 'Confound your horses, I say,' he recommenced. 'Why don't you whip 'em up, Mr. Cro- Crow- Crowbar?'

'Crofoot, sir — that's my name; and the horses are very tired.'

'Well, sir, I see you don't answer me *upon oath*, but I believe you tell the truth, confound 'em.'

'I should think by your complaints they were confounded enough already, sir; but yonder is Mr. Ledyard's — the large house with bright lights in the nearest windows.'

While our whiskered acquaintance is berating the horse-roads, houses, White Hills, and every body who lives near them, we will advance, and introduce ourselves to the neat kitchen of Mrs. Ledyard. She is seated in a corner of the blazing fire-place, in a low rocking-chair, with one foot resting upon a stick of wood which Georgy has placed as a foot-stool. Her babe is lying across her lap, in his snow-white night dress, with his curly white head resting upon the raised knee.

Her husband is reading the last 'Governor's Message,' — and for a moment we will look at a genuine yankee. His frame is very large and stout; his hands and feet are monstrous; his face is very rough and dark, but full of that expression which tells that he is an independent New Englander. You would know at a glance that he is a man of the sort of which are usually made Moderators at town-meetings, Surveyors of the Highways, Prudential Committee, and Overseers of the Poor. You would not wonder to hear that he was Colonel in the Militia, Deacon in the Church, and the town's Representative in the State Legislature.

But his appearance truly indicates the working man, and his wife has evidently endured much toil and exposure. The traces

are upon her darkened face, roughened hands, and slightly bended form ; and to one not accustomed to the physiology of northern New Englanders, it would seem strange that the fair child upon her knees, with a skin so transparently white that it seems as though the rich crimson blood upon his round cheeks might easily find its way through it — it would seem strange that this could be their offspring — as strange as to see the delicate anemone, or lovely bridal-rose, blossoming upon the rugged boughs of some hardy oak.

But Mrs. Ledyard had once been quite a rustic belle, and for a country girl, *very ladyfied* ; had been taught to work muslin, embroider on satin, make hearth-rugs, and mark registers, in addition to the more solid attainments which are never omitted in a New England education. But after marriage, she immediately began to metamorphose into a common-place, industrious, frugal, managing country-woman. Such a change may often be observed in our country girls, and the slight touch of refinement which they acquire during 'six months in an academy,' does them but little harm, after they have been married women as long a time. But the beauty, ambition and sprightliness, which had once made her so fascinating, had descended to her children.

William, the eldest, was now a fine lad of seventeen, full of spirits, hope and enterprise, with a great share of what would have been self-conceit in one less carefully watched and cultured ; but it had now been subdued to self-confidence. Still he felt that he was something very uncommon, and thought that he knew a great deal, and what he knew, he 'knew sartain' — there was no mistake about it — and he thought it 'a thousand pities' that his shining qualities should be left to dim and die in a little country village. He felt most sensibly the force of the assertion, 'Full many a gem,' &c. If he was only in a city, he could get to be — not perhaps like Whittington, Lord Mayor — but Mayor, at all events ; and if he was at the West, he could get to be a stump orator, and he could kill buffaloes, Indians, and all other wild game ; and if he was in the South Pacific, he could catch whales ; and if he was only in college, he should have strong hopes of being 'President of these United States' — nothing was wanting but 'sea-room.' But William was sitting this evening, directing all these astonishing faculties to the solution of a difficult equation in Euler.

Beside him was Amanda, his eldest sister, with her arithmetic and slate, very busily engaged — for her father says she shall go to the academy, when she has learned all that the district school master knows. She is very pretty, and has a little of the enthusiasm which once made her mother slightly romantic, and which she obtained for herself the cognomen of Amanda Malvina Fitzallan. Her father, for Mrs. Ledyard, among other accomplishments, had been quite a novel-reader, and her first girl must be named for some one of her favorite heroines. Clarissa, Louisa, Juliette, Harriott, were severally discussed, but abandoned for Isabel, or Arabel, Clarabel, or Annabel — all the *bells* sounded so beautifully. But Mr. Ledyard was obstinate, and wished to bestow upon his daughter some old-fashioned family name. His wife was determined that it should not be Sally, or Polly, Molly, Dolly, or any of those horrible *ollys*; and she had an equal repugnance to Dorothy, Tabithy, or any other hateful *ithy*. It must be Lorinda, or Lucinda, or Dorinda, or Clarinda, or Miranda, or Amanda, or something with an *inda* or *anda* to it. Her point was finally carried, and Amanda Malvina Fitzallan, the heroine of the last novel she had read, found a namesake in the little White Mountain girl. This was the dying freak of discarded Romance, and from that time the child's name was the only memorial of youthful follies.

Mary Washington, the next daughter, is seated at a checkered board with Franklin, and her fair brow is slightly ruffled, as she sees that he has four kings and she not one. Her complexion is as delicate as that of the little brother on her mother's knee, and her round red cheeks, and bright blue eyes, are tokens that she will be a rustic belle.

Little Sally, 'the thoughtful one,' is quietly observing what is going on about her, and especially Master Georgy's pranks. He has taken a bouncing apple from the fruit-dish on the hearth, roasted it, and now has stuck a long stick in it for a handle, and is deliberately 'divesting it of the cuticle,' as he says. What shall he do with the skin? — Mrs. Pussy is dozing before the fire, and he awakens her by endeavoring to force it down her throat. Grimalkin sets up a stout defiance, for she is no non-resistance, and finally puts her claws into the face of her tormentor. Mother now takes notice of the affray, and, separating the combatants, she marches Georgy off to his trundle-bed — that favorite *moveable* of a New England housekeeper. For a few moments

he lies, determined not to go to sleep ; and in a few more he is in the dreamless slumber of childhood.

We would give an inventory of every article in the room, but it would be tedious. There are books upon the shelf, such as the biographies of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, &c., and pictures, too — at least, portraits — in red frames, and it is evident they were abstracted from the above-named memoirs.

But while the family are thus quietly enjoying their winter evening, the noise of sleigh-bells is heard — then they cease — and in a few moments our whiskered acquaintance is seated in the attentive circle. He looked as Satan might when he entered Paradise, and for a few moments he felt as Milton's *hero* did, for there was a slight feeling of regret with the thought that he had come to mar that happiness. The moral beauty of that domestic scene could not but touch his hardened heart, for he was a man well acquainted with the dark side of humanity.

His errand is soon communicated ; and Mr. Ledyard hears that he is — a beggar ? No ! never, while these stout limbs and healthy children are left him. But he is, as speculators say, 'a ruined man.' He had been bondsman for a mercantile relative, one whom he thought so safe that the circumstance had never caused anxiety. An entire failure had now involved him in ruin, and this man had come to take his property.

Mr. Ledyard hears of his loss with the utmost calmness, promises the man every facility for his business, and then shuts his eyes, and folds his arms upon his breast. William looks very indignant, advances towards the whiskered man, as if he would like to pitch him into the snow-drift, and then turns away, and strides hastily across the room. Amanda whispers to Mary, 'We shall all have to go and live in that hateful old house on Racoon Hill, which father partly owns,' and the sisters burst into tears. Franklin says, 'The wood-lot is much nearer there, and what a fine place for woodchucks !' Mrs. Ledyard tries to be very calm, but a tear gathers in spite of her utmost efforts. Little Sally observes it, and, stealthily drawing to her mother's side, she silently winds her arm around her neck, and softly kisses her cheek. So still has the little girl been, that no one else has observed the movement ; but it has the desired effect. The mother feels that her best treasures are still left, and the tear is sent far back, 'in its source to dwell.'

She remembers, too, that the stranger is tired and hungry, and she must prepare him some refreshment. The babe is now fairly awakened, and mutely gazing with his bright eyes upon a scene on which even he can discern the shadow. Mrs. Ledyard knows by experience what thoughts bring consolation, and the boy is placed in his father's arms. Then she spreads the table with her choicest tarts and cakes, and has the pleasure to behold them complimented in no dubious terms—for they disappear like icicles before a noon-day sun. Then she remembers that the 'spare bed' must be very cold, as no one has slept in it for so long a time; and the great brass warming-pan is filled with live coals, and carried into the best chamber.

When the guest retires to his room, he pauses for a moment to survey its neatness. The curtains and counterpane are white as the snow-shroud which enrobes the earth. The walls are hung with Mrs. Ledyard's early specimens of painting. Over the fireplace is a mourning-piece, embroidered on satin; and the carpet on the floor is made of pieces of thick cloth, cut in a diamond form, and embroidered with the needle. The rough man gazes for a few moments, and then the huge whiskers lie 'in bold relief' upon the white pillow.

After the children have retired, Mr. and Mrs. Ledyard sit, long and earnestly conversing upon the most expedient plan for them to pursue. She utters no word of rebuke, hints at no thought of imprudence, nor casts reproach upon the cause of all their misfortune. It is soon decided that they must leave their home, and the old house upon Racoon Hill must be their place of refuge.

But not to make our story too long, if we have not already done it, we will pass over all minute details.

Before spring, the house is vacated, and the family installed in the old tenement upon the hill. And when the time for blossoms came, and there was no fine orchard or garden to woo them out of doors, the girls wept bitterly, and declared that they could not live there; they should die in that horrid place. And when their father had given William unconstrained liberty to do as he liked, and go where he chose, and he had departed for a distant city, the spirit of enterprise was aroused in Amanda's breast. 'Why,' she thought, 'can I not do something for myself and the family? Father can never send me away to school now, and I am deter-

mined not to stay here always, milking cows, and scouring old floors, and doing such jobs. We are now a broken family, and can never be as we have been, or hardly contented here. I am determined to go away, and see what I can do then.'

After much cogitation, it is decided that she must go to Lowell, and work in the factory. Now it was at that time, and in that place, considered a great undertaking, a sort of Utopian scheme, to come to this 'city of *shuttles*,'—something nearly equal to the Exploring Expedition now, or Capt. Parry's first cruise to the North Pole. But it was an adventure quite captivating, in prospect, to Miss Amanda Malvina Fitzallan Ledyard, and when she communicated her plan to her sister, and glowingly expatiated upon its apparent advantages, it awakened the dormant heroism of Miss Mary Washington, and she declared she would go also.

Their parents were then consulted, and though at first decided against their scheme, their objections finally gave way before the eloquence of their daughters. Mr. Ledyard himself brought his children to Lowell; and when they left their home, their mother wept as though her heart would break. She afterwards told them that she could not have felt worse if she had seen them carried on their bier. Seldom had two such pretty, intelligent, amiable looking girls been seen together in the place, as the fair-haired White Mountain sisters. Mary was so small that her Superintendent wished to hear her read, in order to satisfy himself that she could do it; and was much pleased with her proficiency.

After their father had engaged their boarding-place, and seen them settled in the new home, he blessed them, and departed; and then the desolation of their condition seemed for the first time to reveal itself, and the sisters burst into tears. 'No crying here,' said Mrs. Boarding-woman; and the frightened girls dried their eyes as quick as possible. But oh, how wretched and heart-sick were they for a time! And even after the first regrets had worn away, the home-sick spasms which would come upon them were hardly endurable.

But it would be tedious to enter into all the minutiae of factory life, and such things are already chronicled in the memories of most of my readers. It is more important to know the result of their labors.

They worked long, and very steadily. Poor little Mary would sometimes be very tired, and Amanda would persuade her to retire to rest immediately after tea ; and then would sit beside her bed and mend her much-worn clothing. There was a great deal of the firm and substantial, as well as of the quick and imaginative, in the sisters ; and they were determined, by industry and frugality, to secure some advantages from their toilsome occupation. Before long, the darling plan of 'going to an academy' became feasible, and the sisters well improved the privilege. After this, their time was usually spent in Lowell, though with occasional interludes of district-school teaching.

But after their educations 'were finished,' another plan entered the heads of the sanguine sisters. This was to purchase their old farm again, or another as good. True, the old place upon Racoon Hill is much improved, but then it cannot be made very pleasant, and the sisters are determined upon a better home. Years are passed in unceasing labor for the attainment of this object ; but it is at length accomplished, and a large new house is purchased with the avails of their labors and the proceeds of the place on Racoon Hill. It is not quite as pleasant as their old home, but they can make it so. Now they can have apple, pear and plum trees where they choose ; currant-bushes and grape-vines in just the right spot ; peonies, lilacs, roses, and all other flowers, in the front yard ; and every thing according to their mind.

But in order to procure these pleasures, they have been more economical than Lowell factory girls generally are. They have never neglected meetings, sabbath schools, lectures, or any thing of that sort ; have usually taken two papers, and lately the *LOWELL OFFERING*. Their economy has been shown in plain dress and no foolish expenditure for candy, almonds, &c.

For the first time, the sisters are at their new home this winter ; and as our little periodical finds its way to their mansion we will apologise for making so public much of what was confidential communication. But our motives will procure a pardon we feel assured.

Mr. William is now an Editor, in the State of New York ; and 'quite an influential man in his party.' He is not so sanguine that he shall be Mayor, or Governor, or some thing of that sort.

as he once was ; but he is more content with the idea of being a useful man.

Should my suspicions that there will be a wedding among those hills prove well-founded, I may recur again to the White Mountain sisters.

HANNAH.

MEMORY.

"There is a tear of sweet relief—
A tear of rapture and of grief;
The feeling heart alone can know
What soft emotions bid it flow.
It is when memory charms the mind
With tender images refined;
'Tis when her magic spells restore
Departed friends and joys no more."

How often, when perplexed with the cares and troubles of this world, when friends have forsaken us, do our thoughts wander back and rest upon the pleasant scenes of "by-gone days !" Memory will then indeed lead us to that spot where were spent our youthful days, to the home of our childhood, and we behold again the friends of our early years, and we feel almost as happy in thinking of the pleasure we then enjoyed, as when in infancy our hearts were innocent and pure, when no sinful or unkind thoughts entered our young minds, and when we were ignorant of the misery and suffering which exist in the world, for all was then sunshine and gladness. We love to think, too, of "departed friends," those who have passed from this world of sin and suffering, to dwell forever in a

"land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;"

and where there is neither sorrow nor discord, but where all is joy and peace.

While thus our thoughts are dwelling upon past scenes and enjoyments, let us not forget from whose hand we have received all these blessings, and pray to Him to preserve us from the temptations which surround us ; so that in future years, when memory shall present to our view the scenes and actions of our past life, we can behold nought but that which is virtuous and good.

LURA.

SCENES AND THOUGHTS.

'Twas a calm summer eve, and such an one
 As all would love, who love the beautiful—
 Who love to leave the busy scenes of life,
 To steal awhile from its oppressive cares,
 And sally forth 'mid nature's lovely works,
 To gaze upon her ever-varying charms,
 "And look through nature up to nature's God."
 The summer sun was setting gloriously.
 His rays still lingered on the distant hills,
 And tinged the edges of the western clouds
 With a bright crimson hue. All nature smiled,
 And seemed to join in sending forth a song
 Of grateful praises to th' Omniscient One.

I went to view a well-remembered spot,
 A spot I dearly loved—must *ever* love—
 For 'twas the same to which I often strayed,
 In childhood's early years. I stood beside
 The same clear stream upon whose shady bank
 I often played, in those bright, happy days,
 Before my heart had even dreamed of sin,
 Or learned that earth, which seemed so beautiful,
 Contained 'the sting of death.' Oh, it was sweet
 Again to roam amid those dear loved haunts—
 Once more to trace the course of that bright rill,
 That merrily flows on forevermore,
 Singing his song of love in purling sound.
 And as I stood upon its flowery bank,
 I thought of early years—of those young friends
 Who often roamed with me beside this stream,
 And plucked the wild-flowers growing by its side,
 And listened to the warbling of the birds
 In the adjacent grove—as light of heart
 And happy as those merry songsters were.

Oh, those were happy days! The memory still
 Is very dear,—yet there are some sad thoughts
 Come stealing o'er my heart, while musing on
 Those scenes of early years; for where are now
 The friends with whom I spent those happy hours?
 Ah! they are scattered o'er this changing world,
 Engaging in its various pursuits.
 In some there is a *change*; and oh, how great!
 For *some* have lost their *innocence* and *truth*—
 Have strayed from wisdom's path—have left the road,
 The pleasant road of virtue, and now tread
 The thorny paths of sin! And yet, methinks,
 If they would pause awhile—would only come
 And view this lovely spot, and here reflect
 Upon their wayward course, they would relent.
 There would be something in this hallowed spot,
 Which would recall their childhood's happy days

Of innocence and joy—which would call forth
 The better, finer feelings of the soul,
 That have so long been hidden in the heart.
 They then would see the folly of their course—
 Would view their guilt in all its odiousness—
 And when they thought thereon, would wisely turn
 Back to the narrow path from which they've strayed.

Some of those early friends have left the earth,
 Bidding adieu to all its griefs and cares,
 And gone into the spirit-land, to dwell
 Forever in the paradise above,—
 There evermore to range the happy fields,
 Where dwells perpetual spring—no more to sigh,
 Or mourn the loss of friends—no more to sin,
 Or feel the curse of sin—but evermore
 To join the angel-choir, assembled round
 The throne of the Most High, ascribing praise
 To Him who reigns, and glory to the Lamb!

R. C. T.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

'Is not this a world of sadness, a waste and dreary wilderness? where the flowers that spring up in beauty and gladness around us, are perpetually withering, and decay, ruin and desolation are continually marking our pathway! The hand of death rests not alone upon the aged and infirm; but the young and the lovely, in the pride of their strength, are taken away. Verily, the cup of human existence contains more of sorrow than of joy.'

Such was the exclamation of Elsie B. to her companion, as they left the dying couch of a young and dearly beloved friend.

'You should not judge the world with your present feelings,' replied her companion. 'You suffer the scene you have just witnessed to color the landscape, and thus the bright and sunny parts of the picture are thrown entirely into the shade. Life, it is true, has many trials. I have seen the fairest flowers fade around me, and clouds come over the brightest sky. Nevertheless I can behold much, very much, of beauty in every thing around me — yea, full enough to make me content to linger here till my Father in heaven shall call me to His own bright home above. Go with me, when the first faint beams of the sun have gilded the mountain tops, into the wide and open fields of nature, and there gaze upon the scenes around you.'

“How sweet the landscape! Morning twines
Her tresses round the brow of day;
And bright mists o’er the forest pines,
Like happy spirits, float away.”

‘The woods re-echo with the joyful notes of the forest songsters, chanting forth their morning hymns of praise. As the day advances, when the sun is pouring forth a flood of light and heat upon the earth, let us seat ourselves beneath some lofty tree, where his penetrating beams cannot reach us. The soft, cool breezes are playing gently among the branches that overshadow us, while a quiet stream is flowing silently along at our feet. With every thing so calm and peaceful around, who will say there is nothing of beauty in this world of ours!’

‘Would you behold still more of its splendor? Let us go upon yonder hill side, where we can view the declining sun. Behold how every hill and dale reflects its radiance! The silvery stream is mirrored with its departing ray, and all nature seems lighted up with an additional glow of brightness, as the source of light is about to take its departure — even as expiring nature is often lighted up with a glow of health, just before the sun of life sets in its horizon.

‘I know that such scenes as these do not always meet our gaze. The cold and chilling blasts of Winter will come, and rob the earth of its cheering aspect. But can we not behold even in this, an evidence of a Father’s mercy and love? This world, however dark or bright it may seem to us, is not our continued abiding-place. We know not but a day, or even an hour may number us with the things that *were*, but *are not*. The tide of time is fast hurrying us on, and soon will our journey’s end be over.

‘But if, when we behold all earthly things receding from our view, and feel within our hearts the solemn truth that soon we must bid them all farewell, the eye of memory brings before our minds no scenes save those of joy and bliss, is it not to be feared that we shall cling too fondly to earthly objects, and with hearts unresigned, yield ourselves unwillingly into the cold arms of death? But when we reflect that every earthly tie that is severed, but adds a link to the chain that binds our affections to heavenly things, we shall be resigned under whatever afflictions we may be called to suffer.’

CLARA.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

In a small but comfortable apartment, was seated a young man, deeply engaged in the study of the Bible. He was so much interested with its contents, that he heard not the village bell as it tolled the hour of midnight. He heeded not the hours as they passed quickly by ; he thought of nothing save the volume which lay open before him ; and often, while he thus sat, forgetful of time, and every object around him, reading the sacred truths contained therein, his mind would soar aloft, and he seemed to hold communion with the happy spirits of the 'better land.' It was the companion of his lonely hours, his guide and counsellor amid the cares and vexations of this world. He was young ; but his lofty brow, his bright and intelligent eye, gave evidence that he possessed a noble and a highly-gifted mind. Though his station in life be an humble one, he murmurs not at the ways of Providence — for he possesses a happy heart and a contented spirit, and experiences more pleasure in the humble cottage where he resides, than may be found in the palaces of the rich, for *there* is one heart that loves him better than aught else upon earth. It is his widowed mother — she who has watched over him in infancy, nursed him in sickness, guarded his steps from evil, now finds all, yea, more than all, her expectations realized — for he is to her a faithful son, a kind friend in her declining years. It was she who taught him to read the Bible, that best of all books, which he loves now so much to study — who told him of the Savior, and taught him to follow his examples.

He was beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was ever kind to the unfortunate, and possessed the same generous and sympathizing heart, the same benevolent spirit, which had ever characterized his deceased father. It was prophesied by the good people of the village, that he would be just like his father ; 'and who knows,' said an old man, whose silver locks told of advanced age, 'but he will one day be our pastor ? He may preach to the same hearers, and from the same desk, as his beloved sire has done before him.'

Three years have flown away, and the words of that good old man have proved true. But he who uttered them lives not upon

the earth. His spirit has fled to that land from whence no traveller returns. All who knew him mourned that one so good should ever die ; but we know that *all* must die, and we should rather rejoice that one who has done so much good, is in the enjoyment of greater felicity than earth can afford.

But to return to the young pastor : It had always been the desire of his mother's heart, to behold her son, as a meek and humble follower of Jesus, preaching the gospel, and imparting peace and comfort to every heart ; and she lived to see her fondest expectations realized. The fame of this young divine spread throughout the land. Many from afar off came to listen to the truths which he uttered.

Time passed on. A change has followed. He whom I called the young pastor, has attained his sixtieth year. It was many years ago that his poor mother was carried to her last home—but he did not mourn as one without hope, for the thought of meeting her in heaven, where partings are never known, made him resigned to his fate.

He continued to preach until his death, which took place in his sixty-fourth year. All lamented the loss of one so truly good—for he had endeared himself to them all, by the benevolent and virtuous actions which he performed. Though in the flesh he no longer lives among them, in the hearts of his people is his memory embalmed, and there will it ever remain. All who knew him strive to imitate his virtues, that they may pass as smoothly through this vale of existence, and that their last moments may be as peaceful and happy, as were those of the village pastor.

C. L.

[Justice to the writer of the preceding communication requires us to state, that it was written and in our possession previously to the receipt of the first article in this volume—the last named being by another correspondent. EDITOR.]

CHAPTERS ON THE SCIENCES.

INTRODUCTION.

Physiology, Astronomy, Geology, Botany, and kindred sciences are not now, as formerly, confined to our higher seminaries of learning. They are being introduced into the common schools, not only of our large towns and cities, but of our little villages throughout New England. Hence, a knowledge of these sciences is becoming general. It needs not Sibylline wisdom to predict that the time is not far distant when it will be more disadvantageous and more humiliating to be ignorant of their principles and technicalities, than to be unable to tell the length and breadth of Sahara, the rise, course and fall of little rivers in other countries which we shall never see, never hear mentioned—and the latitude and longitude of remote or obscure cities and towns. If a friend would describe a flower, she will not tell us that it has so many flower-leaves, so many of those shortest things that rise from the centre of the flower, and so many of the longest ones. But she will express herself with more elegance and rapidity, by using the technical names of these parts—petals, stamens and pistils. She will not tell us that the green leaves are formed some like a rose-leaf, only that they are rounder, or more pointed, as the case may be; or, if she can find no similitudes, she will not use fifty words in conveying an idea that might be given in one little word. We would be able to understand her philosophical description. And scientific lectures, the sermons of our best preachers, and the conversation of the intelligent, presuppose some degree of knowledge of the most important sciences; and to those who have not this knowledge, half their zest is lost.

If we are so situated that we cannot attend school, we have, by far the greater part of us, hours for reading and means to purchase books. We should be systematic in our expenditures. They should be regulated by the nature of the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed,—by our wages, state of health, and the situation of our families. After a careful consideration of these and other incidentals that may be, we can make a periodical appropriation of any sum we please, for the purchase of books. Our readings, likewise, should be systematic. If we take physiology, physiology should be read, exclusively of all others, except our Bibles and a few well chosen periodicals, until we acquire a knowledge of its most essential parts. Then let this be superceded by others, interrupted in their course only by occasional reviews of those already studied.

But there are those whose every farthing is needed to supply themselves with necessary clothing, their unfortunate parents, or orphan brothers and sisters, with a subsistence. And forever sacred be these duties. Blessings be on the head of those who faithfully discharge them, by a cheerful sacrifice of selfish gratification. Cheerful, did I say? Ah! many will bear witness to the pangs which such a sacrifice costs them. It is a hard lot, to be doomed to live on in ignorance, when one longs for knowledge “as the hart panteth after the water brook.” My poor friend L.’s complaint will meet an answering thrill of sympathy in many a heart. “Oh, why is it so?” said she, while tears ran down her cheeks. “Why have I such a thirst for knowledge, and not one source of gratification?”—We may not know *why*, my sister, but faith bids us trust in

God, and "rest in His decree,"—to be content "when He refuses more. Yet a spirit of *true* contentment induces no indolent yieldings to adverse circumstances; no slumbering and folding the hands in sleep, when there is so much within the reach of every one, worthy of our strongest and most persevering efforts. Mrs. Hale says,—

"There is a charm in knowledge, *best* when bought
By vigorous toil of frame and earnest search of thought."

And we will toil. Morning, noon and evening shall witness our exertions to prepare ourselves for happiness and usefulness here, and for the exalted destiny that awaits us hereafter. But proper attention should be paid to physical comfort, as well as to mental improvement. It is only by retaining the former, that we can command the latter. The mind cannot be vigorous while the body is weak. Hence, we should not allow our toils to enter upon those hours which belong to repose. We should not allow ourselves, however strong the temptation, to visit the lecture-room &c., if the state of the weather, or of our health, renders the experiment hazardous. Above all, we should not forget our dependance on a higher power. "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone giveth the increase."

I offer a few chapters on Physiology, Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy and Botany, to the readers of this magazine. I promise nothing new—not a single fact that has not been gathered from text-books and other sources; and I write them, not so much from the amount of information they may convey, as from a desire to call the attention of the ladies of the factories to these subjects.

To the unfortunate class already alluded to—to those who have not the means of purchasing scientific works—these chapters are especially dedicated. May they prove an acceptable offering.

A CONVERSATION ON PHYSIOLOGY.

Ann. Isabel, before we commence our 'big talk,' let me ask you to proceed upon the inference that we are totally ignorant of the subjects under discussion.

Ellinora. Yes, Isabel, proceed upon the *fact* that I am ignorant even of the meaning of the term *physiology*.

Isabel. It comes from the Greek words *phusis*, nature, and *logia*, a collection, or *logos*, discourse; and means a collection of facts or discourse relating to nature. Physiology is divided, first into Vegetable and Animal; and the latter is subdivided into Comparative and Human. We shall confine our attention to Human Physiology, which treats of the organs of the human body, their mutual dependance and relation, their functions, and the laws by which our physical constitution is governed.

A. And are you so heretical, dear Isabel, as to class this science, on the score of utility, with Arithmetic and Geography—the alpha and omega of common school education?

I. Yes. It is important, inasmuch as it is necessary that we know how to preserve the fearfully delicate fabric which our Creator has entrusted to our keeping. We gather many wholesome rules and cautions from maternal lips ; we learn many more from experiencing the painful results that follow their violation. But this kind of knowledge comes tardily ; it may be, when an infringement of some organic law, of which we were left in ignorance, has fastened upon us painful, perhaps fatal, disease.

A. We may not always avoid sickness and premature death by a knowledge and observance of these laws ; for there are hereditary diseases, in whose origin we are not implicated, and whose effects we cannot eradicate from our system by 'all knowledge, all device.'

I. But a knowledge of Physiology is none the less important in this case. If the chords of our existence are shattered, they must be touched only by the skilful hand, or they break.

E. Were it not for this, were there no considerations of utility in the plea, there are others sufficiently important to become impulsive. It would be pleasant to be able to trace the phenomena which we are constantly observing within ourselves, to their right causes.

I. Yes ; we love to understand the springs of disease, even though 'a discovery of the cause' neither 'suspends the effect nor heals it.' We rejoice in health, and we love to know why it sits so strongly within us. The warm blood courses its way through our veins ; the breath comes and goes freely in and out ; the nerves, those subtle organs, perform their important offices ; the hand, foot, brain—nay, the whole body moves as we will ; we taste, see, hear, smell, feel ; and the inquiring mind delights in knowing by what means these wonderful processes are carried on,—how far they are mechanical, how far chemical, and how far resolvable into the laws of vitality. This we may learn by a study of Physiology, at least, as far as is known. We may not satisfy ourselves upon all points. There may be, when we have finished our investigations, a longing for a more perfect knowledge of ourselves ; for 'some points must be greatly dark,' so long as mind is fettered in its rangings, and retarded in its investigations, by its connection with the body. And this is well. We love to think of the immortal state as one in which longings for moral and intellectual improvement will *all* be satisfied.

A. Yes ; it would lose half its attractions, if we might attain perfection here.

E. And now permit me to bring you at once to our subject. What is this life that I feel within me ? Does Physiology tell us It ought.

I. It does not, however ; indeed, it cannot. It merely develops its principles.

E. The principles of life—what are they ?

I. The most important are *contractibility* and *sensibility*.

E. Let me advertise you that I am particularly hostile to technical words—all because I do not understand them, I allow. But please humor this ignorance by avoiding them.

I. And thus perpetuate your ignorance, my dear Ellinora. No ; this will not do ; for my chief object in these conversations is that you may be prepared to profit by lectures, essays, and conversation, hereafter. You will often be thrown into the company of those who express themselves in the easiest and most proper manner, that is, by the use of technical words and phrases. These will embarrass you, and prevent that improvement which would be derived if these terms were understood. Interrupt me as often as you please with questions ; and if we spend the remainder of the evening in compiling a physiological glossary, we may all reap advantage from the exercise. To return to the vital principles—vital is from *vita*, life—*contractibility* and *sensibility*. The former is the property of the muscles. The muscles, you know, are what we call flesh. They are composed of fibres, which terminate in tendons.

Alice. Please give form to my ideas of the tendons.

I. With the muscles, they constitute the agents of all motion in us. Place your hand on the inside of your arm, and then bend your elbow. You perceive that cord, do you not ? That is a tendon. You have observed them in animals, doubtless.

Ann. I have. They are round, white and lustrous ; and these are the muscular terminations.

I. Yes ; this tendon which you perceive is the termination of the muscles of the fore-arm, and it is inserted into the lower arm to assist in its elevation.

E. Now we are coming to it. Please tell me how I move a finger, — how I raise my hand in this manner.

I. It is to the contractile power of the muscles, that you are

indebted for this power. I will read what Dr. Paley says of muscular contraction ; it will make it clearer than any explanation of mine. He says, ' A muscle acts only by contraction. Its force is exerted in no other way. When the exertion ceases, it relaxes itself, that is, it returns by relaxation to its former state, but without energy.'

E. Just as this India-rubber springs back after extension, for illustration.

I. Very well, Ellinora. He adds, ' This is the nature of the muscular fibre ; and being so, it is evident that the reciprocal *energetic* motion of the limbs, by which we mean *with force* in opposite directions, can only be produced by the instrumentality of opposite or antagonist muscles — of flexors and extensors answering to each other. For instance, the biceps and brachiaëus *internus* muscles, placed in the front part of the upper arm, by their contraction bend the elbow, and with such a degree of force as the case requires, or the strength admits. The relaxation of these muscles, after the effort, would merely let the fore-arm drop down. For the *back stroke*, therefore, and that the arm may not only bend at the elbow, but also extend and straighten itself with force, other muscles, the longus and brevis brachiaëus *externus*, and the aconæus, placed on the hinder part of the arms, by their contractile twitch, fetch back the fore-arm into a straight line with the cubit, with no less force than that with which it was bent out. The same thing obtains in all the limbs, and in every moveable part of the body. A finger is not bent and straightened without the *contraction* of two muscles taking place. It is evident, therefore, that the animal functions require that particular disposition of the muscles, which we describe by the name of antagonist muscles.'

A. Thank you, Isabel. This does indeed make the subject very plain. These muscles contract at will.

E. But how can the will operate in this manner ? I have always wished to understand.

I. And I regret that I cannot satisfy you on this point. If we trace the cause of muscular action by the nerves to the brain, we are no nearer a solution of the mystery ; for we cannot know what power sets the organs of the brain at work, — whether it be foreign to, or of itself.

We will come now, if you please, to *sensibility*, which belongs to the nerves.

A. I have a very indefinite idea of the nerves.

E. My *ideal* is sufficiently definite in its shape, but so droll ! I do not think of them as being 'flesh of my flesh,' but as a *species* of the *genus* fairy. They are to us, what the Nereides are to the green wave, the Dryades to the oak, and the Hamadryades to the little flower. They are quite omnipotent in their operations. They make us cry, or they make us laugh ; thrill us with rapture or wo, as they please. And my dear Isabel, I shall not allow you to cheat me out of this pleasing fancy. You may tell us just what they are ; but I shall be as incredulous as possible.

I. They are very slender white cords, extending from the brain and spinal marrow—twelve pairs from the former, and thirty from the latter. These send out branches so numerous, that we cannot touch the point of a pin to a spot that has not its nerve. The mucous membrane is—

E. Oh, these technicals ! What is the mucous membrane ?

I. It is a texture or web of fibres, which lines all cavities exposed to the atmosphere—for instance, the mouth, windpipe and stomach. It is the seat of the senses of taste and smell.

E. And the nerves are the little witches that inform the brain how one thing is sweet, another bitter ; one fragrant, and another nauseous. Alimentiveness ever after frowns or smiles accordingly. So it seems that the actions of the brain and of the external senses are reciprocated by the nerves, or something of this sort. How is it, Isabel ? Oh, I see ! You say sensibility belongs to the nerves. So sights by means of—of what ?

I. Of the optical nerves.

E. Yes ; and sounds by means of the—

I. Auditory nerves.

E. Yes—convey impressions of externals to the brain. And 'upon this hint' the brain acts in its consequent reflections, and in the nervous impulses which induce muscular contractibility. And this muscular contractibility is a contraction of the fibres of the muscles. This contraction of course shortens them, and this latter *must* result in the bending of the arm. I think I understand it. What are the brain and spine, Isabel ? How are they connected ?

I. You will get correct ideas of the texture of the brain, by observing that of animals. It occupies the whole cavity of the skull, is rounded and irregular in its form, full of prominences, *alias* bumps. These appear to fit themselves to the skull ; but doubtless the bone is moulded by the brain. The brain is divided into two parts ; the upper and frontal part is called the *cerebrum*, the other the *cerebellum*. The former is the larger division, and is the seat of the moral sentiments and intellectual faculties. The latter is the seat of the propensities, domestic and selfish.

A. I thank you, Isabel. Now, what is this spine, of which there is so much 'complaint' now-a-days ?

I. I will answer you from Paley : 'The spine, or back-bone, is a chain of joints of very wonderful construction. It was to be firm, yet flexible ; *firm*, to support the erect position of the body ; *flexible*, to allow of the bending of the trunk in all degrees of curvature. It was further, also, to become a pipe or conduit for the safe conveyance from the brain of the most important fluid of the animal frame, that, namely, upon which *all voluntary motion depends, the spinal marrow* ; a substance not only of the first necessity to action, if not to life, but of a nature so delicate and tender, so susceptible and impatient of injury, that any unusual pressure upon it, or any considerable obstruction of its course, is followed by paralysis or death. Now, the spine was not only to furnish the main trunk for the passage of the medullary substance from the brain, but to give out, in the course of its progress, small pipes therefrom, which, being afterwards indefinitely subdivided, might, under the name of nerves, distribute this exquisite supply to every part of the body.'

Alice. I understand now why disease of the spine causes such involuntary contortions and gestures, in some instances. Its connexion with the brain and nerves is so immediate, that it cannot suffer disease, without affecting the whole nervous system.

I. It cannot. The spinal cord or marrow is a continuation of the brain. But we must not devote any more time to this subject.

Bertha. I want to ask you something about the different parts of the eye, Isabel. When — — lectured on optics, I lost nearly all the benefit of his lecture, except a newly awakened desire for knowledge on this subject. He talked of the retina, cornea, iris, &c. ; please tell me precisely what they are.

I. The retina is a nervous membrane ; in other words, a thin net-work, formed of very minute, sensitive filaments. It is supposed by some to be an expansion of the optic nerve ; and on this the images of objects we see are formed. It is situated at the back part of the eye. Rays pass through the round opening in the iris, which we call the pupil.

B. What did the lecturer say is the cause of the color of the pupil ?

I. He said that its *want of color* is to be imputed to the fact that rays of light which enter there are not returned ; they fall on the retina, forming there images of objects. And you recollect he said that 'absence of rays is blackness.' The iris is a kind of curtain, covering the aqueous humor — aqueous is from the Latin *aqua*, water. It is confined only at its outer edge, or circumference ; and is supplied with muscular fibres which confer the power of adjustment to every degree of light. It contracts or dilates involuntarily, as the light is more or less intense, as you must have observed. The rays of light falling on that part of the iris which immediately surrounds the pupil, cause it to be either black, blue, or hazel. We will not linger on this ground, for it belongs more properly to Natural Philosophy. We will discuss the other four senses as briefly as possible. 'The sense of taste,' says Hayward, 'resides in the mucous membrane of the tongue, the lips, the cheeks and the fauces.' Branches of nerves extend to every part of the mouth where the sense of taste resides. The fluid with which the mouth is constantly moistened is called mucus, and chiefly subserves to the sense of taste.

Ann. I have observed that when the mucus is dried by fever, food is nearly tasteless. I now understand the reason.

E. *Apropos* to the senses, let me ask if feeling and touch are the same. Alfred says they are ; I contend that they are not, precisely.

I. Hayward thinks a distinction between them unnecessary. He says they are both seated in the same organs, and have the same nerves. But the sense of feeling is more general, extending over the whole surface of the skin and mucous membrane, while that of touch is limited to particular parts, being in man most perfect in the hand ; and the sense of feeling is passive, while that of touch is active. This sense is in the skin, and is most perfect where the epidermis, or external coat, is the thin-

nest. We will look through this little magnifying glass at the skin on my hand. You will see very minute prominences all over the surface. These points are called papillæ. They are supposed to be the termination of the nerves, and the *locale* of sensation.

E. Will you *shape* my ideas of sensation?

I. According to Lord Brougham, one of the English editors of this edition of Paley, it is 'the effect produced upon the mind by the operation of the senses; and involves nothing like an exertion of the mind itself.'

Of the sense of hearing, I can tell you but little. Physiologists have doubts relative to many parts of the ear; and I do not understand the subject well enough to give you much information. I will merely name some of the parts and their relative situations. We have first the external ear, which projecting as it does from the head, is perfectly adapted to the office of gathering sounds, and transmitting them to the membrane of the tympanum, commonly called the drum of the ear, from its resembling somewhat, in its use and structure, the head of a drum. The tympanum is a cavity, of a cylindrical or tunnel form, and its office is supposed to be, the transmission to the internal ear, of the vibrations made upon the membrane. These vibrations are first communicated to the malleus, or hammer. This is the first of four bones, united in a kind of chain, extending and conveying vibrations from the tympanum to the labyrinth of the ear beyond. The other bones are the incus, or anvil, the round bone, and the stapes, or stirrup—the latter so called from its resemblance to a stirrup-iron. It is placed over an oval aperture, which leads to the labyrinth, and which is closed by means of a membranous curtain. These bones are provided with very small muscles, and move with the vibrations of the tympanum. The equilibrium of the air in the tympanum and the atmosphere, is maintained by means of the Eustachian tube, which extends from the back part of the fauces, or throat, to the cavity of the tympanum. The parts last mentioned constitute the middle ear. Of the internal ear, little is known. It has its semicircular canals, vestibule and cochlea; but their agencies are not ascertained.

The organ of smell is more simple. This sense lies, or is supposed to lie, in the mucous membrane which lines the nostrils and the openings in connection. Particles are constantly escap-

ing from odorous bodies ; and, by being inhaled in respiration, they are thrown in contact with the mucous membrane.

A. Before leaving the head, will you tell us something of the organs of voice ?

I. By placing your fingers on the top of your windpipe, you will perceive a slight prominence. In males this is very large. This is the thorax. It is formed of four cartilages, two of which are connected with a third, by means of four cords, called vocal chords, from their performing an important part in producing the voice. Experiments have been made, which prove that a great part of the larynx, except these chords, may be removed without destroying the voice. Magendie thus accounts for the production of the voice. He says, 'The air, in passing from the lungs on expiration, is forced out of small cavities, as the air-cells and the minute branches of the windpipe, into a large canal ; it is then sent through a narrow passage, on each side of which is a vibratory chord, and it is by the action of the air on these chords, that the sonorous undulations are produced, which are called voice.'

E. Do not the lips and tongue contribute essentially to speech ?

I. They do not. Hayward says he can bear witness to the fact that the articulation remains unimpaired, after the tongue has been removed. The labials, *f* and *v*, cannot be perfectly articulated without the action of the lips. — What subject shall we take next ?

A. A natural transition would be from the head to the heart, and, in connection, the circulation of the blood.

I. Yes. I will give you an abstract of the ideas I gained from the study of Hayward's Physiology, and the reading of Dr. Paley's Theology. — The heart, arteries and veins are the agents of circulation. The heart is irregular and conical in its shape, and it is hollow and double.

A. There is no channel of communication between these parts, is there ?

I. None ; but each side has its separate office to perform. By the right, circulation is carried on in the lungs ; and by the left, through the rest of the body. I will mark a few passages in Paley, for you to read to us, Ann. They will do better than any descriptions of mine.

A. I thank you, Isabel, for giving me an opportunity to let you temporary relief. — 'The disposition of the blood-vessels, as far as regards the supply of the body, is like that of the water

pipes in a city, viz., large and main trunks branching off by smaller pipes (and these again by still narrower tubes) in every direction and towards every part in which the fluid which they convey can be wanted. So far, the water pipes which serve a town may represent the vessels which carry the blood from the heart. But there is another thing necessary to the blood, which is not wanted for the water ; and that is, the carrying of it back again to its source. For this office, a reversed system of vessels is prepared, which, uniting at their extremities with the extremities of the first system, collects the divided and subdivided streamlets, first, by capillary ramifications into larger branches, secondly, by these branches into trunks ; and thus returns the blood (almost exactly inverting the order in which it went out) to the fountain whence its motion proceeded. The body, therefore, contains two systems of blood-vessels, arteries and veins.

‘The next thing to be considered is the engine which works this machinery, viz., the *heart*. There is provided in the central part of the body a hollow muscle invested with spiral fibres, running in both directions, the layers intersecting one another. By the contraction of these fibres, the sides of the muscular cavity are necessarily squeezed together, so as to force out from them any fluid which they may at that time contain : by the relaxation of the same fibres, the cavities are in their turn dilated, and, of course, prepared to admit every fluid which may be poured into them. Into these cavities, are inserted the great trunks both of the arteries which carry out the blood, and of the veins which bring it back. As soon as the blood is received by the heart from the veins of the body, and *before* that is sent out again into its arteries, it is carried, by the force of the contraction of the heart, and by means of a separate and supplementary artery, to the lungs, and made to enter the vessels of the lungs, from which, after it has undergone the action, whatever it may be, of that viscus, it is brought back, by a large vein, once more to the heart, in order, when thus concocted and prepared, to be thence distributed anew into the system. This assigns to the heart a double office. The pulmonary circulation is a system within a system ; and one action of the heart is the origin of both. For this complicated function, four cavities become necessary, and four are accordingly provided ; two called ventricles, which *send out* the blood, viz., one into the lungs in the first instance, the other into the mass, after it has returned from the lungs ; two

others also, called auricles, which receive the blood from the veins, viz., one as it comes from the body; the other, as the same blood comes a second time after its circulation through the lungs.'

I. That must answer our purpose, dear Ann. Of the changes which take place in the blood, and of the renewal of our physical system, which is effected by circulation, I shall say nothing. We will pass to respiration.

E. Whose popular name is breathing.

I. Yes. The act of inhaling air, is called inspiration; that of sending it out, expiration. Its organs are the lungs and windpipe. The apparatus employed in the mechanism of breathing is very complex. The windpipe extends from the mouth to the lungs.

A. How is it that air enters so freely, while food and drink are excluded?

I. By a most ingenious contrivance. The opening to the pharynx is called glottis. This is closed, when necessary, by a little valve, or lid, called the epiglottis (*epi* means *upon*).

E. And this faithful sentinel is none other than that perpendicular little body, which we can see in our throats, and which we have *dubbed* palate.

I. You are right, Ellinora. Over this, food and drink pass on their way to the road to the stomach, the gullet. The pressure of solids or liquids tends to depress this lid on the glottis, and its muscular action in deglutition, or swallowing, tends to the same effect. As soon as the pressure is removed, the lid springs to its erect position, and the air passes freely. Larynx and trachea are other names for the windpipe, and pharynx is another for the gullet. The larynx divides into two branches, one to the lungs, and goes to each side. Hence, by subdivisions, the air passes off in numerous smaller branches, to different parts of the lungs, and terminates in air-cells. The lungs, known in animals by the name of lights, consist of three parts, or lobes, one on the right side, and two on the left.

Alice. The lights of inferior animals are very light and porous—do our lungs resemble them in this?

I. Yes; they are full of air-tubes and air-cells. These, with the blood vessels and the membrane which connects (and this is cellular, that is, composed of cells), form the lungs. The process

of respiration involves chemical, mechanical, and vital or physiological principles. Of the mechanism I shall say but little more. You already know that the lungs occupy the chest. Of this, the breast bone forms the front, the spine, the back wall. Attached to this bone are twelve ribs on each side. These are joined by muscles, which are supposed to assist in elevating them in breathing, thus enlarging the cavity of the chest. The lower partition is formed by a muscle of great power, called the diaphragm; and by the action of this organ alone, common inspiration can be performed. Hayward says, 'The contraction of this muscle necessarily depresses its centre, which was before elevated towards the lungs. The instant this takes place, the air rushes into the lungs through the windpipe, and thus prevents a vacuum, which would otherwise be produced between the chest and lungs.' Expiration is the reverse of this. The chemistry of respiration regards the change produced in the blood by respiration. To this change I have before alluded.

Ann. When we consider the offices of the heart and lungs, their importance in vital economy, how dangerous appears the custom of pressing them so closely between the ribs by tight lacing !

I. Yes ; fearful and fatal beyond calculation ! And one great advantage in a general knowledge of our physical system, is the tendency this knowledge must have, to correct this habit.

A. To me there is not the weakest motive for tight lacing. Everything but pride *must* revolt at the habit ; and there is something positively disgusting and shocking in the wasp-like form, labored breathing, purple lips and hands of the tight lacer.

E. They indicate such a pitiful servitude to fashion, such an utter disregard of comfort, when it comes in collision with false notions of elegance ! Well for our sex, as we could not be induced to act from a worthier motive, popular opinion is setting in strongly against this practice. Many of our authors and public lecturers are bringing strong arms and benevolent hearts to the work.

A. Yes ; but to be perfectly consistent, should not the fashions of the 'Lady's Book,' the 'Ladies' Companion,' and of 'Graham's Magazine,' be more in keeping with the general sentiment ? Their contributors furnish essays, deprecating the evils of tight lacing, and tales illustrative of its evil effects, yet the

figures of the plates of fashions, are, uniformly, most unnatural slender. And these are offered for national standards !

E. 'And, more 's the pity,' followed as such.

I. I think the improvements you mention would only cause temporary suspension of the evil. They might indeed make the *fashion* to wear natural waists ; but like all other fashions, must unavoidably give way to new modes. They might lop off a few of the branches ; but science, a knowledge of physiology alone, is capable of laying the axe at the root of the tree.—What is digestion, Ellinora ?

E. It is the dissolving, pulverizing, or some other *ing*, of our food, is n't it ?

I. Hayward says that 'it is an important part of that process by which aliment taken into the body is made to nourish it.' He divides the digestive apparatus into 'the mouth and its appendages, the stomach, and the intestines.' The teeth, tongue, jaw, and saliva, perform their respective offices in mastication. Then the food passes over the epiglottis, you recollect, down the gullet to the stomach. The saliva is an important agent in digestion. It is secreted in glands, which pour it into the mouth by a tube about the size of a wheat straw.

Alice. I heard our physician say that food should be so thoroughly masticated before deglutition, (you see I have caught your technicals, Isabel,) that every particle would be moistened with the saliva. Then digestion would be easy and perfect. He says that dyspepsia is often incurred and perpetuated, by eating too rapidly.

I. Doubtless this is the case. As soon as the food reaches the stomach, the work of digestion commences ; and the food is converted to a mass, neither fluid nor solid, called chyme. With regard to this process, there have been many speculative theories. It has been imputed to animal heat, to putrefaction, to a mechanical operation, (something like that carried on in the gizzard of fowl,) to fermentation, and maceration. It is now a generally adopted theory, that the food is *dissolved* by the gastric juices.

Ann. If these juices are such powerful solvents, why do they not act on the stomach, when they are no longer supplied with *subjects* in the shape of food ?

I. According to many authorities, they do. Comstock says that 'hunger is produced by the action of the gastric juices on

the stomach.' This theory does not prevail, however ; for it has been proved by experiment, that these juices do not act on anything that has life.

Alice. How long does it take the food to digest ?

I. Food of a proper kind will digest, in a healthy stomach, in four or five hours. It then passes to the intestines.

Ann. But why does it never leave the stomach until thoroughly digested ?

I. At the orifice of the stomach, there is a sort of valve, called pylorus, or door-keeper. Some have supposed that this valve has the power of ascertaining when the food is sufficiently digested, and so allows chyme to pass, while it contracts at the touch of undigested substances.

A. How wonderful !

I. And 'how passing wonder He who made us such !'

Alice. No wonder that a poet said —

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!"

Ann. And no wonder that the Christian bends in lowly adoration and love before *such* a Creator, and *such* a Preserver !

E. Now, dear Isabel, will you tell us something more ?

I. Indeed, Ellinora, I have already gone much farther than I intended when I commenced. But I knew not where to stop. Even now, you have but just *commenced* the study of *yourselves*. Let me urge you to read in your leisure hours, and reflect in your working ones, until you understand physiology, as well as you now do geography.

D.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No. 6.

PRECEPTOR MOODY.

I remember that as I was passing in the stage through the town of Newbury, several years since, my attention was attracted to an ancient building, which, I was told, was Dummer Academy. What a host of recollections was aroused by the utterance of that name ! 'Dummer Academy,' and 'Dummer House,' had figured largely in certain old letters of my grandmother's, which

I had often stolen in the lumber-room to peruse, and very fascinating to me were always these tattered relics of 'olden time.

Handkerchief Moody had three sons, Samuel, Joseph, and Thomas. Samuel, the subject of this sketch, and the namesake of his grandfather, the odd man, became the famous 'Master Moody,' of Dummer Academy, Byfield. He graduated at Harvard University, in 1746, read Theology, and became a licensed preacher of the gospel. He is said to have acquitted himself well in the pulpit, but this was not his most appropriate sphere. He was naturally a student. In Europe he would probably have become a mere *savant*, but in this country more active scholars were needed. He loved the classics, and it was his delight to study and teach them.

He wished to have the supervision of a classical school, but this was a situation not easily obtained in those days. Academies were not then as thick as kings' houses in fairy tales, nor was so large a proportion of our hills crowned with a 'temple of science.' There were not then perhaps five such schools in New England, but Mr. Moody resolved to establish one for himself. For this purpose, he converted his father's church, without any alterations, into a school-house. The deacon's seat was the master's desk, and the short seats immediately before it were occupied by the scholars. Here he commenced his career as Preceptor, and hither he drew many of New England's fine young men. Among these were John Thompson and Joseph Willard, both from the old town of Scarborough. The former became the venerable minister of South Berwick, and preached his old preceptor's funeral sermon. He died in the year 1833, aged 85. Willard became the President of Harvard University, with the honors of D. D., and LL. D., appended to his name.

Master Moody's success in his little home establishment, prepared the way for his elevation to the Preceptor's chair in the school then recently established by Jeremiah Dummer, Esq., who had been the royal governor of Massachusetts from 1722 to 1729. At his death, he bequeathed his mansion-house, farm, and all his estate, to this institution. Here Master Moody became a sort of monarch. 'He was in his element,'—riding a successful race on his favorite hobby; and hither his fame drew much of the rising talent in the region round about. He was in fame the rival of Ezekiel Cheever, and Father Flint. His school was

unmatched, and sent into the country some of its brightest luminaries. Among his pupils were Rufus King, Theophilus Parsons, John Smith of Dartmouth College, and Eliphalet Pearson of Harvard University.

In company with Governor Wentworth, of New Hampshire, Hon. Peter Gilman, and several other 'very honorable' men, he attended one of the first commencements in Dartmouth College. The dinner on that occasion was signalized by the *splendid* dish of an ox, roasted whole. Master Moody enjoyed his journey very much, and some of its incidents are not yet all forgotten.

Master Moody never married. His whole soul was in his school — that was his wife, the scholars his children. He never wished for any other. He would spend his mornings and evenings in the school-house, giving extra instructions; and the scholars were invited to the pursuit of unusual studies, which he called free-will offerings. Of these he kept a very careful account, and the merit of a student was considered to depend very much upon the number and value of his free-will offerings.

Joseph Moody, the brother of the Preceptor, became superintendent of the farm and boarding establishment at Dummer House; and this was my grandmother's maiden home. She was the oldest daughter, and quite a favorite with her bachelor uncle. He encouraged her in the acquisition of knowledge then uncommon, and considered unsuitable to New England females. She had a superior mind, and was a ready scholar; and the Preceptor often lamented that she was not of the other sex — which was the only barrier to her becoming decidedly one of the *literati*.

But, besides her studies, she had also her share of the household duties to perform. Her task was to keep the silver in order, dust and rub the mahogany, and take charge of the young gentlemen's bosom and wrist ruffles. In so large an establishment, this station was no sinecure; but its duties were faithfully performed.

The Preceptor took her once with him to the commencement at Harvard University. This was to her a memorable occasion, and certain relics of it, in the shape of fragments of the dress worn on the occasion, are still preserved among her granddaughters. It was a silk, of that thick, old-fashioned kind, which will 'stand alone,' and the color was something between a pink and scarlet. My grandmother, her sisters and dress-maker were

employed a week upon the trimmings, and Miss Moody was acknowledged as the belle in Cambridge upon that commencement day. When she married, her uncle presented her with some valuable silver, marked 'S. M. to L. M.,' and he parted then from the female whom he loved best.

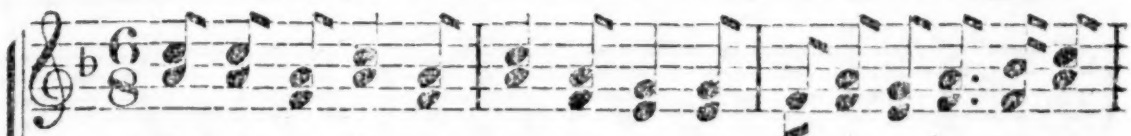
Master Moody was, in disposition, the type, or, if you please the anti-type, not of his father, Handkerchief Moody, but of his grandfather, the hero of our odd stories. He had his roughness and eccentricities, but even more than his buoyancy of spirit. When he was in health, which was almost all the time, he was 'on the high sounding cymbals;' but when this was not the case he was in a state of deep and severe depression.

He 'died for joy' — a death allotted to very few; that is, his death was caused by joyous mental excitement. He was upon a journey, and visited his old friend, Dr. Tenny, of Exeter. The sight of him lighted up Master Moody's countenance, and raised his spirits to their highest pitch. He saluted the Doctor in Latin and with a loud voice; but ere the salutation was finished, his voice faltered, the words died upon his lips, he dropped upon the floor, and was immediately *dead*.

We have thus finished that portion of our Sketches which was intended to devote to the three Moodys — Father Moody, Handkerchief Moody, and Master Moody; and what a difference between the trio! The first, a stern alarmist, an Elijah the Tishbite, calling down fire from heaven. The second, a man of the most exquisite sensibility, a Jeremiah the 'weeping prophet' who, when he rebuked offenders, did it with sighs, and shed over them tears of tenderness. The third, a whole-hearted, magisterial pedagogue, a Gamaliel, and held in reputation by all who were so fortunate as to find a place at his feet. How different we repeat, were the father, son, and grandson! Yet were they all good men and true, in their day and generation. May their memory ever remain embalmed in the hearts of their less distinguished descendants.

ANNETTE.

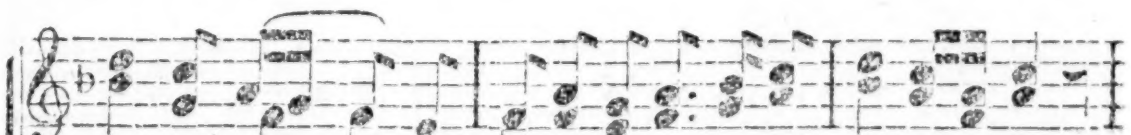
Canadian Boat Song.



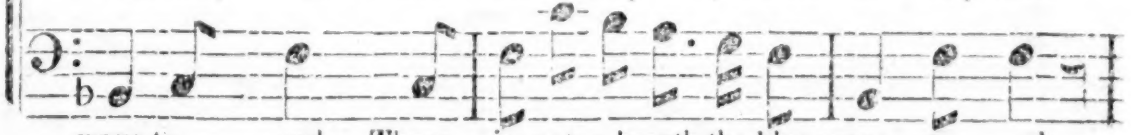
1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune, and our



2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl, There is not a breath the blue



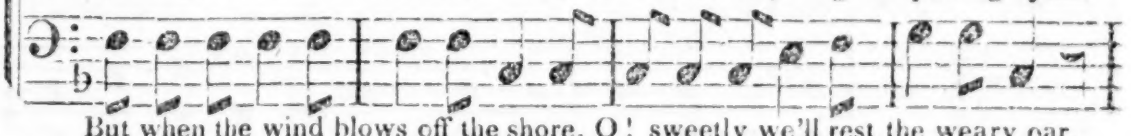
oars keep time, Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.



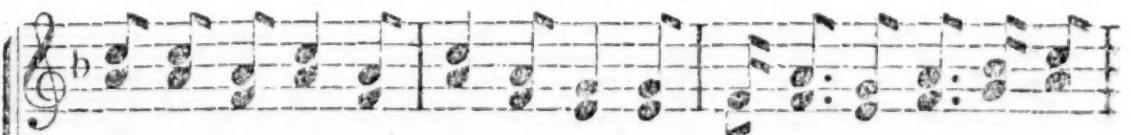
wave to curl, There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.



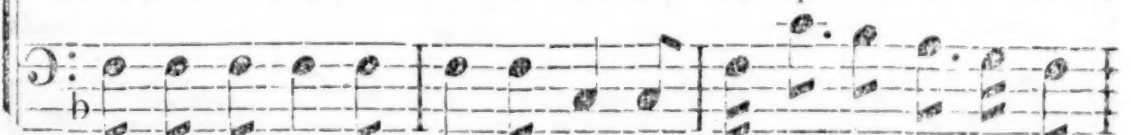
Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll cheerfully sing our parting hymn.



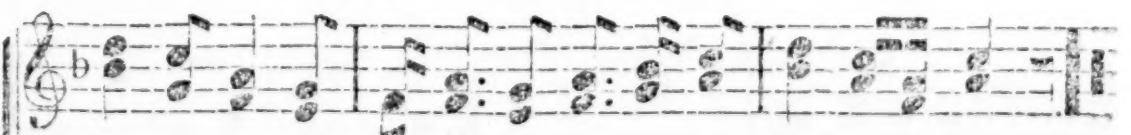
But when the wind blows off the shore, O! sweetly we'll rest the weary oar.



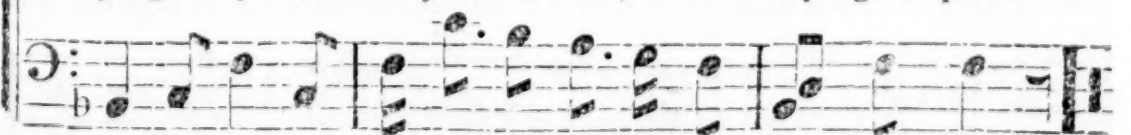
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the



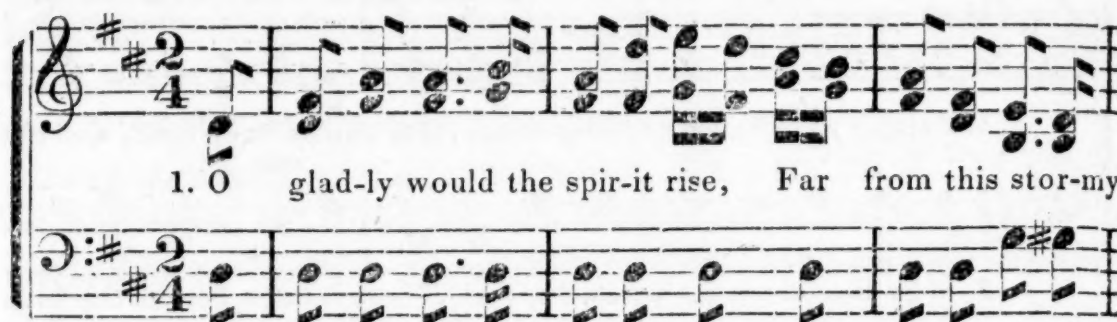
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the



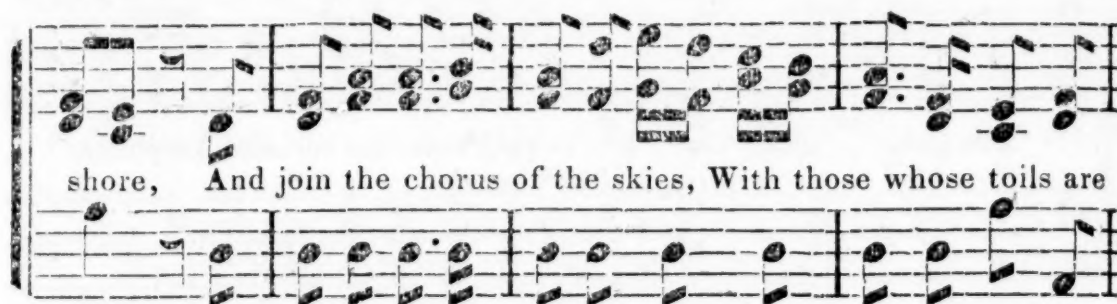
day-light's past, The rapids are near, and the day-light's past.



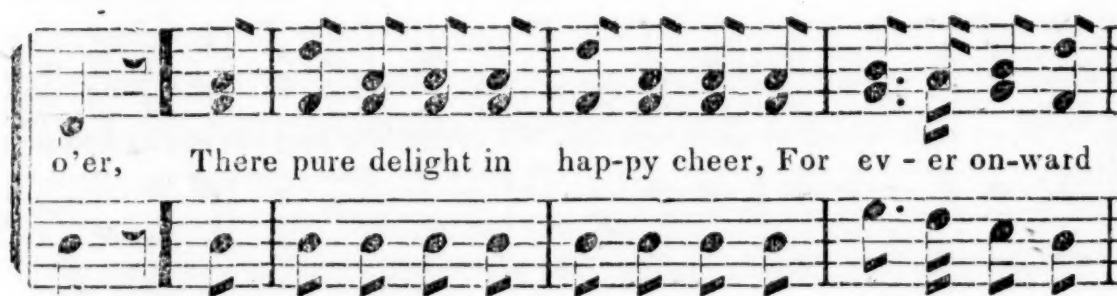
day-light's past, The rapids are near, and the day-light's past.

The Christian's Anchor.

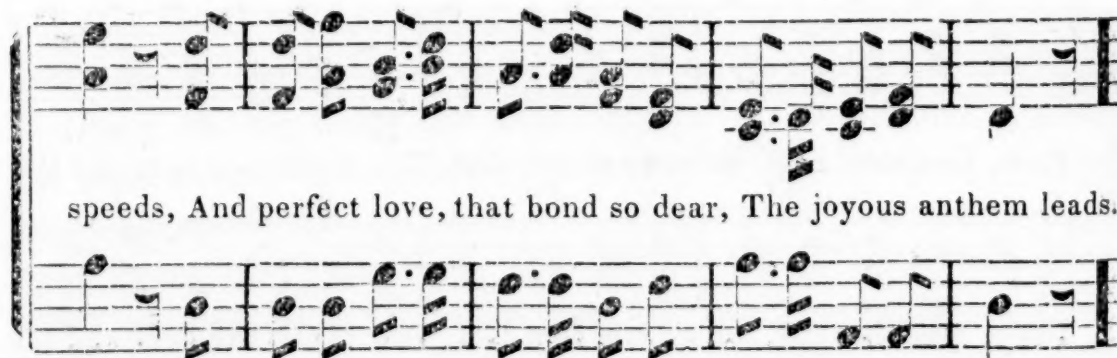
1. O glad-ly would the spir-it rise, Far from this stor-my



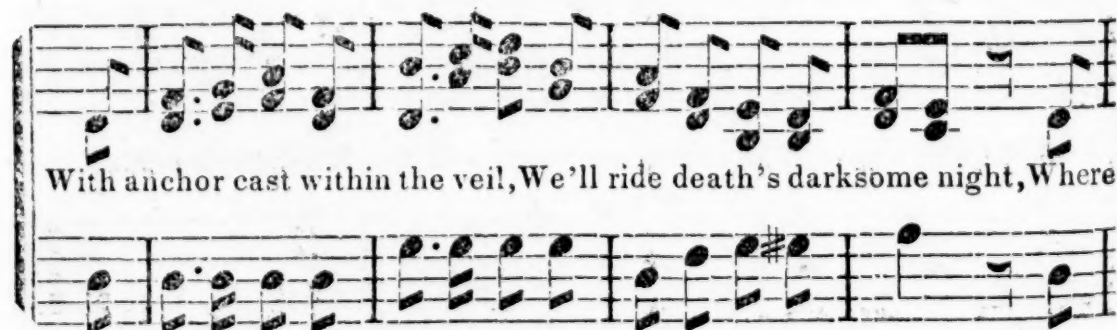
shore, And join the chorus of the skies, With those whose toils are



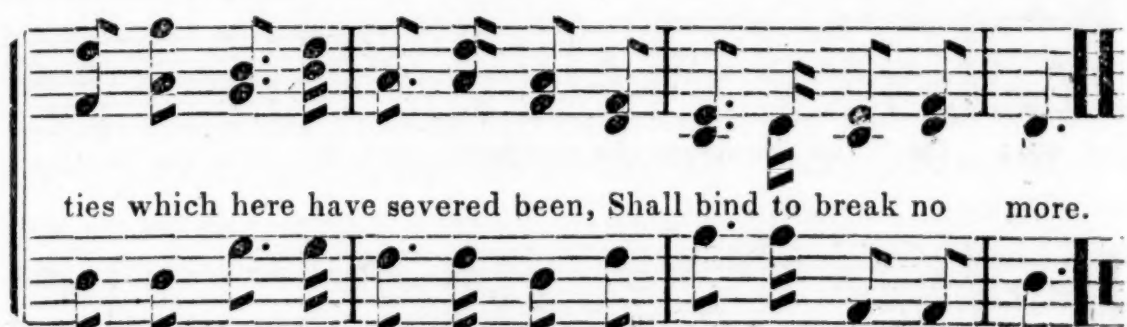
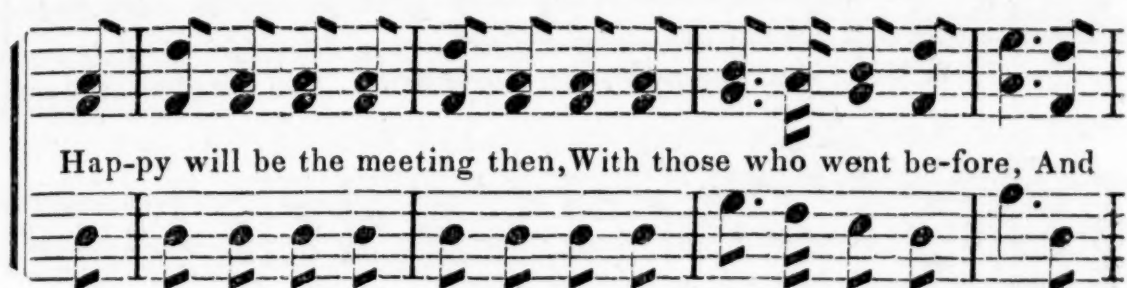
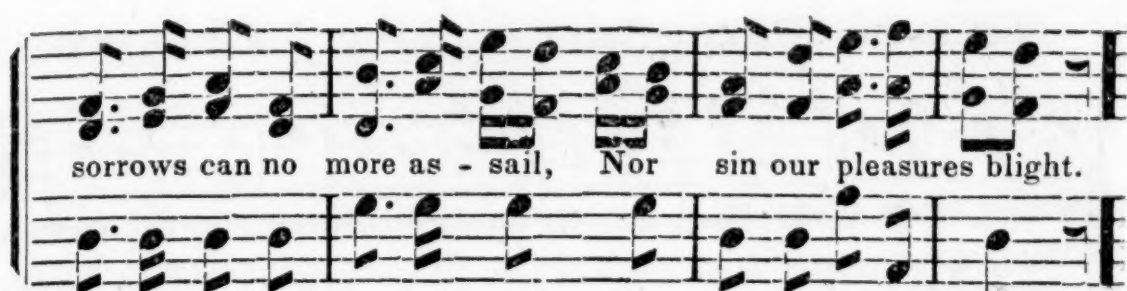
o'er, There pure delight in hap-py cheer, For ev - er on-ward



speeds, And perfect love, that bond so dear, The joyous anthem leads.

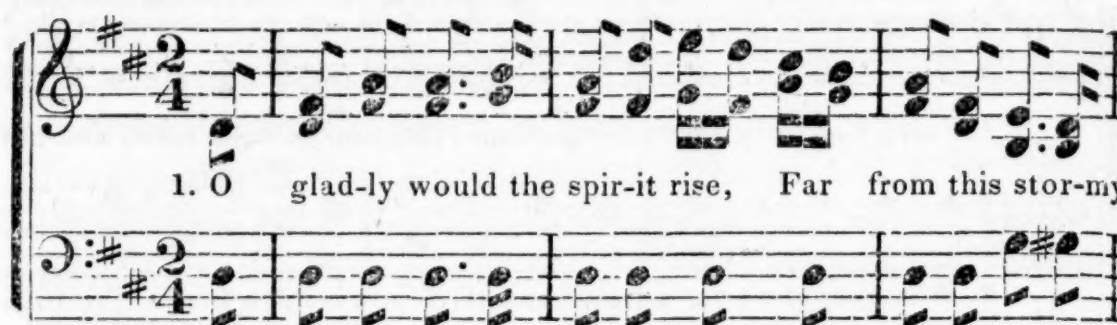


With anchor cast within the veil, We'll ride death's darksome night, Where



2. They sing of faith in Jesus's name,
That terrors could not move;
Nor height, nor depth, nor death's cold stream,
Could quench the flame of love;
For safely on from grace to grace
They've braved each threatening gale,
And now each loved one, face to face,
In heaven, their home, they hail.
We'll cast our anchor on the shore,
Beyond death's dreary shade,
Where trials can assail no more,
Nor youthful pleasures fade.
Happy will be the meeting then,
That blest immortal day,
Of those who friends on earth had been,
Where love can ne'er decay.

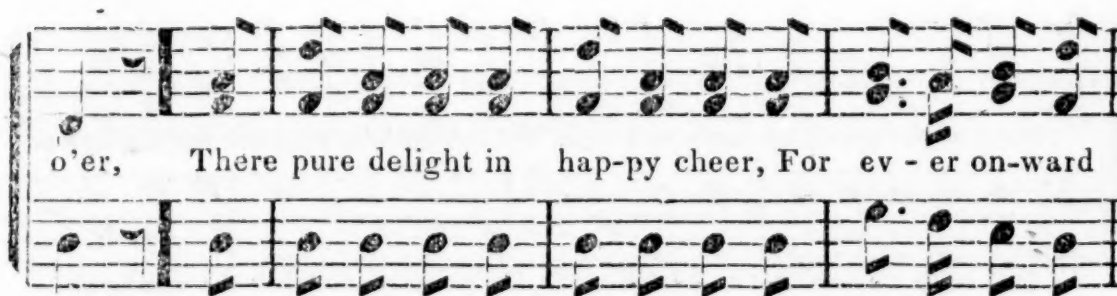
3. In those bright realms, in happy cheer,
Shall friends and kindred meet,
And with the smile of rapture dear,
Each other kindly greet.
And while we tread life's mazy round,
This hope shall light the way,
As homeward to the skies we're bound,
Where darkness ends in day.
We'll cast our anchor in the veil,
Beyond this sinful realm,
Nor heed the storms that may assail—
Our Father's at the helm!
Happy will be that countless band,
Beyond death's realm afar,—
For love o'erflows the promised land,
Where all our treasures are.

The Christian's Anchor.

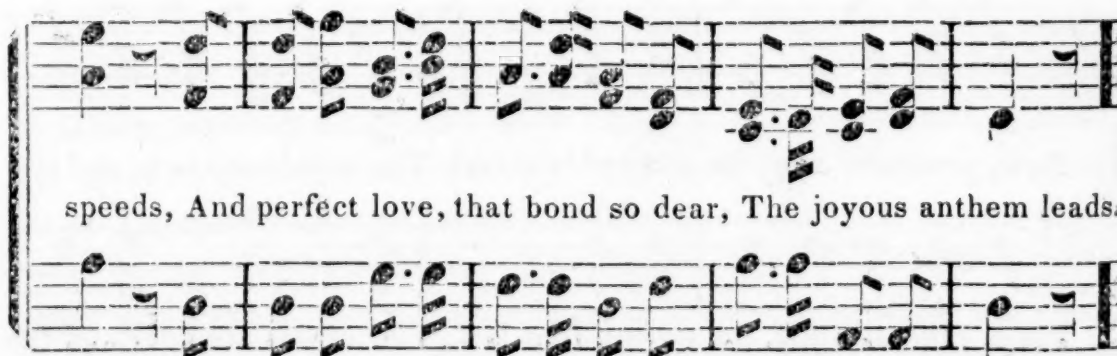
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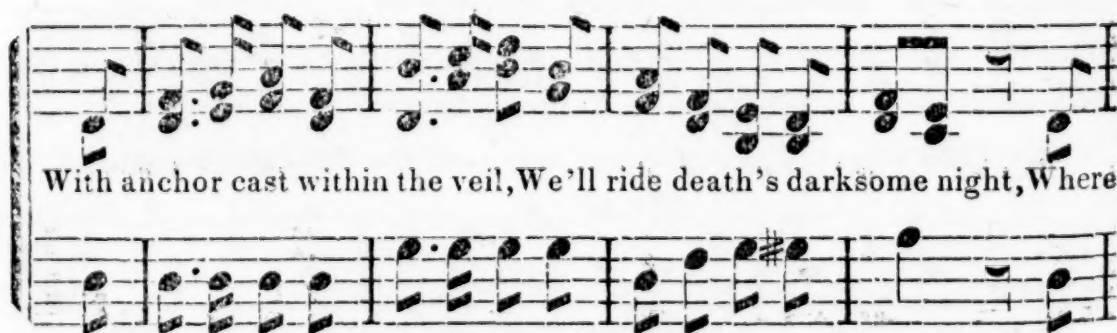
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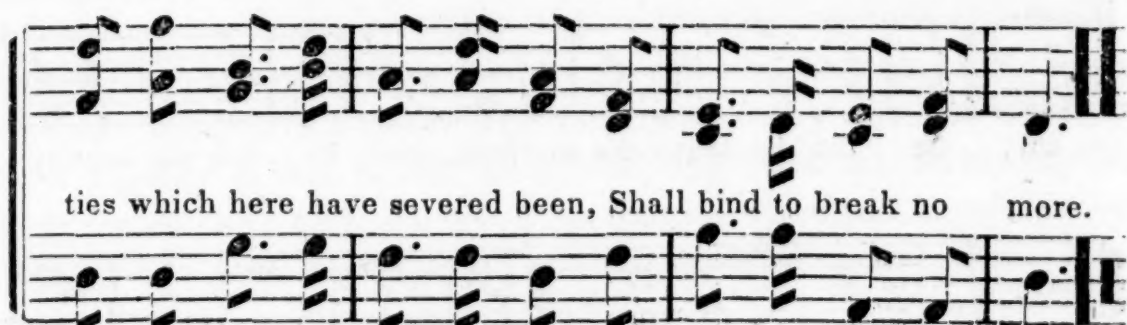
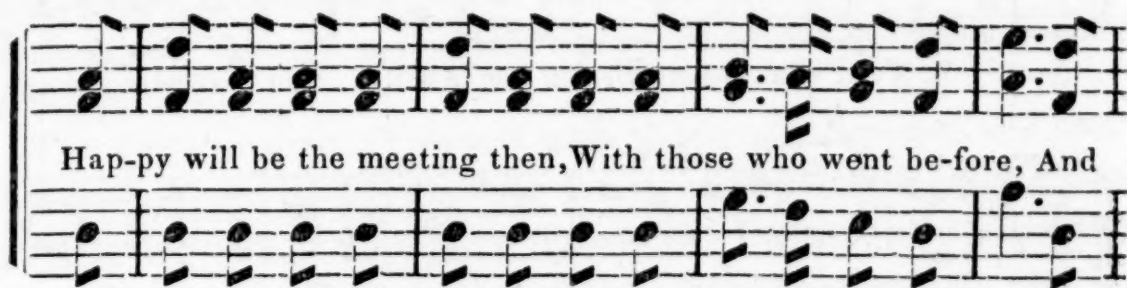
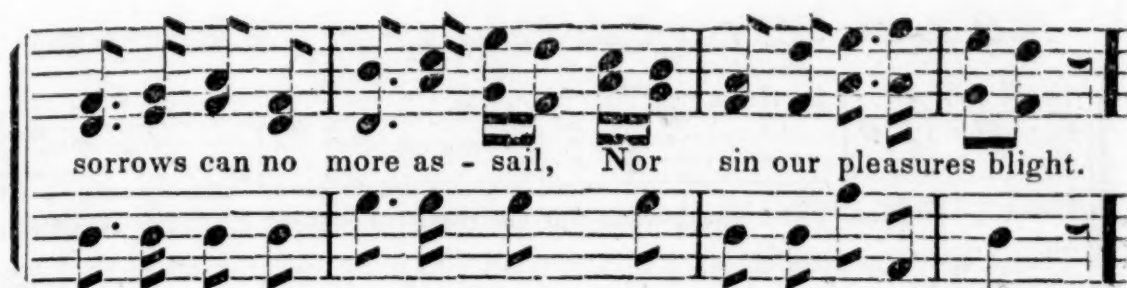
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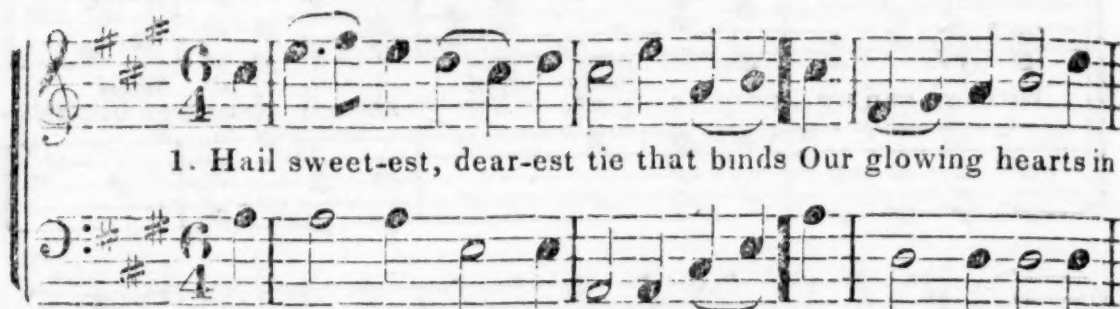
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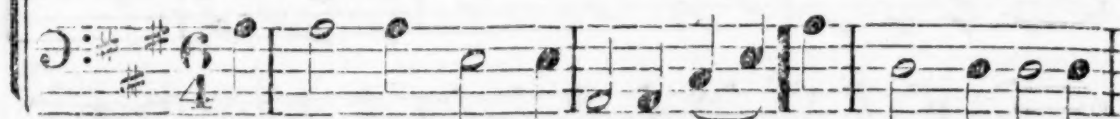
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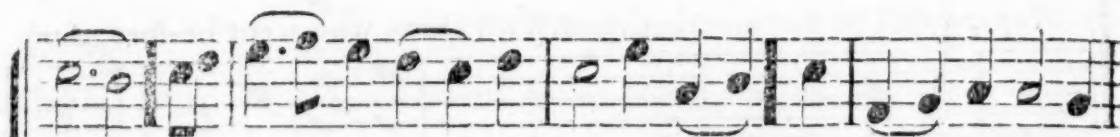
The Christian's Hope.



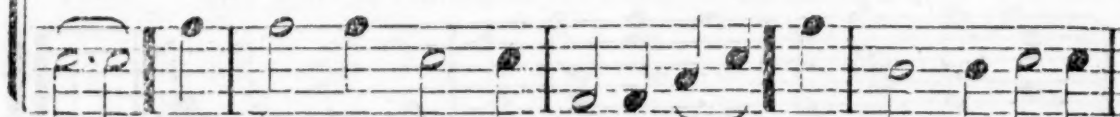
1. Hail sweet-est, dear-est tie that binds Our glowing hearts in



2. What tho' the north-ern winds arise, And howl around our



one! Hail sacred hope, that tunes our minds To sing what God hath



got; Or tho' be-neath the southern skies, Be cast our earthly



done! It is the hope, the blissful hope, Which gospel grace hath given; The



lot; Yet still we share the blissful hope The Savior's grace hath given, The



hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heaven.



hope when days and years are past; We all shall meet in heaven.

3. From eastern shores, from northern lands, 4. No hope deferred, no parting sigh.
From western hill and plain— That blessed meeting knows;

From southern climes, the brother bands, There pleasure beams from every eye,
May hope to meet again. And joy immortal glows.

It is the hope, the blissful hope, O cherish then the blissful hope,
Which love divine hath given; Which love divine hath given,

The hope when life and time are o'er, The hope when time shall be no more,
We all shall meet in heaven. We all shall meet in heaven.

UNBELIEF AND FAITH.

AN ALLEGORY.

On a bright and beautiful morning in early spring-time, I started in company with my mother, to perform a short journey, — ay, very short — for I was often assured that it was but a mere span. Yet to my unpracticed mind, the distance seemed interminable.

For a time I amused myself with gathering flowers, and often clasped a thorn when I thought to embrace a daughter of Flora. And when weary, I flung myself upon the first fragrant knoll that presented itself, where I inhaled the odoriferous breeze, and listened to the sweet minstrelsy of the feathered creation, until I was refreshed and invigorated to pursue my journey.

Many travellers were in that path, and every one was attended with a guide of his, or her, own selecting. But whilst my mother held me by the hand, I heeded no other — though I must confess that I often glided from her side, and rambled in by-paths, which seemed to me to run parallel with the road to happiness. But such deviations were ever attended with sorrow and pain. At one time, my feet were lacerated with thorns ; at another, a cruel mastiff worried me, until, trembling with terror, I threw myself into my mother's arms.

Our way lay through a dark and gloomy forest — the tops of whose trees were so interwoven, that scarcely an interval appeared to admit the rays of the sun. Whilst groping our way in the midst of the thicket, a messenger was seen approaching upon a white horse. He came for my mother. She welcomed him with a smile, and gave him her hand. Yet a shade of sorrow crossed her placid brow as she bade me "Farewell," — and I saw her no more.

I was soon aroused to a keener sense of my loneliness, by an exhortation, "To secure a guide for myself, before I proceeded farther." I applied to a steward of the King's highway for assistance ; but it was totally unavailable by me, as he gave his directions in an unknown tongue. However, on looking around, I espied an elderly dame, upon whose brow the traces of care and thought, and a stoical indifference, had been written with an

unerring hand. This, said I, shall be my guide ; for she will at least teach me patience.

I soon joined hands with "Unbelief," for that was her name, and pressed forward, determined to finish my journey as soon as possible. I soon discovered light, which I supposed indicated the termination of the forest ; but my guide assured me that it was the Garden of Reason. We approached and entered it. It was a fascinating spot. The beautiful was there, to please the eye — sweet music charmed the ear — and the most delicious fruits in rich profusion gave ample variety to the palate. There we inhaled the most exquisite odors, while the softly sighing zephyrs gave elasticity and buoyancy to every living creature. But still that gloomy forest encircled it on every side.

As I pursued my way, rejoicing in the light of reason, and the gratification of sense, I suddenly discovered a small burial ground. On approaching the tomb-stones, I read the name of my mother and others of the loved and true, who had been carried away by the messenger on the pale horse.

My guide, seeing that I regarded the burial place with attention, immediately commenced a harangue on the pleasures of sense. Hold ! cried I ; tell me, is there, or is there not, a point still future, where I shall meet the lost and loved of earth, in one unbroken communion ?

"Nay, foolish one," she replied, "there is no future. Can you not content yourself with this untold profusion of NATURE'S goodness ?"

No, rejoined I ; I cannot, nor do I desire to. The fairest flower that decks Nature's diadem, is but a cold, unlovely thing if this is all we live for. Oh ! tell me of an indestructible immortality, and I will bless you till my latest breath.

As she opened her lips to reply, a dark frown rested upon her brow, and she flung my hand from her, saying, "My name is *Unbelief*." Then quickly disappearing, she broke the spell which had transformed the wilderness to a lovely garden.

Unbelief had scarce departed, when a beautiful, sunny-eyed damsel approached me, saying, "My name is *Faith*. Shall I accompany you as your guide ?"

Can you assure me of an undying and sinless communion with the precious loves of earth ? I replied.

"I can," was her ready response. "My Father, who is essentially and unchangably *Love*, sent me into the world for the express purpose of strengthening the hearts of His weak, frail children, by weaving a halo of light and glory, and flinging it over the tomb, where it is crowned with the bow of promise, whose summit is lost in the throne of the Eternal."

I seized her hand, and imprinting on it an impassioned kiss, begged her to hasten from the forest. She returned my kiss, and thus addressed me, "Sister, you must learn a lesson of trustfulness and confidence in God, ere we quite leave this wild. Look! what seest thou?"

I turned my eyes as she directed, and replied, I see a gate, no larger than a man's hand. Around, all is dark and indistinct.

"Yet," said she, "through that gate we must pass."

We did so, and found it sufficiently large to admit as many persons as might choose to pass.

"From this," said she, "remember that God never requires you to perform any duty, or to endure any trial, without making ample provision for your welfare and safety."

ORIANNA.

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

The letter from home! Oh how the heart beats
When the letter arrives, long expected to come!
What a joyous reception that loved paper meets,
Which we know, at a glance, is a letter from home!

'Tis a letter from home! There's a flush on the cheek,
And the heart with emotions long cherished beats high;
And while on those lines, which seem almost to speak,
We look, there's a tear—'tis of joy—in the eye.

'Tis a letter from home; and it cometh to say
That the absent and loved ones remember us yet;
And the pen, at the homestead, can ever portray
The sun-shine of hope, and the shade of regret.

MY FATHER! if THOU the dark lot hast decreed,
That I on this wide earth should evermore roam,
Grant often the blessing the wanderer will need—
Let the lone heart be cheered by *the letter from home*.

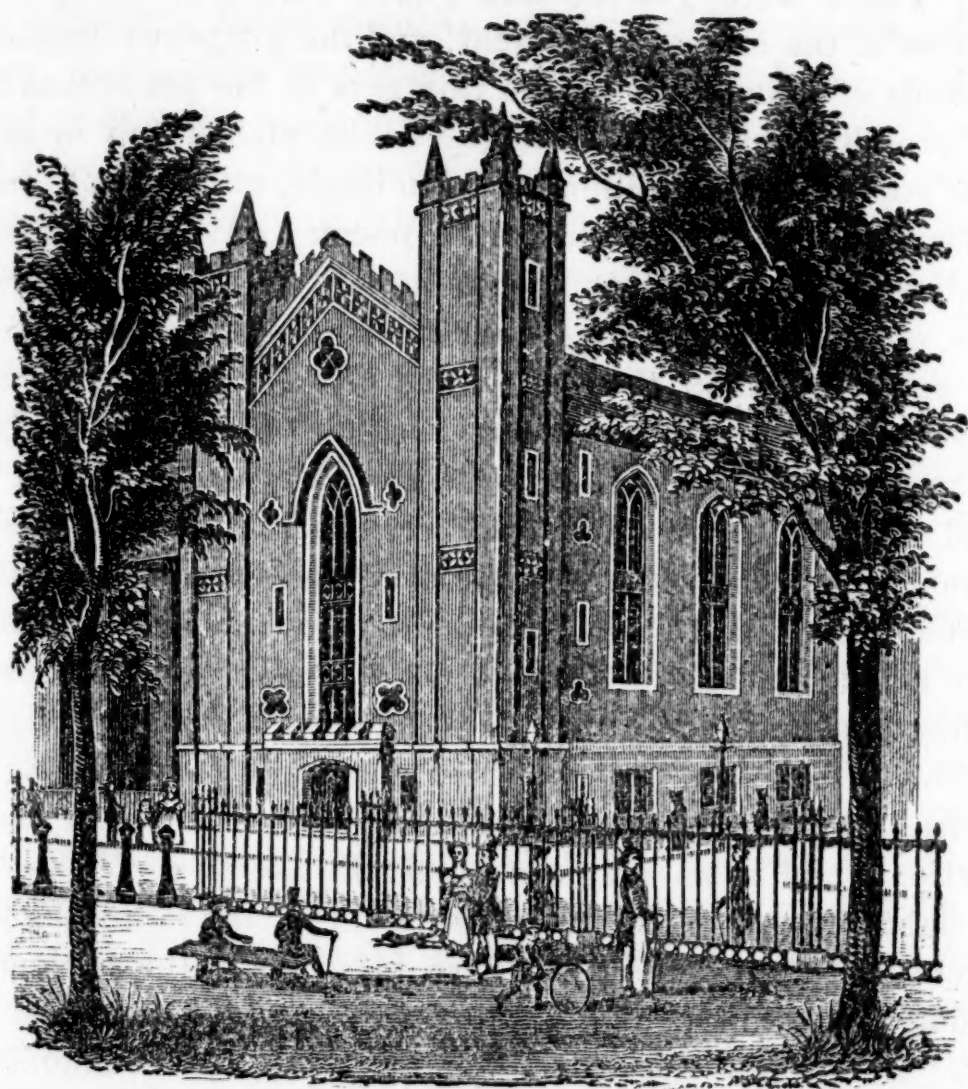
EUGENIA.

ALONE.

There is something chilling in the thought that one is alone. Solitude in a desert is dreadful — yes, it is dreadful to be where no human form appears to cheer the eye, or gladden the heart. But if I *must* be alone, let me be in a desert : solitude there would not be half so dreadful as it is in the thronged city. What is it to me, to know that I live in the midst of a people that are kind and social, and in point of privileges are exalted to the very heavens ? *What* if they kindly sympathize with each other, when the hour of trial comes ? What is all this to me ? If, with my heart torn to bleeding, — with a spirit wounded to death, I must brood over my sorrows alone, alone, — better, far better, than some wilderness were my habitation ; for there, at least, I could hold communion with my Maker, undisturbed by cruel mockery.

If I *must* be alone, I would not have my path strewn with flowers, a bright sunshine over head, and gentle zephyrs fanning my temples ; but I would wander the trackless waste, or climb the mountain's rugged side, in the midst of whirlwind and storm. And when fancy takes her airy flights, and far up in the cerulean vault I ride, over hill, valley and plain, I would not recline upon a soft, white cloud, wafted by gentle breezes ; but I would be seated on a thunder-cloud, and by the wings of mighty winds hurried along, marking the track of the forked lightning, teeming with destruction, it descended to earth. And as clouds crashed against clouds, threatening annihilation, I would rejoice that I was alone — that no terror-stricken loved ones were with me.

And when the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl about to be broken, if no kindred spirit is near, I would not be in the habitation of man, with a gaping multitude around me ; but I would be in some lonely glen in the wild-wood, with the earth for my bed, and its drapery nought save the blue canopy of heaven. There — far, far from mortal ken — would I breathe my last prayer, and there would I have the nightingale and wish to wish to chant my requiem. And when some pitying stranger should find my remains, and consign them to their mother earth, I would that my epitaph might be, Here lies one who lived and died ALONE.



TEMPLE....TREMONT-ST....BOSTON.

A DREAM.

I had been one evening reading a poetess' description of her 'sanctum.' Books, flowers, pictures, and all the other *et-cetera*, with which a lady of refined taste loves to surround herself, were bewitchingly portrayed, and I shut my eyes upon my own bare nestling-place, because its naked comforts were then so vexing to me. The uncovered table, unornamented wall, the *out-of-way* box for the books, the few nearer at hand which were always *in the way*—all these were but eye-sores then : so I shut my lids, leaned back in my chair, and 'dreamed a dream.'

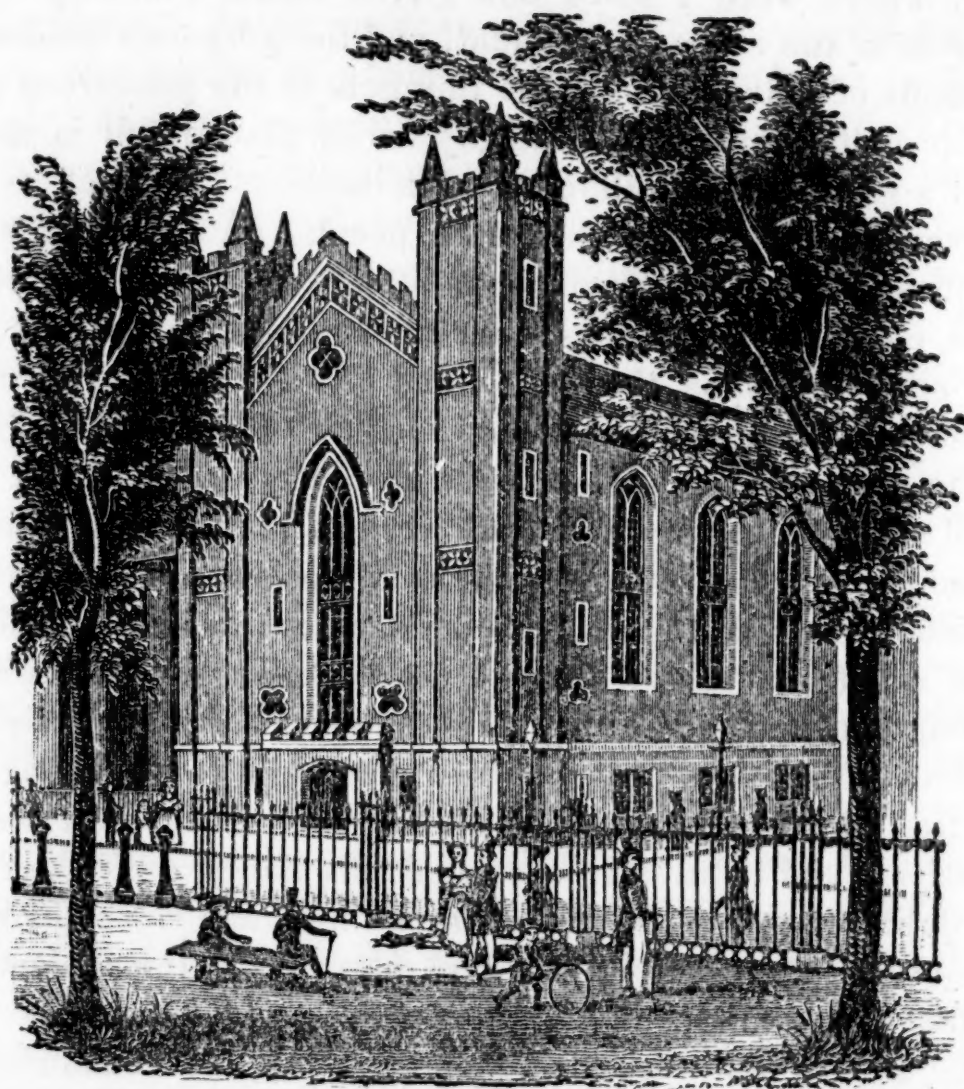
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I thought that I was in the splendid library of an elegant stu-

dent. There were glassed and gilded cases, reaching to the lofty roof of the arched apartment, and the gorgeous binding of thousands of volumes, from the tiny gem to the ponderous tomes stood proudly there, with their gay backs placed full in the student's view. Richly illuminated missals, curious and antique manuscripts, splendidly illustrated poems, gaudy annuals, portfolios of elegant engravings, paintings, drawings, herbariums, diaries, common-place books, collections of autographs, &c., &c. were scattered upon the tables and floor. There were richly wrought cabinets, and arabesque cases for other articles of value, and the ancient writing-desk, with its heavy carvings and high-backed stuffed seat, had a very wise and venerable look, as though it had imbibed a goodly share of the erudition by which it was surrounded. Here and there, in some dark recess, was standing in bright relief, the snowy form of the Grecian sculptor, with his beaming eye and soul-lit features, sending forth their high and unfailing inspiration. There were delicate exotics, lifting their pure frail blossoms amidst the rich festoons of the dark window-draperies ; and in an open casement was placed an *Æolian* harp. The light breeze which kissed its strings, and bore their faint harmony and the scent of the rare blossoms to the student, was also dallying with the thin locks which shaded his broad white brow. Before him were his implements for the communication of high thought, and at one hand the chased goblet from which he sipped inspiring nectar ; while upon the other was a tiny piece of gorgeous workmanship, and evidently of German invention. There was a mimic sea, with its tiny, ceaseless undulations, and on that sea a boat, with the figure of that being who has but the one lock of hair, and that upon his forehead. He was incessantly tossing upon that troubled surface ; and as ever and anon the beauteous Hours arose, at their appointed times, from beneath the blue waves, he raised his black oar, and struck the blow which sent them back, whether one, or two, or twelve, as the case might be ; and as his heavy stroke resounded through the room, the student was warned that those Hours had departed forever.

I watched him long, as he sat wrapped in the thick folds of his damask gown, and I saw that the cheek grew paler, the locks thinner, the locks whiter, the eye more sunken, and the nerves less firm, as the hours disappeared more rapidly away. At length his task was done. He arose, with the finished and rich

covered manuscript in his hand, and went to the long-expecting crowd without. As he read, in silvery tones and with polished accents, the results of a life of intellectual toil, the multitude shouted, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." The old man listened to the loud plaudits which rang upon the breeze, and, tremulous with joy, he sought the support of his couch, laid his head upon its light pillows, and with those acclamations still echoing in his ears, he closed his eyes, and died. * * *

There was a vague, dim grandeur in that funeral pomp, and silence most stern. The voice of the mourners was not, and the shouts of the people were hushed, and the study had vanished all away; and when I looked again for the proud obelisk which marked *his* grave, it had disappeared. * * *

Above me was the vast dome of ether, and around me the rude habitations of humble men. The rippling brook and low-murmuring forest sent their sad music upon the free winds from the mountain height; and under the boughs of a wide-spreading tree, was seated a simply-clad man. He lifted his eyes to heaven, then glanced upon the earth beneath and around, and then renewed his stern contemplation of something which he held in his hand. I looked to see what it might be, and behold! it was a human heart! And there he watched, as time passed on, the throbs of joy, and pangs of woe, the writhings, contortions, shrinkings and dilations, swellings and flutterings, contractions and expansions, of that little thing. Yet there must have been there much food for thought — for years passed by, and blanched the thick locks, and furrowed the dark brow, and dimmed the keen eye; and then he arose, and with his heavy hand he engraved upon the hard rocks the knowledge which he had obtained from that unheeded teacher.

There were few to see him, or care what he might write; and none dared to lift up their voice, and say that the inscriptions upon the rough stone were full of deep teachings. But the old man knew that the tracery there could never be effaced, and that in the ages which it would endure, there would be many to view it, and that, from all who had a heart, its high revelations would meet an appreciation and response. So he went and laid him down under the shadow of the old tree, and folded his arms upon his breast, and awaited the footsteps of the last comer. There was nought to shelter him but the straggling bough, and he

could look up and see, in the bright depths above, a form invisible to all below, and hear that voice which said, "To thee have I given an undying name." * * *

The old tree sent down its sere leaves to shroud the still forest, and the forest-winds pealed out the deep dirge; and the form which he had seen and heard, was made visible in the shadow of twilight to those beneath. It was Fame, with her glittering robe and laurel wreaths, and as she soared far above us, I wished to see if there was not one for me.

It dropped upon that roughly carved rock, and then came the sands to see what might be there; and when they had deciphered the writing upon the stone, and revealed its sublime though simple records to the throng around, they rent their garments, and cast ashes upon their heads, crying, "Woe! woe! that the mighty should come and depart, and the living never know that they *are*, but only that they *have been*!" And they watered the wreath with their tears, and built fine monuments on the spot where the old man died alone.

And I said to Fame, "Give me the wreath, that I may rejoice in it ere I die." And she said, "It is not for thee;" and the far-off rocks echoed the words, "Not for thee;" and the voice of the stream, and the whisper of the winds, seemed also to say, "It is not for thee." Then I said, "Not the wreath, which may be a symbol to others, but one little sprig, that I may bear it to my bosom, and show it to those who are near and dear to me." And the voice said, "Not yet, not yet;" and the distant rocks sent back the reply, "Not yet." Again it continued, "Hast thou not marked *his* patient watchings? — Go thou and do likewise."

She placed the heart in my hand, and as I seated myself beneath that old tree to renew his watchings, there was a loud sound from the forest trees, as of a heavy thunder-crash. I started to my feet. 'Twas but the striking of the factory-bell, but my dream was broken.

ELLA.

THE FOREST TREES.

They're beautiful ! they're beautiful !
 The spreading forest trees,
 By morning's gentle zephyrs fanned,
 Or by the noontide breeze.
 And when o'er them the setting sun
 Casts his last lingering ray,
 Oh then they seem too beautiful,
 Too lovely for decay !

We love them in the spring-time, when
 The cold winds from the north
 Are hushed, and warmer breezes come
 To call the green leaves forth.
 We then in every opening bud
 Our Father's love may see,
 Who in a robe of beauty decks
 Each woodland forest tree.

When brightly beams the summer sun,
 And sultry is the air,
 Oh, it is then we joyfully
 To their cool shade repair :
 Where we may see the wood-birds come,
 Melodious in their lays,
 And perch upon the boughs, to hymn
 Their varied songs of praise.

And in the early autumn, when
 The summer days have flown,
 They're lovely in the gorgeous robe
 Which over them is thrown.
 But soon is heard in forest dell
 The wild wind's moaning sound,
 And then those leaves, of every hue,
 Lie scattered all around.

" 'Tis ever thus." The things of earth,
 All beautiful and bright,
 Are fleeting, fading—destined soon
 To meet decay and blight.
 Yet oh, there is a "better land,"
 Where sorrows never come,
 Where no decay or blight is known—
 It is the "spirit's home."

R. C. T.

DIGNITY OF LABOR.

From whence originated the idea, that it was derogatory to lady's dignity, or a blot upon the female character, to labor and who was the first to say, sneeringly, 'Oh, she *works* for living'? Surely, such ideas and expressions ought not to grow on republican soil. The time has been, when ladies of the first rank were accustomed to busy themselves in domestic employment.

Homer tells us of princesses who used to draw water from the springs, and wash with their own hands the finest of the linen for their respective families. The famous Lucretia used to spin in the midst of her attendants; and the wife of Ulysses, after the siege of Troy, employed herself in weaving, until her husband returned to Ithaca. And in later times, the wife of George the Third, of England, has been represented as spending a whole evening in hemming pocket-handkerchiefs, while her daughter Mary sat in the corner, darning stockings.

Few American fortunes will support a woman who is above the calls of her family; and a man of sense, in choosing a companion to jog with him through all the up-hills and down-hills of life, would sooner choose one who *had* to work for a living, than one who thought it beneath her to soil her pretty hands with manual labor, although she possessed her thousands. To be able to earn one's own living by laboring with the hands, should be reckoned among female accomplishments; and I hope the time is not far distant when none of my countrywomen will be ashamed to have it known that they are better versed in useful, than that they are in ornamental accomplishments.

C. B.

GOSSIP AND MIMICRY.

'Do laugh with me, Fanny,' said the merry, fun-loving Jane Bartlett, as she 'just dropped in' to Mr. Gould's sitting-room. 'I am so tickled, as Mary Wood says. *Apropos*, Mary was in to our house last evening. You know I make it quite an object to accommodate myself to every body and thing ; so we talked like this, —

'I thought I would just call,' said Mary.

'You are welcome,' said I. 'Be seated, Mary; and tell me, how does your calf grow now?' I said this with all the *sang froid* I could possibly *hunt up*, as Mr. Jones says.

'Oh ! you never *did* see a creature grow as he does,' answered Mary, raising both hands and laughing heartily. 'I get into his pen and have a real caper with him every day. You never saw a creature *so* full of the matter. His horns a'n't more than so long ; or perhaps they are so long' — again measuring her finger — 'and the foolish creature tries to hook, don't you think ?'

'He must be very amusing,' said I.

'I guess he is,' answered Mary, chuckling with-delight. 'This morning, he was flying round, throwing up his heels just like our white colt, when he caught one foot in a small hole in my dress, and tore it like this. Just see, Jane. I held it together so, when I came in here ; but James Colby saw it, I know he did ; for he tickled and laughed well.'

'And what did your mother say to your torn and soiled dress?' I inquired.

'Oh ! just as she always does, "a stitch in time saves nine ;" and I answered as I always do, "It is of no use to cry for spilt milk." Speaking of milk makes me think how old Brindle served me one day this week. Did I tell you about it, Jane ?'

I answered in the negative.

'Well, I guess you would have been tickled, if you had seen her. I let the calf out of his pen, just to see him play, while I was milking. He began flying about, *lickity stave* ; and by-and-by, what did he do but run right under old Brindle, that I was milking. Poor old Brindle did n't know what to make of it ; and the way she kicked was the spitefullest you ever saw. She sent my pail out of my hand, and the milk all over me. I thought I

should have died laughing. The calf bounced into the barn-floor and I sneaked into the house with my empty pail, the worst-looking creature you ever saw.'

'And what did your mother say to this misfortune?' I inquired.

'Oh! "Wisdom once bought is worth wisdom twice taught or something of that kind. But I must go.'

'Don't hurry at all,' said I.

'I must. We've got a sight to do. Our folks are going ploughing to day, we are washing, and I have got a sick lamb to take care of. I am afraid it will die, in spite of me. I have doctored and doctored it — given it sweetened milk, pepper, salt and vinegar.'

'You go on the Thompsonian plan, do you?' said I.

'There, *does* Jim Thompson give pepper, salt and vinegar to his lambs? I shall give up now. He said he would as soon give them — I 'most forgot what it was — carbonation gas, I believe. But I must go, I declare.'

'I was too full of laugh to say, "Pray, don't hurry;" so she went, *lickity cut*, as she says. — How I do stroll off from myself! I came in here, all breathless with haste, to tell you something: what could it be? Do give me a guiding clue; what do I say, Fanny?'

'You said, "ha, ha, ha," and "he, he, he; do laugh with me, Fanny. I am so tickled, as Mary Wood says," or to that amount,' answered Fanny, laughing.

'Well, now let me fix myself with my elbow on my knee, like this; with my finger on my lip, like this; and my eyes squint, like this; and fixed on a vacancy, like this. There, Fanny, am I not what Mr. Barlow would call an "apt and beautiful illustration" of Mrs. Woodbury?'

'He would think, as I do, that your position has no effect on your recollective powers,' said Fanny.

'I can account for this failure, satisfactorily,' replied Jane. 'I cannot find in your room a bit of a vacancy; minerals, shells, and coins, here; plants, books, maps, and paintings, there, and there, and there. Now, what will be done about a vacancy?'

'Indeed, I fear I cannot assist you. I am not at all skilled in discovering vacuums.'

'Ha! I am thinking what that sublimely pompous Mr. Barlow would say, if he were here. Let me mount this ottoman, and

fix myself in the attitude of a stump orator ; then I will illustrate, as he says. Ask for beauties, sublimities, and mysteries, and they can be pointed out to you. Creation teems with them. They “glow in the stars, and blossom in the trees ;” they frown in the ragged precipice, and smile on the placid surface of the lake. They speak when

“From rock to rock, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ;”

and when “multitudes of living creatures that we do not see, hymn their low melodies.” But talk not of vacancies — of vacuums. The terms are useless. They — they — “Down, by Jupiter !” as Marryatt says, on a somewhat similar occasion. But perhaps I have done Mr. Barlow justice, so I will condescend to descend from my ascended ascent.’

‘Jane, did you not promise Miss Smith that you would drop your habit of mimicry?’

‘Yes, on condition that she would tell no more lies,’ answered Jane.

‘Why, Jane ! what a term !’

‘Most appropriate and just, I assure you, my dear,’ answered Jane. ‘Some writer, Mrs. Opie, I think, says, “Lying is an intention to deceive.” Dr. Paley says, “A lie is a breach of promise ;” and Mr. Parkhurst says, “As the evil of lying consists in the *deception*, it follows that any mode whatever of deceiving, involves the guilt of lying.” Now, by all these infallibles, Frances Smith stands convicted of falsehood ; for a day does not pass without a practice of deception on her part.’

‘Indeed, Jane, you mistake. She is one of the most ingenuous, frank-hearted girls I ever knew. I am surprised that you allow yourself to make use of such terms in speaking of one so excellent.’

‘You “see through a glass darkly,” my dear child, or you would perceive that it is this very excellence of which you speak which prompts to the deceptions she is constantly practising. You recollect she told us, when we called there, of the pain in her head and side, caused by her attendance on her mother, day and night. And she told us of her endeavors to conceal her indisposition from her mother, from her fears of distressing her, and thus retarding her recovery. Now what is this but deception ? And what am I, but a most profound metaphysician ?’

‘Why, what benevolent husband does not wear a smile home, when he is harassed by cares and toils? What good wife does not smile cheerfully on her husband, when tortured with pain, to relieve his anxieties for her?’

‘Well, my dear, you have made a fine speech,’ said Jane, courtesying low to her. ‘But remember, if you bring all this under any other denomination than that of lying, you wage war with the shade of Paley. I leave you to settle the question with him. I adopt him for my standard, and retain my position; perhaps only because it suits my convenience on the present occasion, and perhaps from weightier motives. I have a passion for mimicry; and I promise compliance with the entreaties of my friends, when they cease to be liars all, when measured by Paley, Parkhurst and Opie. But what was it that I wished to tell you? Let me go into the kitchen, or somewhere, where I can find a vacancy; then the spirit of Mrs. Woodbury will aid me.’

‘What with stove-furniture, tea-trays, &c., you would find fewer vacancies than here.’

‘Ah! and alas! I know what Ed. Cushing would say, if he were here. He would tell me to go to the mirror, and look at my own head, if I wanted to see a vacuum. By the way, did it never occur to you that Cushing is a sad plagiarist? He *studied* Boz, Jack Downing, Sam Slick, and all kindred works, even the thing that comes along in the shape of wit and satire; culls *bon mots*, repartees, puns, and anecdotes from them, and then palmed them off upon the community as originals. And Mr. Barlow is not a whit more honest, although of different *coinage*. He has read Byron, Shakspeare, Young, and Pollock, until he has them verbatim. He deals profusely in their riches and beauties. If he would confess that in this he is trading on a borrowed capital, and thus render “tribute to whom tribute is due,” this would be vastly delightful. For, “between you and me,” as Mrs. Woodbury says, he is a dear soul, in spite of his affectation, and I like him *terribly*, as Mary Wood says of her kitten. Now I think of it, did you hear that he is shaping his addresses to Cynthia Munroe?’

‘No; I did not,’ answered Fanny.

‘Then Mrs. Woodbury has not got so far as here, I presume, for she is going the rounds with a string of communication which she is scattering under charge of secrecy.’

‘And this is the way you obey her injunctions, Jane,’ said Fanny, smiling.

‘Oh! she has no meaning when she says, “Don’t tell of it, for your life.” It is the mere result of habit. Or perhaps she does wish to monopolize the retailing of these reports; and adopts this as a means. I love to foil her, it annoys her so effectually. Ha! I will tell you how I superceded her, while you were at Boston. Somehow she obtained the secret of Grace Eaton’s intended marriage, and off she started, after stowing away her dishes unwashed — as I ascertained by actual inspection — and sending her children to school, although it was but eight o’clock. She called at our house first, as first on her route. She was looking *awful important*, as Mary says, when she came in, and I knew what to infer. Mother requested her to be seated.

“‘I declare, Mrs. Bartlett, I should be glad to stop; but I am in such a hurry,” said she. “I thought I would just call; and do tell me if you have heard that Grace Eaton is fixing to be married?”

‘I lifted both hands, opened my mouth and eyes, and feigning great surprise, said, Do tell! Mother answered coolly in the negative, as she looked a reproof at me.

“‘Well, there’s no disputing it. Our Maria was in there yesterday; and Grace was marking lots of sheets and pillow cases with her own initials. So there is no doubt of it; but who the fellow can be, is the puzzle. It appears to me she has been unpardonably sly about the affair. I presume she has her reasons. Well, some folks are very strange. Now I pay my neighbors the compliment to believe that I can repose some confidence in them. Still every one has a right to act as one pleases; and on this ground Grace stands excused for her secrecy. Really, I cannot stop another moment, Mrs. Bartlett; I am in such a hurry. I must call on Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Osborn. I know you will not mention what I have told you, you are so prudent. Good morn — or you must call, ladies; good morning.”

‘I darted out at the back door, as she left the room; and had just time to inform Mrs. Barker, *en passant*, that Grace was preparing to be married, when Mrs. Woodbury rang. I then passed along the back street, called at every house, and imitating Mrs.

Woodbury's tone and manner, informed them of Grace's preparations. They all understood what it meant, and laughed heartily at my portraiture. I never saw one look so crest-fallen as the poor woman did on her return. She had been through the village, without finding one person ignorant of intelligence with which she was near bursting. She must have received a dreadful shock. I have been watching for symptoms of decline, but fail to detect any as yet. Perhaps she found an antidote in carrying about reports of Laronne Blair's anticipated legacy.'

'How very severe you are !' exclaimed Fanny.

'Am I not just ?'

'Perhaps you are unnecessarily so, my dear Jane.'

'Aye, yes, of course, and probably,' said Jane, laughing. 'But I must send myself home. There is no prospect of finding that vacancy.'

'Perhaps a vacancy in your rodomontade would answer your purpose, Jane.'

'Aye, aye, yes ; perhaps it would. But really, I am in such a hurry — would be glad to stop longer with you, but can't — must call on Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Walker, and Mrs. Hodge. Good morn — oh ! you must call ; good morning ; but I know you will not mention it to any body.' She said this in Mrs. Woodbury's manner, as she made her way to the door. She met Mrs. Woodbury at the door.

'Good morning, Mrs. Woodbury. Out on errands of mercy going about doing good, as Dea. Kimball's wife says, are you not ?' said Jane.

Mrs. Woodbury was too intensely occupied by her own speculations, to notice the covert rebuke of Jane's lively sally.

'Yes. How do you do ? and how is your mother ? I must call to see her ; but, really, I am in such a hurry — I have so much to do. I wish I could keep forty maids ; I really think I could find enough for them to do. Oh ! have you heard the story about Esq. Ames ?'

'Yes ; it is in every body's mouth. How queer !'

Mrs. Woodbury's countenance was instantly clouded. In losing this fund of gossip, she was deprived of her motives for coming abroad, and her materials for conversation.

Jane enjoyed her consternation a moment, and then, by wa

of witnessing a revulsion, she said, what was indeed true, 'Oh! I mistake. It was not the Esquire, but his brother, of whom I have heard "a thing or two," as Mary Wood says.'

Mrs. Woodbury was another being. She ceased biting her lip, and drew up her head. Her eye resumed its brilliancy, and her lip its smile.

'I thought strange; it is so recent,' said she. 'I thought it confined to the family and their intimate friends. But I am in such a hurry. I must tell you about it, however. He has sent his farewell to Miss Boott. Did you ever? I fear it will be any thing but a fare *well* to her, for she was very fond. But don't spread the story, Jane. Good morning. Oh! give my love to your mother. I must call on her while out.'

'Oh! you *must*,' said Jane, as she made her parting bow. She lingered a little, to look at the flowers, and before she left the yard, heard Mrs. Woodbury talking of her hurry and Mr. Ames.

Not long after this, Mrs. Woodbury again called round on her 'dear five hundred friends.' She did not call on Mrs. Gould. That lady was so avowedly averse to idle chit-chat, and so superior to its indulgence, that Mrs. Woodbury said, one time, to all she met in a round of morning calls, 'Mrs. Gould is a good woman—very excellent, no doubt; but one must make so much effort to sustain conversation from drooping, when with her. Well, she has a perfect right; but it is so strange.' Fanny saw her pass.

'Mrs. Woodbury does not favor us with a call this morning, mother,' said she, smiling. 'She felt the reproof your silence conveyed, on the morning of her *rattle* about Esq. Ames.'

'If she did, I cannot regret it, my dear. I must not become a party even in pleasant gossip, by assenting or listening complacently.'

'But here comes Jane Bartlett; now we shall have it all, if she has seen Mrs. Woodbury,' said Fanny, laughing.

Mrs. Gould left the room. Even before Jane reached the gate, she saw Fanny at a window and began to talk of good morning, such a hurry, very strange, &c., in just Mrs. Woodbury's hurried and nervous style of manner.

'Did you ever? But I am in such a hurry. What a story!' she continued, as she was making her way to the sitting-room;

for *sans ceremonie* was the order of her calls. Fanny could not avoid laughing heartily.

‘I know you will be delighted,’ added she, shaking Fanny’s hand. ‘But I cannot stop a minute ; for we have much more to do now than usual. Yet I must tell you that sister Alinda and her daughter Rose are coming to —, to make me a visit. Now I know you will be pleased with them, although they are my sister and niece. Every body thinks every thing of them. I assure you, their family is one of the first in C. Her husband is a justice of the peace, an attorney and collector ; and, besides, he is a colonel in the regiment, and has a fine prospect of promotion in that quarter. His titles are quite a puzzle — so many of them I never know which to choose. I am in such a hurry, but I must tell you how I served myself ; it was so annoying. I was superscribing a letter to him, and addressed “ Col. Theodore Haskell Esq., Attorney and Collector.” Oh, how husband did laugh at me ! But I tell him I never will put on the trammels of good usage, custom, &c., of which he talks so much ; but will use as many of his titles as I please. But I never know how to tear myself away from you. You will call often, I know. You and my guests will be mutually pleased. My sister is every way a match for her husband. She has quite as many offices. She is Treasurer of the Howard Association, President of the Sewing Circle, and committee of two or three other societies. And her daughter, she is only seventeen — quite a child. You would be amused to hear her talk so matronly of Aid Societies, and Auxiliary Societies, &c. Between you and me, I shall give a party while they are at my house. You will hold yourself in readiness to attend. Pray do not say any thing about it ; somehow I always speak every thought to you. But I am in such a hurry, so much to do at this time. Oh ! I must tell you that my niece is considered very beautiful. I think, however, she will be in danger of finding herself eclipsed by one Jane Bartlett. But she is decidedly the belle of C. But I must go. You will be neighborly, I know — it is such a duty to be social. Good morning.

Fanny attempted to stop her in the beginning of her *illustration*, but to no purpose. She paused at last, in precisely the condition in which Mrs. Woodbury usually found herself after such a communication, quite breathless. Fanny was almost exhausted by her efforts to suppress her laughter.

'Now, Jane, this is too bad,' said Fanny. 'I disapprove of mimicry from my soul; yet I cannot, for my life, avoid laughing at you. And this must be an unfair caricature.'

'Upon my honor, no. I gave you a *fac simile* of her rattle at our house, this morning.'

'Well, granting this, do you feel justified in dealing so severely with her foible, when there is so much about her that is really amiable?'

'Why, my sweet moralizer, she is every bit a gossip; and I think it my bounden duty, as old Mrs. Hazeltine says, to *stick her up* for a beacon.'

'If we do this, we lay hold on the prerogative of older and wiser heads than ours. We can find enough to do at present, in extracting the beam from our own eye, without interfering with the mote in a sister's.'

'Seriously, Fanny, is it not probable that my caricatures of Mrs. Woodbury's manner, deter many of our neighbors from falling into her practices?'

'And that, hence, Lycurgus-like, you banish yourself to save Sparta?' said Fanny, peeping archly in Jane's face. 'Now, Jane, our business is not with the *results* but the *motives* of action. I am far from believing that the general effects of mimicry can be beneficial in any instance. But allowing that they might be, we are not to "do evil that good may come." The improvement of your neighbors is not your object in mimicking them; nor is it mine in laughing at your *sketches*. We must not deceive ourselves by such sophistry, my dear Jane; but let us reflect, that just so far as we indulge ourselves in such idle, unfeeling amusement, we are what we are ridiculing — gossips.'

'*Mirabile dictu!* as Mr. Barlow says. Oh, my! as Mary Wood says. Monsterious! as old Mr. Brown says,' said Jane, laughing, and imitating the manner and tone of each. 'But, really, I am in such a hurry,' added she, in answer to Fanny's pleading looks, and assuming a *general* attitude of Mrs. Woodbury's. 'I must go — have so much to do. Good morn — Oh! you will not mention it, I know. I should n't like to have it go in my name. Good morning.'

'What an incorrigible creature!' said Fanny.

Jane playfully kissed her cheek, and then ran from the room, leaving Fanny, as she had often done before, 'with a smile on

her lip, and a tear in her eye.' She loved Jane for her sunniness of nature and real kindness of feeling. But she was grieved at the uselessness of all her exertions to turn her away from one mischievous habit. It was like a speck on a diamond vestal robe, she was so beautiful, intelligent, and good-humored. I do think she would have divested herself of it, if she had known her heart that it was really a deformity. If it had been made the part of her parents and other friends, by that serious and compromising rebuke which far less culpable faults in deportment incurred, she would have had a new and powerful incentive to reform. But she saw that her caricatures amused her friends. Reproofs from them almost invariably ended in laughter. In this circumstance, assisted as it was by her very *passion* for imitation, resisted the better impulses of her heart, and rendered her feeble efforts to overcome her fault, wholly ineffectual.

Mrs. Theodore Haskell and her daughter Rose arrived at Woodbury's in due season. On the subsequent day, cards of invitation were issued by Mrs. Woodbury. They were very polite, and concluded with, 'Excuse brevity. I am yours in haste, &c., &c., &c.' Jane called, on her way, for Fanny.

'Do you know that I have made, and registered in that *Journal of Australia*, my journal, a most extraordinary vow?' asked Jane, and took Fanny's arm.

'No; pray, what is it?'

'That I will not mimic a bit, this afternoon and eve.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' said Fanny, with a smile of hearty pleasure. 'I suffered so much at Mrs. Ames', when you hid yourself behind Marion Goodall, and began taking her off.'

'I fear I shall need your assistance, dear Fanny, I fall into my habit so unconsciously. I dub you my Mentor, *pro tem*. Do you accept the office?'

'Most willingly.'

'I advertise you that you will find it a most laborious office. See! see! Fanny; there is the veritable Mr. Barlow. He is stopping for us. Now we shall hear him discourse in his usual manner, of the secret springs, manifest developments, and mysterious and wonderful results of the phenomena of the rising this morning; or mayhap — there! Fanny, hear! This is the way I always *smash* a resolution, and it discourages me, quite.'

'You must not expect a habit that has been so long "growing with your growth, and strengthening with your strength," to yield to one effort, or even to a hundred, my dear Jane.'

'Oh! you alarm me, Fanny. I never made a hundred efforts in my life; and I would not, to be rid of a much worse fault.'

'Not if you were convinced that there is pleasure in laudable exertion?' asked Fanny. 'Are you not happier when engaged in study, in helping those that want help, than when mimicking?'

'I confess that I am. I do not think it *very* wicked to imitate things so funny as one sometimes meets; but I have a glimmering conviction that it is not perfectly proper.'

'Measured by that unerring standard, the scriptures, I think we shall find no softer epithet than *wicked* to qualify this habit. In its indulgence, you are far from doing by others as you would be done by.'

'Your view of this subject is very serious; but perhaps correct. I will think about it, when I find myself alone to-night. I shall be less likely to err on this point this evening, I shall be so occupied with those new characters, Mrs. and Miss Haskell. I infer from what Mrs. Woodbury says, that I shall find them quite a study.'

'You will not allow them to divert your attention from that interesting character, Jane Bartlett, will you?' asked Fanny.

'Oh! I have consigned her to your keeping.' * * *

'Pray, who is that beautiful Hebe, in the rich black satin dress? Bartlett, did you call her?' inquired Mrs. Haskell of Mrs. Woodbury, as they approached a window in whose recess Fanny and Jane were sitting, nearly concealed by the curtains.

'Yes, Jane Bartlett, the only and spoilt child of Esq. Bartlett, Senator in Congress. There he is, that noble-looking gentleman in conversation with your husband and Mr. Woodbury.'

'Spoilt, is she? That is lamentable, for she is a charming girl.'

'Yes, in appearance. But she must be really malicious at heart, for she is always mimicking some one. Strange! I have always wondered that her mother does not correct her. I have been so hurried! but I have watched her as closely as possible since she came, expecting to detect her in the act of mimicking you or Rose.'

'What a pity! she is so pleasant and intelligent. I must cau-

tion Rose. She is already very fond of her. 'Tis a pity,' Mrs. Haskell musingly, as they passed on.

Jane burst into tears. She laid her head on Fanny's shoulder and wept violently. We leave her now, trusting that her resistance will be unto newness of life.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The following lines were suggested by an actual occurrence upon our coast, in the month of November last. The wife was, as is stated, supporting her husband in the rigging of the ship, during that awful night, although repeatedly entreating him to abandon her, and save himself. In rhythm, and elegance of expression, they are undoubtedly objectionable; and would not be presented for insertion, were more of our operatives were inclined to cultivate their poetical talents.

"And thine, oh Love! thine was the power
To press out joy, even from such an hour."—HEMANS.

"Say, husband, are we safe? These cold, wet ropes
To which thou long convulsively hast clung—
Say, can they still suspend us o'er these waves,
Which seethe, and boil, and rear their angry heads,
As they were maddened that we should awhile
Escape their ire? And see those deep black clouds
Whirl in the winds, like troubled waves above;
While ever and anon a lightning flash,
Like fiery dragon darting through their depths,
More vividly reveals th' appalling scene!
Oh, 'tis a fearful hour! and but for thee,
My soul would sink beneath its weight of dread.
Yet in thy circling grasp I scarce can fear,
Though now the raging winds this frail prop swing,
And through my locks their sleety fingers pass,
And harshly sweep across my torpid brow.
Such suffering has been mine, throughout this night,
That all sensation is benumbed and dead,
Save that I feel the throbbings of thy heart,
Perhaps, because I know it beats e'en now
Its echoes back to mine: and louder now
It throbs, for thou dost press me closer still
In thine o'er-wearied clasp. Dearest, thy strength,
So long and hardly tried, is failing now,
And we into an ocean grave must sink.
Yet no! it need not be that *both* should die.
Save, husband, save thyself, and let me go;
Cling thou alone, and thou mayst live till morn
Can light and succor bring. Spare, then, my dear,

Thy wasting strength, and now *abandon me*.
 Nay, start not, love—for both must perish here,
 If here we both remain. Thou dost but waste
 Thy life, in the too fond attempt to eke
 A little longer mine. I cannot live.
 Nature, too harshly tried, is sinking fast;
 And should, e'en now, some heaven-sent bark
 Bear us from this lone wreck to yonder shore,
 And ready hands, and kindly hearts, should lend
 Untiring efforts to renew the flame,
 So nearly quenched in this dark storm, 't would be
 But a more gentle ministry around
 My dying bed. Unclasp me now; and thus
 Relieve thyself of this poor burdening form,
 Which weighs thee to thy doom. Resign me now,
 And thou canst change this fearful fate to one
 'Twere joy to meet. Oh! let me die for thee.
 Shrink not aghast, as 'twere a deed of guilt.
 Nay, I will bless thee for the death, whose pangs
 Were kindly shortened thus. This tortured frame
 Yearns for the rest which death alone can bring."

She ceased: and as those low, sweet tones were borne
 Upon the howling blast, the husband bent
 O'er his beloved in agony, and pressed
 His lips to that wet marble brow, and watched,
 By the red lightning's glare, the stiffening lids
 Droop slowly o'er those orbs from which the fires
 Of life were fading fast, and clasped her still
 More closely, warmly, to his aching heart.
 Dearer, and heavier yet, the burden grew;
 And as each slowly-passing moment went,
 It left its added weight to his loved charge.
 More precious still the unconscious burden grew,
 And lay at length so motionless within
 His grasp, he scarce could hope her spirit yet
 Were lingering there. But oh! to keep her still
 So near his heart, though but a lifeless corse—
 Still to retain the shrine from which the gem
 Had been forever snatched, though but to glow
 In brighter light above his gaze—better to keep
 Her thus, than cast her like a worthless thing
 Away. And still he hoped, though motionless
 The form, 'twere not a soul-deserted shrine.
 But when at length a fiercer blast o'erswept
 The cordage, icy-glazed, then howling fled
 Away, he thought the timid soul must sure
 These summons fierce obey, if not yet gone.
 But, like the slender bough which quickly bends
 To the o'er-sweeping blast, then, as before,
 Rises erect, so she, as passed in ire
 The fierce gale rapidly away, her head
 From its fond pillow raised, and, while a smile

Of sad surprise o'er her sweet features passed,
She murmured yet again :

“What ! here ? still here ?

The troubled waves beneath—above, the whirl
Of black and warring clouds ? I had a dream,
And such a dream as brings his far-off home,
And loved ones there, to the lone wanderer's eye.
Yes ! such a dream as desert travellers bless,
Or the lost hunter of our western wilds.
I dreamed that I was in that bower, far hence,
Where mutual vows and mutual love we pledged.
I thought it was the happy hour, when first
To me were whispered burning words of love,
Beneath bright skies, and foliage over-arched.
Yea, when I longed to give a heart, surcharged
With mingled love, and doubt, and fear,
To thy undoubting trust. Yet had I heard
Of love soon scorned, and trusting hearts betrayed,
And life's bright dream to the dark tide resolved
Of deepest misery. Warnings had oft
Been given, and I my heart been bade to guard
Against the wiles of fickle man. But no !
I would not, could not heed such words as these—
Bade them begone, nor cherished e'en a doubt ;
But gave to thee a heart o'er-filled with love,
Such as can ne'er distrust, and never die.
And I did well : for thou hast ever been
All my fond soul so brightly pictured thee—
My joy in days when life was gladness all—
My stay in horrors which would else affright,
And, but for thee, have scared the stricken soul,
Ere this, to death's too often dreaded doom.
Welcome this yawning grave ! unclasp me now,
Nor strive to keep me longer with thee here.
And think not, when I disappear from view,
The waters' chill my woman's soul shall fright.
One shriek, mayhap, when first it meets the wave,
Then, while the form descends in their dark depths,
The new-freed soul all earthly woes shall leave.
Nor cause will be, that thou, my love, shouldst mourn ;
Methinks the white foam, offspring of the sea,
A shroud befitting for a seaman's bride ;
And the hoarse waves around the vessel's bow
Are calling 'come'—now, husband, let me go.”

She ceased—and though his form she twined around
In fond embrace, she uttered not a word—
Returned the pressure of his quivering kiss,
A silent, last adieu to earthly, wedded love.
But as the night-hours slowly passed away,
Hopeful, he still retained the breathless form ;
And when at length, before approach of morn,
The dark storm sullen fled, the sun's first ray
Lay brightly on the form, now stiff in death.

O man bereaved ! thou hast not lived in vain ;
 And think not thou that all life's joys have fled
 With the dark storm-clouds of that tempest-night.
 Oh bitter ne'er can aught of memory be,
 To the soul strong in such a fearful scene.
 Thou hast not lived in vain ; and woman's prayers
 Shall follow o'er the deep thy floating home ;
 And woman's love shall ever warmly glow
 With holier flame, at thought of her and thee.
 Ne'er can she say that men are fickle all—
 Not *all* unworthy of a woman's love.
 Thou art a limner, and the light hast thrown
 More vivid still, around each image bright
 The fond heart now enshrines. And now in hues
 Which ne'er may fade, the canvass glows, and thou
 The work canst show, of true, immortal fame.

Yes ! though bereaved, thou hast not lived in vain—
 Thou hast the lesson taught, so many fail
 To learn, that Nature's stamp of merit high,
 And true nobility, is often hid
 Beneath the surface rough, and aspect rude,
 Of those whom Fortune frequently may slight.
 And faith in man, and love for all our kind,
 Are deepened, when we know that deeds like thine
 Were prompted—wrought—by seaman's heart and hand.

EUGENIA.

SABBATH MORNING.

It was a beautiful sabbath morning, and I had arisen earlier than usual. The tranquil hours had just given Aurora the tint of the rose, and dispelled the vapours of the night that hovered over the shadowy earth, while the sun's first rays tinged with radiant purple the half-enlightened clouds. It was a time for thought and reflection ; and imagination carried me back to the years of childhood, when with a light step and merry heart I used to trip through the dewy grass, and hie to the wild-wood, that I might hear the birds, when they first awoke, begin to chant their morning songs. And I longed for the days of other years, that, far from the busy city of Lowell, I might again see Nature celebrate the returning light, and pay to Nature's God the sacrifice of praise.

Thus far had I proceeded with my communication, intending to delineate the various beauties which, in other days and far

away, would, on a lovely sabbath morn, enchant my eyes, ears, and inspire my heart with a holy transport, awaken desire to join in the rapturous employment of praising the Author of all things. But my feelings overcame me, and my trembling hand refused to do its office. I threw down my pen and burying my face in my handkerchief, a friendly shower of tears came to my relief. A visit from Morpheus hushed my rising sigh; and seated in fancy's car, imagination soon placed me on a huge rock which jutted over the limpid waters of my own loved Winipisiogee. Through the grey mist of the morning I could discern the islands of Varney and Barndoor, with their green pastures and shady groves; also Rattlesnake island, with its tall cedars. Behind me was the wood, where in by-gone years I had spent many hours in the delightful employment of gathering wild-flowers and berries, nuts and acorns; and where I had watched the squirrel, as he hopped from tree to tree, and listened to the songs of the robin and bob-a-lincoln, and sometimes chased the fox to his hiding-place. The returning day soon awoke the winged inhabitants of the grove, and they began to pour forth the melody of their little throats, to the praise of Him who gave them voice and melody. The resplendent sun, darting his rays from behind the wood, giving light and color to re-animated nature, now decked with smiles and new-born graces the wondrous enchanting prospect. The glittering summits of the rocks, the shining sides of the opposite mountains, sent up exhalations which, mixing with the pure air of the morning as they arose, reminded me of the smoke of burnt-offerings, which anciently ascended from the altar of God's chosen people. In this smiling morn I could see all nature paying homage to the great Creator, and the language of my heart was, Let my voice reach Thy throne, O Lord, before that of Thy other creatures! In the grey twilight, at the dawn of the morning, while the birds are yet asleep, may my solitary prayer find acceptance, and invite the reviving creation to praise Thee! Praise the Lord, oh my soul!

I awoke, and felt a sadness at heart to think that I had been dreaming.

TABITHA

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No. 7.

A SUFFERER.

A writer celebrated for her powers of pathos, has said, that when she would refine and elevate, she must first soften. The mind must be made plastic by some subduing power, ere it will submit to the mouldings of one who would change it; and whether this theory be correct or not with regard to fiction, it is most certainly true of the influence exerted by the relation of facts.

We may be touched, ay, deeply saddened, by the relation of an affecting story; but yet we say to ourselves, It was not so—this is not true, and wherefore should I weep and sigh, or allow it to disturb my equanimity? But when it is true, we cannot dismiss our reflections so easily; and memory will come, with her admonishing tones, and almost compel us to listen to its teachings.

If it is good for us to be afflicted, must it not also be good to learn of others' afflictions?—to know how they have suffered, hoped and trusted?—to learn the lesson, and yet be spared the stripes and smarts of the master? Sorrows and disappointments, received and borne as they should always be, are always salutary. We feel that we have been purified, even when we regret that the refiner should need so fierce a fire; but when we are graciously spared the severest dispensations of Providence, it behooves us to reflect more upon the sad allotments meted out to others; to endeavor, by making their woes our own, to attain also the benefits of their trials.

The story of 'the unfortunate man,' has excited the sympathy of many of our readers, and I wish now to speak of one who was an acquaintance and townsman of Ezra Baldwin's; promising, however, that mine shall not be all sad stories, if I can learn of the 'always happy.'

My uncle C. appears to have been one chosen by his Maker, to be an example to all, of how much may be patiently, ay, cheerfully borne and suffered. He inherited from nature that strength of constitution, which enabled him to sustain, for nearly half a century, an existence of incomparable malady. He was always subject to that death-torture, the asthma, and for the last twenty years, it rendered him an invalid, and incapacitated him for labor. But this affliction was but the incipient stage of his distressing experience.

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In January, 1838, he was seized with a strange disease in his right arm, which proved to be of a cancerous character, and extended itself to the whole limb, even to the fingers' ends, which became excessively swollen and exquisitely painful. He could obtain no quiet, day nor night ; no respite from intense distress. In vain did he throw himself upon his bed at night ; it was but a confinement which rendered him more sensitive to his suffering. In the month of July, convinced that his arm was incurable, and encouraged to hope that the disease had not entered his system, he submitted to its amputation ; and it was taken off *at the shoulder joint*.

Reduced, as he long had been, by the asthma, which had often brought him to the brink of the grave, and still more recently weakened by the disease in his arm, this formidable operation nearly cost him his life. After a few days of halting between life and death he revived — afterwards gained a measure of strength, could walk the house, enter his door-yard, and began trembling to hope that *what was left of him* might yet enjoy a little of life's sweetness.

It was a few days after the surgical operation that I saw him for the second and last time. The first, (at least since my remembrance,) was when upon a visit to my parents, and rendered a sleepless one by his constitutional malady. He was now hovering upon the confines of a future world, weak, emaciated and agonized—but calm, firm and trustful. It was indeed a privilege to see him then—to watch, tend and learn of him ; though he could speak but little, yet every word had its meaning.

There were also some slight circumstances, interesting to an inquiring observer. He could not get rid of his arm. Though amputated, he had still the sensation of its distressing presence. He would sometimes fall into an uneasy slumber, then start up and awaken, saying that 'the flies' were biting his arm. 'What arm?' would be the question. 'The *lame* one,' his reply. It was then necessary for his watchers to remind him that it was gone, to excuse themselves from the implied charge of negligence. And this sympathy between the body and its absent member, was not wholly imaginary. When the arm was first severed, it was carried into an adjoining room, placed in a tub of water, and carefully covered up. After a while his watchful surgeon, alarmed by his increased distress, that something was wrong ; and sta-

up, he exclaimed that some one was disturbing *that arm*. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that an intermeddling neighbor *had* been to the tub, and handling the limb. When, unknown to my uncle, it was carried away, and, while *being buried*, he was asked 'how that arm felt now?' '*As if it was going lower down,*' was his reply; but after that, he gradually lost it.

About a month had passed away, when a tumour appeared under the shoulder of his right side. His surgeon pronounced it the same disease that had destroyed his arm, and *incurable*. This astounding announcement, of course, brought back the dark cloud which was rolling from the brightening prospect he had contemplated. He had sacrificed his arm, but had not saved his life. The malady still remained, and must destroy him. He received the information with composure, and prepared his mind for the issue. His confidence in the perfect rectitude of God's government, remained unshaken. Of Him who made him, he would say, 'Though HE slay me, yet will I trust in HIM.'

The disease progressed, and again became intensely painful. Another tumor projected from the top of the shoulder, and took the form of '*rose-cancer*;' evolving itself into a large corrosive, running sore. Next, an abscess formed in the back part of the shoulder, working so violently as to push the blade-bone to the distance of inches from its proper place. The discharges from this abscess, when opened, were astonishingly copious. His whole body, with the exception of the remaining arm, became distended, like one bloated with a universal dropsy. For ninety-one days and nights in succession, he laid not down upon his bed, but walked the floor, or, when strength failed, was seated in his chair.

Though there was nothing before him in this world, but death and uninterrupted agony until that should come, yet his soul, collecting all its resources, stood firmly up in its strength, calm, patient and unrepining.

On the evening of March 20, several of his friends called to see him. He was unusually communicative, and free from pain—talked with much freedom, and said that *often*, both *before* and *since* the removal of his arm, he had suffered as much, *in the same measure of time*, as during the hour of amputation. When about nine o'clock his visitors retired, he expressed regret that they should leave him, and after they were gone, directed his discourse

to his adopted son, (for his three children were so by adoption, to whom he gave particular directions how to manage the farm for the present year—what portions should be cultivated, and where he should procure his seed-grain, &c. &c.

It was now near ten o'clock, and he directed his son to retire also desired his wife to seek repose ; said he would try to sleep and did sleep. At two o'clock he called for his wife, who came to him, and found a profuse hemorrhage from the sore—a large artery having corroded. It was now evident that the end had come. With the utmost composure, he called together the members of his family ; gave them separately his dying counsel and blessing ; expressed his pleasure that he was so near the arms of his Savior, and to that rest which Divine Mercy has prepared for the weary and heavy laden. From loss of blood, he gently fell asleep in death, at seven o'clock, on the morning of March 21, 1839, aged 48 years.

I have spoken of my uncle, as one whose powers were those of endurance—and these were the characteristics most prominently displayed ; but had Providence marked out for him another destiny, it would have been acknowledged that he had intellectual and moral endowments, which would have gained for him distinction in life. He paid dearly, as must be obvious, for the pleasure of existence, yet he entertained no thought that his Divine Creator was in debt to him. His hopes of a future and happy immortality, were not grounded on the consideration of *recompense* for things done and suffered by him in this earthly state of being. They rested on the gracious promises of that Gospel which bringeth salvation.

His religion was deep-seated and truly evangelical. It had been a growing principle from childhood ; and was not the result of a momentary and feverish excitement. It was slow in its growth, but steadfast in its character ; and he had not the presumptive confidence to profess it openly and prematurely. Indeed he erred perhaps in delaying until nearly forty years of age. Then he came forward, however, a *ripe* christian ; and, being a gifted and enlightened man, he was soon after invited to be an officer in the church. His modesty rendered him reluctant to accept, but, willing ever to be found in the discharge of duty, he yielded to the wishes of his brethren.

They mourn his departure, and consider it a great loss. Use-

ful, beloved and esteemed in life, he is remembered and lamented in death. But though dead he yet speaketh. His story is full of mysterious instruction. It tells us how imperfectly we yet understand some of the principles of God's moral providence. 'While all things come alike unto all ; and there is one event to the wise and to the unwise, to the upright and to the wicked, yet, God will cause every man to find according to his ways.' His work is perfect, and none shall be able to find fault in Him.

There are usually some bright spots in the firmament of God's reign over the world ; but there are often clouds and darkness resting upon it. How needful, then, are the influences of that faith which is 'the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.'

ANNETTE.

A MORNING RAMBLE.

It was a bright summer's morning, when I sallied forth to view the grand and sublime scenery, which nature then presented. I passed down the lane which led to my favorite retreat in the forest. The birds seemed to awaken as I entered it, and the beautiful wild-flowers raised their bright heads, as if to greet my approach. I gazed upon the landscape around me, with feelings of rapture and delight. Under my feet was spread the soft, green carpet of nature ; above, the bright blue sky ; and around me were scattered in every direction, sweet-scented flowers, which filled the air with fragrance — flowers which teach us so many eloquent lessons, which remind us so forcibly of the changes that are continually occurring ; that though we are now in the spring time of life, in the enjoyment of health and happiness, and are filled with bright anticipations of the future — that ere to-morrow's sun has risen, we may have passed from earth, to a world where flowers never fade and die. Every thing did, indeed, look lovely. It seemed like a paradise,—

"So pure, so fresh!—the woods, the sky, the air!
It seemed a place where angels might repair,
And tune their harps, amidst these tranquil shades,
To morning songs, and moon-light serenades."

Yes, thought I, angels would love to dwell here ; and as I lis-

tened to the sweet sounds of the merry warblers, which echoed through the forest, I almost fancied myself in the spirit-land, listening to the familiar voices of the dear and loved ones, as they joined in the grand chorus in singing praises to God.

As I gazed around, and beheld the beauty and harmony of the scene, my eyes were dazzled by the brightness and splendor of the rising sun. It was indeed a glorious sight, to behold it slowly advancing from behind the eastern hills, gilding the mountain tops with its bright beams, dispensing light and heat to all. Ah! thought I, the sun has a task to perform, and it has already commenced.

This thought reminded me that I should not be idle. I could have lingered in so charming a spot forever—for I love to ramble in the woods, and behold the glorious works of God's creation; and often while thus gazing, I think of those beautiful lines of the poet:

"If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must that mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee."

LURA.

WHISPERINGS OF MY HOUSE-LEEK.

Several months since, I received a beautiful house-leek, which my sister sent to me—a distance of nearly a hundred miles.

There are moments when, in the silent imaginings of the soul, thoughts of home and of all the fond endearments of early life, will arise, and taking the mind captive, we are transported far, far away to other scenes and other days.

Being willing to indulge these wandering fancies, I have listened to the whisperings of my leek—which remind me of the sunny days of youth, when hand in hand with a beloved brother, I have raced in the orchard, or romped in the woods. Then came the school days, with happy school-mates, rare sports, and imperfect lessons. Ah! imperfect lessons, there came the rub.

Still farther back, I seem to be kneeling by the side of my mother, lisping, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' A short remove, and I stand by the bed-side of my dying parent, and hear her

voice saying, 'Oh, Father, in Thy care I leave my orphan babes, trusting that Thou wilt keep them from the evil in the world.'

Anon the whispering is of my gray-haired father. Even now I hear the admonitions of prudence and caution, which fell from his lips, as I prepared to leave the paternal roof, and go among strangers. Yes, and I remember the earnest wish which he expressed, that his children might yet, unstained by vicious associations, return and content themselves to remain at home. But Providence has not thus willed — for my brothers seek knowledge in Academic halls. A sister and myself have roamed even to this city ; and the sweet, sequestered valley, where stands my cottage home, seems unconscious of our absence ; for the birds send up the tribute of praise as cheerfully, and the meandering rivulet dances as gaily in its onward course, and the fishes sport as merrily beneath its limpid wave, as when we were present to rejoice with them.

Although a wanderer from home and all its dear delights, I am not unhappy. Many joyous associations have gathered around my heart, in this land of strangers. And at the close of all my wanderings, I hope for a resting place 'in the bosom of God, the home of the soul.' And Oh, most ardently do I pray, that all the loved ones of earth may finally unite with me in the unceasing chorus of praise to God and the Lamb.

WILTON.

THE INDIAN PLEDGE.

On the door-steps of a cottage in the land of "steady habits," some ninety or an hundred years since, might, on a soft evening in June, have been seen a sturdy young farmer, preparing his scythes for the coming hay-making season. So intent was he upon his work, that he heeded not the approach of a tall Indian, accoutred for a hunting expedition, until, "Will you give an unfortunate hunter some supper and lodging for the night?" in a tone of supplication, caught his ear.

The farmer raised his eyes from his work, and darting fury from beneath a pair of shaggy eye-brows, he exclaimed, "Heathen, Indian dog, begone ! you shall have nothing here."

"But I am very hungry," said the Indian ; "give only a crust of bread and a bone, to strengthen me on my journey."

“Get you gone, you heathen dog !” said the farmer ; “I have nothing for you.”

“Give me but a cup of cold water,” said the Indian, “for I am very faint.”

This appeal was not more successful than the others. Reiterated abuse, and to be told to drink when he came to a river, was all he could obtain from one who bore the name of Christian ! But the supplicating appeal fell not unheeded on the ear of one of finer mould and more sensibility. The farmer’s youthful bride heard the whole, as she sat hushing her infant to rest ; and from the open casement she watched the poor Indian, until she saw his dusky form sink, apparently exhausted, on the ground, at no great distance from her dwelling. Ascertaining that her husband was too busied with his work to notice her, she was soon at the Indian’s side, with a pitcher of milk, and a napkin filled with bread and cheese. “Will my red brother slake his thirst with some milk ?” said this angel of mercy ; and as he essayed to comply with her invitation, she untied the napkin, and bade him eat and be refreshed.

“Cantantowwit protect the white dove from the pounces of the eagle,” said the Indian ; “for *her* sake the unfledged young shall be safe in their nest, and her red brother will not seek to be revenged.”

He then drew a bunch of feathers from his bosom, and plucking one of the longest, gave it to her, and said, “When the white dove’s mate flies over the Indians’ hunting-grounds, bid him wear this on his head.” * * * *

The summer had passed away. Harvest-time had come and gone, and preparations had been made for a hunting excursion by the neighbors. Our young farmer was to be one of the party ; but on the eve of their departure he had strange misgivings relative to his safety. No doubt his imagination was haunted by the form of the Indian, whom, in the preceding summer, he had treated so harshly.

The morning that witnessed the departure of the hunters, was one of surpassing beauty. Not a cloud was to be seen, save one that gathered on the brow of Ichabod, (our young farmer,) as he attempted to tear a feather from his hunting-cap, which was sewed fast to it. His wife arrested his hand, while she whispered in his ear, and a slight quiver agitated his lips as he said, “Well,

Mary, if you think this feather will protect me from the arrows of the red-skins, I'll e'en let it remain." Ichabod donned his cap, shouldered his rifle, and the hunters were soon on their way in quest of game.

The day wore away as was usual with people on a like excursion ; and at night-fall they took shelter in the den of a bear, whose flesh served for supper, and whose skin spread on bruin's bed of leaves, pillowed their heads through a long November night.

With the first dawn of morning, the hunters left their rude shelter and resumed their chase. Ichabod, by some mishap, soon separated from his companions, and in trying to join them, got bewildered. He wandered all day in the forest, and just as the sun was receding from sight, and he was about sinking down in despair, he espied an Indian hut. With mingled emotions of hope and fear, he bent his steps towards it ; and meeting an Indian at the door, he asked him to direct him to the nearest white settlement.

"If the weary hunter will rest till morning, the eagle will show him the way to the nest of his white dove," said the Indian, as he took Ichabod by the hand and led him within his hut. The Indian gave him a supper of parched corn and venison, and spread the skins of animals which he had taken in hunting, for his bed.

The light had hardly begun to streak the east, when the Indian awoke Ichabod, and after a slight repast, the twain started for the settlement of the whites. Late in the afternoon, as they emerged from a thick wood, Ichabod with joy espied his home. A heartfelt ejaculation had scarce escaped his lips, when the Indian stepped before him, and turning around, stared him full in the face, and inquired if he had any recollection of a previous acquaintance with his red brother. Upon being answered in the negative, the Indian said, "Five moons ago when I was faint and weary, you called me an Indian dog, and drove me from your door. I might now be revenged ; but Cantantowwit bids me tell you to go home ; and hereafter, when you see a red man in need of kindness, do to him as you have been done by. Farewell."

The Indian having said this, turned upon his heel, and was soon out of sight. Ichabod was abashed. He went home purified in heart, having learned a lesson of Christianity from an untutored savage.

TABITHA.

Praise ye the Lord.

Hebrew: HALLELU-JAH. Translation. Praise ye the Lord.

1. O lift up the heart with the voice of a psalm, And land ye t

For mercy and truth your thanksgiving record, And join in t

love of our God and the Lamb; O hal - le - lu - jah! O

cho-rus, "O praise ye the Lord."

hal-le-lu - jah! hal-le - lu—hal-le-lu—O hal-le - lu - jah!

Gospel Invitation.

1. Hark to the cheer-ing voice, Of the grace from the throne a-

bove! They who believe rejoice To hear of a Savior's love.

AMBITION AND CONTENTMENT.

It has been said that all virtues, carried to their extremes, become vices, as firmness may be carried to obstinacy, gentleness to weakness, faith to superstition, &c., &c. ; and that while cultivating them, a perpetual care is necessary that they may not be resolved into those kindred vices. But there are other qualities of so opposite a character, that, though we may acknowledge them both to be virtues, we can hardly cherish them at the same time.

Contentment is a virtue often urged upon us, and too often neglected. It is essential to our happiness ; for how can we experience pleasure while dissatisfied with the station which has been allotted us, or the circumstances which befall us ? But when contentment degenerates into that slothful feeling which will not exert itself for a greater good — which would sit and smile at ease upon the gifts which Providence has forced upon its possessor, and turns away from the objects which call for the active spring and tenacious grasp — when, I repeat, contentment is but another excuse for indolence, it then has ceased to be a virtue.

And ambition, which is so often denounced as a vice — which is a vice when carried to an extent that would lead its votary to grasp all upon which it can lay its merciless clutch, and which heeds not the rights or possessions of a fellow-being when conflicting with its own domineering will, which then becomes so foul a vice — this same ambition, when kept within its proper bounds, is then a virtue. And not only a virtue, but the parent of virtues. The spirit of laudable enterprize, the noble desire for superior excellence, the just emulation which would raise itself to an equality with the highest — all this is the fruit of ambition.

Here then are two virtues, ambition and contentment, both to be commended, both to be cherished, yet at first glance, at variance with each other ; at all events, with difficulty kept within those proper bounds which will prevent a conflict between them.

We are not metaphysicians, and did we possess the power to draw those finely pencilled mental and moral distinctions in which the acute reasoner delights so often to display his power, this would be no place for us to indulge our love for nicely attenuated theories. We are aware, that to cherish ambition for the good it may lead us to acquire, for the noble impulses of which it may be the

fountain-spring, and yet to restrain those waters when they would gush forth with a tide which would bear away all better feelings of the heart, this we know is not only difficult, but almost impossible.

To strive for a position upon some loftier eminence, and yet remain unruffled if those strivings are in vain ; to remain calm and cheerful within the little circle where Providence has stationed us, yet actively endeavoring to enlarge that circle, if not to obtain admittance to a higher one ; to plume the pinions of the soul for an upward flight, yet calmly sink again to the earth if these efforts are but useless flutterings ; all this seems contradictory, though essential to perfection of character.

Thankfulness for what we have, yet longings for a greater boon ; resignation to a humble lot, and a determination that we shall not always be humble ; ambition and contentment — how wide the difference, and how difficult for one breast to harbor them both at the same time !

Nothing so forcibly convinces us of the frailty of humanity, as the tendency of all that is good and beautiful to corruption. As in the natural world, earth's loveliest things are those which yield most easily to blighting and decay, so in the spiritual, the noblest feelings and powers are closely linked to some dark passion.

How easily does ambition become rapacity, and if the heart's yearnings for the unattainable are forcibly stilled, and the mind is governed by the determination that no wish shall be indulged but for that already in its power, how soon and easily may it sink into the torpor of inaction. To keep all the faculties in healthful exercise, yet always to restrain the feverish glow, must require constant and vigilant self-command.

How soon, in that long-past, sacred time, when the Saviour dwelt on earth, did the zeal of one woman in her Master's cause become tainted with the earth-born wish that her sons might be placed, the one upon his right and the other upon his left hand when he should sit upon his throne of glory ; and how soon were *their* ardent love mingled with the fiery zeal which would call down fire from heaven upon the heads of their fellow-men !

Here was ambition, but not a justifiable desire for elevation ; an ambition, also, which had its source in some of the noblest feelings of the soul, and which, when directed by the pure principles which afterwards guided their conduct, was the heart-spring

of deeds which shall claim the admiration, and spur to emulous exertions, the men of all coming time.

“Be content with what ye have,” but never with what ye are ; for the wish to be perfect, “even as our Father in heaven is perfect,” must ever be mingled with regrets for the follies and frailties which our weak nature seems to have entailed upon us.

And while we endeavor to be submissive, cheerful and contented with the lot marked out for us, may gratitude arouse us to the noble desire to render ourselves worthy of a nobler station than earth can ever present us, even to a place upon our Savior’s right hand in his heavenly kingdom.

H. F.

JOURNEY TO LEBANON SPRINGS.

It was on a beautiful morning in the month of July, that the stage-coach called at my boarding-house to take me as far as Worcester. Those who have for any length of time been pent up in a cotton-mill and factory boarding-house, allowing themselves no recreation, save occasionally to attend a lecture, or some evening meeting, can appreciate the pleasures of a journey through the country, when the earth is dressed in her richest robes of green, bedecked with flowers, and all smiling with sunlight.

A short stop at the depot for the arrival of the morning train of cars, and then a few moments’ ride brought us into God’s own sweet air, with all the beautiful scenery of the country. The Merrimack, flowing on in its wonted course, was on the right, while in every direction, save that in which Lot’s wife cast a lingering look when she became a pillar of salt, might be seen farm-houses, gardens and orchards, barns, grass-lands, fields of corn and grain, potatoe plats, wood-lots, pasture-land, with herds of neat cattle, flocks of sheep, &c., all beautifully interspersed. The glad prospect reminded me of what I had somewhere read, that man made the town, but God made the country ; and I could not forbear blessing God that He had made the country, and made it so very beautiful.

Madam Trollop, (I believe I have the right name — but be that as it may, I think it very applicable, as she was quite a stroller,

and often, in describing American manners, strolled at no li distance from the truth,) will have it that the Americans are very impolite, that travelling in a stage-coach is quite disagreeable. I think that the old lady's manners must more than bore on the disagreeable, nay, be quite forbidding, if they could command a proper attention for their mistress, while travelling in our republican country ; since my humble self, whose manners are as rough and uneven as the hills and mountains of New Hampshire, ever commanded, when travelling, all of that true politeness which Americans so well know how to bestow, and how to appreciate.

The company in the stage were very agreeable, quite intelligent, and the conversational powers of the most of them were above mediocrity. A proper degree of politeness and attention was manifested by all ; and when I parted with them at Worcester, (though they were but acquaintances of a day,) it was with feelings of regret.

At Worcester, I took the cars for Springfield, at which place we arrived about half past eight o'clock in the evening. The public houses were already full to overflowing, and we had some difficulty in procuring lodging for the night. We however succeeded ; and very soon, enveloped in the snow-white drapery of a downy couch, I was alike insensible to the pleasures and fatigues of the day.

A few minutes past five on the following morning, the gentleman who took me from the cars the preceding evening, was waiting to convey me to the depot, where I took the cars for Chester village. There is not so good an opportunity for entering into general conversation (at least, I have never found that there was) in the cars, as there is in a stage. Whether this is owing to a diffidence on account of numbers, or to some other cause, I could never ascertain. Not wishing to join in particular conversation, however general or common-place the subject might be, I busied myself through my morning's ride in gazing on the winter scenery of Chester mountains, on either side of the road ; and in viewing the almost dry channel of a river which lay nearly parallel with the road between the mountains.

Two coaches were in readiness at Chester village, to carry passengers to Pittsfield. They were soon loaded, but the morning being pretty far advanced, it was proposed to breakfast, and then

coaches accordingly made a halt at the Coffee-house, a few rods distant from the depot. The gentlemen alighted, and went into the house to ascertain if breakfast could be procured ; but nothing could the house afford, except some hard biscuit, cheese, and some of Nature's own home-brewed beer. The most of the passengers having "set their stomachs" for hot coffee, and a variety of "well cooked" dishes, thought this to be rather hard and cold fare. But for myself, not being much of an epicure, I thought that the breakfast was good enough. And then it was so cheap, (eating it in the coach,) it saved quite a number of pence, which might be reckoned among the savings of *accidental economy*. By the politeness of a gentleman, my bread and cheese were gratuitous. This perhaps might make me better satisfied with my breakfast — for truly, I was not only satisfied, but very much pleased, as it gave rise to many "witticisms," and caused many a joke to be cracked upon the Chester Coffee-house, and would upon the whole, if the fragments were gathered up, furnish materials for an episode.

The road from Chester village to Pittsfield (like that which we had already travelled that morning) lay between mountains ; and there was here and there a little hut, with a few apple trees, and a little patch of potatoes, which told that human beings dwelt among these mountains, who, if their wants were satisfied, could have but few.

The rail-road which was being prepared, was, in some places, almost parallel with the stage-road — by the side of which there were many little huts, erected for the temporary residence of the laborers ; and the peering faces of the Irish women, smiling beneath the double borders of their high-crowned caps of snowy whiteness, gave ample assurance that happy hearts dwelt within these humble abodes.

The sociability of the passengers, together with the many little incidents which afforded diversion, made the ride to Pittsfield quite pleasant.

At Pittsfield I went on board the Albany stage, and after a wearisome ride of nine or ten miles, was landed at Lebanon Springs. How long I tarried ; and how I spent my time ; how many proud aristocrats I met with, and with how many philanthropic people I became acquainted, I shall not now inform the reader.

C. N.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

* * * And *Abel* went out into the fields, and took of fruit of the wild vines and the shrubs which grew by the way-side and brought them together, for his *Offering*. And it was accepted, for his heart was right ; and the incense from that low altar went up to the blue sky, and attracted the gaze of all the dwellers in the plain.

And when his brethren saw it, they said one to another, "Let us fall upon *Abel*, and slay him, and destroy his altar, and scatter his offering to the four winds of heaven."

And they came upon him, as he stood before his altar, on which the toil-won offering had been placed, and was sending up a bright, clear flame, to gladden the hearts of those who can be cheered by humble things ; and they spoke reproachfully to *Abel* and laid their violent hands upon his offering, saying, "There shall be no more sacrifice." * * *

F. Y.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

O yes, we always love to see
The youth assembled there,
Where all may meet for counsel sweet,
For praise and holy prayer.

Assembled in the Sabbath-school,
We love to look around,
To see the kind and happy looks,
And catch the pleasing sound,

Of youthful voices, joining in
The prayer and hymn of praise,
Or reading from the holy book
That guides in wisdom's ways.

The Sabbath-school, O blessed place !
Its worth was never told ;
More precious far than diadems,
Or richest mines of gold.

R. C. T.

CHAPTERS ON THE SCIENCES.

ASTRONOMY.

Ellinora. Oh, Isabel! I have thought of nothing to-day but the banquet we are to taste this evening. I love the stars. How often I have sat in my window, at twilight, and watched them as they appeared, one by one, in the clear blue heavens! I ask, with Mrs. Barbauld,

‘Is there not
A tongue in every star, that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise?’

Their rays seem to come from the eye of God Himself. They enter my heart, and, where all was dark and fearful, they spread light and peace. *My* ‘better land’ is among the stars.

Isabel. And mine too, dear Ellinora. There dwell the sainted forms of my father, mother and sister. The idea may be wholly fanciful, but I would not part with it for worlds. When white clouds float among the stars, they seem the vehicles by which my lost ones approach to guard and comfort their daughter. I feel the influences of such heavenly ministries at my heart. I long to fling myself on my knees, and veil my face before them. Earthly passions lose their hold on my affections, and they go out in rapture and trust to Heaven.

Ann. And at such moments, how low seem the vanities that occupy us so far! Wealth, fame and every earthly good seem utterly worthless, but as they assist us in knowing God and serving Him.

I. Yes; we would willingly resign them all, and meekly sit ourselves down at the feet of Jesus, to receive instruction of that great Being who, in His might, ‘spread out the heavens like a curtain,’ ‘made the seven stars and Orion,’ and who, in His love, watches over the least of His children.

Ann. And who permits us, all weak, sinful and ignorant as we are, to call Him Father! In view of this subject, well might David exclaim, ‘When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!’

I. The mind is lost in its contemplations, when uninstructed. But one must understand the size of the heavenly bodies, their

number, their distance from us and from each other, the rapidity of their motions, the perfect regularity and order of the whole, which enable us adequately to appreciate the power and wisdom which created them, and which guides them in their spheres.

Alice. Of these, please tell us something, Isabel.

I. I wish to spend most of the time in observations of the constellations. Doubtless those of you who have not studied Astronomy, have gathered a great many facts, by reading, lectures, and conversation, relative to the size of the planets, the laws by which they are retained in their orbits, &c.

Ann. Please to prove us by asking a few questions, touching the points you consider most important.

I. With pleasure ; and please tell me, Ann, what you know about the sun. By what other names is it called ?

Ann. Phœbus, Apollo and Sol.

I. Yes ; *Sol* is a Latin word, meaning sun. The Greeks called Apollo was the god of light ; the sun, his chariot.

E. *Apropos*, let me ask, Isabel, if the learned and philosophers of Greece were so absurd as to believe in the actual existence of gods, goddesses, sea and wood nymphs, of a world full of liars, fairies, naiads, graces, muses and peri ?

I. Burritt says that mythology — what is mythology, Ellinor ?

E. The doctrine of heathen deities.

I. Yes ; Burritt says, ‘ Mythology, in describing the physical state of the world, invented a symbolical language, which personified inanimate objects ; and the priests reduced the whole of their noblest science to fables, which the people believed as true histories, representing the moral condition of mankind during the first ages of civil government.’

E. And so the *people* really believed that every flower, tree, and shrub, every mountain, hill and valley, had its deity.

I. Yes ; if they watered a drooping flower, they revived it, as if a weary little fairy ; if they turned their eyes towards the heavens, they saw there the deified form of some hero or heroine of history or song.

E. What a luxurious system of belief ! I would not exchange our own pure faith for it, but it must have been delightful. Are we out of order, Isabel ?

I. We are only anticipating. Some knowledge of mythology is necessary, before entering upon the constellations.

E. Please eschew system in this talk of ours, dear Isabel. Who can walk straight forward, 'with even gait and musing eye,' when flowers are blooming and gems sparkling on every hand? Ann, I promise to be still long enough to hear you tell what you know of the sun, if you will be brief.

Ann. It is the centre of the solar system, the source of light and heat.

E. They say, — but do you believe it, Isabel?

I. I believe that the sun's rays are the medium by which we receive light and heat, whatever may be their source.

E. Oh yes! but — now 'I am Sir Oracle, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.' As we ascend, the atmosphere becomes colder. The higher we rise in a balloon, or climb a mountain, the colder we find it. Would this be the case if the sun were a mass of fire?

I. I think not. This is not now precisely the theory of the sun's physical organization. It has had powerful advocates in times past. Every theory has its objections; but the one now generally adopted is, that the sun is a solid, opaque mass; that it is to its vast atmosphere, and the luminous clouds with which it is filled, that we are to impute its brilliancy; and to openings in these, disclosing the dark body of the sun beyond, to our view, that we are to attribute the dark spots seen on its surface. From its resemblance to other spheres, its rotation, and other circumstances, it is supposed to be inhabited.

Ann. Analogy nearly proves this — for if not a speck of our little earth is uninhabited, it is not probable that a body, so vast, was placed there, just to give us light. Who can tell that it is not as much more beautiful than our world, as it is more vast? and that its inhabitants are not as far above us in intellect and happiness, as their abode is superior to ours in splendor and utility?

I. This is a natural inference from known facts, but we cannot *know* until 'faith is lost in sight' — until the freed spirit roves on from world to world, from system to system, and drinks in all knowledge, all wisdom, from their eternal fountain-head.

A. Will you believe it, Isabel? There are moments when I long to enter at once upon this rest, I feel my ignorance so painfully, and a desire for knowledge is so strong within me!

I. Your feelings are perfectly natural, dear Alice, and such as are experienced, at times, by all who ardently desire improve-

ment. We will return now to our subject. Blake says that the rays of the sun may be as cold as particles of ice, when they emanate, and yet become warm before they reach us, by the absorption of oxygen from our atmosphere.

E. And this heat of our atmosphere —

I. Is evolved from the earth, doubtless.

E. Well, I confess this appears consistent — for it is evident that heat is generated in the centre of the earth, from volcanoes.

A. I have lately seen a new theory of electricity, in an article in the Knickerbocker. It was by George F. Hopkins. From certain indications which he mentions, and which he had repeatedly observed during thunder-storms, he says, No other judgment can be formed, than that electricity is drawn solely from the earth.

E. Will you not indulge us with a conversation on geology? I should like it so well!

I. Most willingly. Now, Ann, if you please, tell us more of the sun, of its size, distance from us, and of the periods of its revolutions.

Ann. It is more than eight hundred thousand miles in diameter.

I. Yes; the whole distance from the earth to the moon, would not embrace one third of its diameter.

Ann. How vast! Its distance from the earth is ninety millions of miles.

I. A cannon ball, flying day and night at the rate of sixteen miles a minute, would not reach it in eleven years!

Ann. I thank you, Isabel. These illustrations give me a much more distinct idea of things, than mathematical calculations. The sun has two motions — upon its axis, in twenty-five days, and round the centre of all the planetary motions. Pray how have Astronomers ascertained that the sun revolves upon its axis, Isabel?

I. By observing the motions of the dark spots upon its disc. They are uniform in their changes; they appear on one side and disappear on the other, at regular periods. Some of these spots appear to be larger than the whole earth — the darker are called *maculæ*, the lighter *faculæ*. I will now, briefly as may be, glance over our system, and then we come to the fixed stars. The sun and moon are termed *luminaries*; the other heavenly bodies are called *stars*, distinguished into *planets* and *fixed stars*. The planets are Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and

Uranus or Herschel, with the Asteroids, Vesta, Juno, Ceres, Pallas. These are *primaries*; and they have eighteen moons or satellites, called *secondaries*. The Earth has one; Jupiter, four; Uranus, six; and Saturn, seven. All the heavenly bodies, beyond our system, are called *Fixed Stars*, for the reason that they do not appear to change their relative positions.

A. How far are the fixed stars supposed to be from us?

I. Sirius or the Dog-star is the nearest, and this cannot be less than two millions of millions of miles. A cannon ball, flying from us at the rate of four hundred miles an hour, would not reach it in 570,000 years. Burritt supposes that stars of the sixth magnitude are, at least, nine hundred millions of millions of miles from us. He says, 'Every ray of light, although it moves at the rate of one hundred and ninety three thousand miles in a single second of time, is more than one hundred and seventy years in coming from the star to us.' From their distance, they are known to be bodies of prodigious size,—a million of miles in diameter, it is conjectured,—and supposed to be so many suns like ours, the centres of other systems. Mr. Burritt says, 'Viewed through the telescope, the heavens become quite another spectacle—not only to the understanding but to the senses. New worlds burst upon the sight, and old ones expand to a thousand times their former dimensions. Several of those little stars which but feebly twinkle on the unassisted eye, become immense globes, with land and water, mountains and valleys, encompassed by atmospheres, enlightened by moons, and diversified by day and night, summer and winter. Beyond these are other suns, giving light and life to other systems—not a thousand, or two thousand only, but multiplied without end, and ranged all around us, at immense distances from each other, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion; yet calm, regular and harmonious—all space seems to be illuminated, and every particle of light a world.'

But delightful as this subject is, we will linger here no longer, but attend to the constellations. We will only trace a few of the prettiest ones. I will tell you something of Orion, and then show you the place assigned to him in the heavens. There is much contradiction in mythological accounts. Fortunately, however, strict precision is not a *sine qua non* in this case. Our hero is said by some to be the gift of Jupiter, Neptune and Mer-

cury to a peasant, as a reward of piety. Others say that he was the son of Jupiter and Euryale, an Amazonian huntress.

A. Who were the Amazons, Isabel?

I. A race of gigantic, warlike females of Asia Minor. — Orion was very brave, — the greatest hunter in the world, 'tis said. He was tall and athletic, and, withal, a great genius it appears; for he was employed to construct a subterranean palace of iron for Vulcan. He was sitting, one day, on the sea-shore, and he fell asleep. For some reason, the father of his betrothed was opposed to their marriage. He stole upon him there, and put out both his eyes. Directed by the sound, he went to a neighboring forge; and taking an artificer upon his shoulder, he walked, as directed, to a spot whence he had a view of the rising sun. Turning his sightless eye-balls to the sun, he immediately received his sight. There are contradictions, likewise, in imputing the cause of his death. All are agreed that it was occasioned directly by the bite of a scorpion, which sprang from the earth; and while some attribute this act to the wrath of Diana, on being insulted by him, others say that he often boasted of his hunting prowess — that he could conquer any animal, &c.; so, to punish his vanity, the scorpion bit him. The latter seems the more plausible — for it was by the intercessions of Diana that he was deified.

Now I will describe the constellation, and then you may show your sagacity in pointing it out to me. Perhaps you already know his belt and sword, under the name of Yard and Ell. If so, you will find no difficulty in tracing the whole constellation. Its centre is directly over the equator, midway between the poles. It comes to the meridian a little past the middle of January. Three very bright stars, in a straight line, extending N. W. and S. E., form the belt. These are of the second magnitude; and as there is nothing in the heavens at all like them, I think you will easily find them. A line of smaller stars, south of the belt, forms his sword. Burritt says, 'A little way below Thabit, in the sword, there is a nebulous appearance, the most remarkable one in the heavens. With a good telescope an apparent opening is discovered, through which, as through a window, we seem to get a glimpse of other heavens, and brighter worlds beyond. The belt is in the middle of a parallelogram or long square, formed by four stars; two very brilliant ones are in his shoulders

the brightest of the two lower ones, is in his left foot, which is elevated in the act of assaulting Taurus ; and the other in his right knee. In his head, there are three small stars, forming a small triangle ; these, with the stars in the shoulders, form a large triangle. Now, if you please, go to the window, and find Orion.

E. Oh, there he is ! How beautiful ! and how distinct the outline ! I wonder I never saw him before.

Ann. It is a splendid constellation. I shall never look abroad again, when it is above our horizon, without seeing it.

I. You can see but three stars in the belt. With a good telescope, Galileo counted eighty.

A. There are two beautiful clusters near Orion. One we call 'the seven stars.'

I. Yes ; the Pleiades. The other cluster is called Hyades. They are in Taurus or the Bull, one of the twelve signs of the zodiac, you recollect. The Pleiades are on the shoulder of the Bull, and the Hyades in the face. Only his head and shoulders are seen. He is represented on the celestial globe and maps, as about to dash upon Orion. Dr. Hook saw seventy-eight stars in the Pleiades—we see but six. Another astronomer, it is said, saw two hundred.

Ann. This seems almost incredible. Let me count the visible stars in the Hyades. There are five ; and they form an exact letter V.

I. Yes ; they are readily distinguished by this.

E. Now please give us the history, dear, patient Isabel.

I. Europa was the daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia. She was so beautiful as to win Jupiter from his fidelity to Juno. One day the princess, with her maids of honor, was out in the meadows gathering flowers. Her father's flocks were feeding about her ; and Jupiter appeared among them, says Grecian fable, in the form of a beautiful, white bull. Unsuspicious of danger, Europa caressed the animal, and at length mounted his back. This was precisely what Jupiter wanted. He instantly bore her to the shore, thence across the sea to Crete. For this service rendered, Jupiter placed the bull among the stars. The Pleiades and Hyades were sisters, according to mythology, and at their death were turned to stars for their piety and sisterly affection.

Ann. I suppose the ancients looked forward to deification, and

a place among the stars, as the christian does to his heaven.

I. With, at least, this difference: the hope of the heathen too often nerved his arm for deeds of blood and outrage — that of the christian sends him out to acts of love and mercy.

We will pass to Gemini or the Twins. This constellation has several very brilliant stars; and as you know the situation of Orion and Taurus, you will be enabled to trace it, with the directions I shall give you in a few words.

Ann. This is another of the twelve signs; and it rises next after Taurus, does it not?

I. Yes; on the first of January, it rises in the east, just as the sun is setting in the west; and, as the fixed stars gain upon the sun at the rate of two hours a month, we can easily ascertain at what time it rises now. — The heads of the Twins are marked by two beautiful stars of the first and second magnitude, called Castor and Pollux. The feet are distinguished by a row of stars nearly parallel to those in the head, or to the line formed by them. They are about twenty degrees S. W. of them. You cannot mistake them. Go to the window or door, if you please, and now find Betelguese in the west shoulder of Orion, and Pollux, the less brilliant of the two, in the head of the Twins. A line connecting these two stars, will pass through the principal star in the feet of the Twins.

E. Yes; I see them. The feet are about two-thirds of the distance between Pollux and Betelguese.

Ann. How distinct! Pray, are all the constellations as definite in their outlines as those already traced?

I. Oh no! Many of them are formed of small stars scattered about among the brightest constellations. These we will not attempt to trace now, but confine ourselves to the most interesting portions.

E. And as I shall have no ears for any thing else, until I learn the history of my new acquaintances, Castor and Pollux, please relate it immediately, dear Isabel.

I. They were the sons of Jupiter and Leda, queen of Sparta. After their education was completed, they joined the Argonauts in their expedition. Here they distinguished themselves by their unexampled bravery. After their return, they subdued the pirate that infested the neighboring seas. But their history, like that of

most of the immortals, has its dark page. They were at a nuptial festival prepared by Lynceus and Idas, who were to be united, on the occasion, to Phœbe and Telaria, nieces to Tyndarus. They were very beautiful, and our heroes conceived the strange idea of supplanting the bridegrooms. They were by no means disposed to yield their prizes tamely, and a battle ensued in which Lynceus was slain by Castor ; Castor in his turn, by Idas, and Idas by Pollux. Pollux was immortal ; but such was his love for his brother, that he implored Jupiter to restore Castor to him, or take away his own immortality, that he might join Castor in the infernal regions. Jupiter allowed them to share their immortality ; so they lived and died by turns. Jupiter changed them into this constellation for their fraternal affection.

E. And so there they rest together. — What bright star is that south of Pollux, and about east of Betelguese ?

I. Forming a triangle with those stars ?

E. Yes ; a very, very large one.

I. It is Procyon, a star of the first magnitude. It marks the *locale* of Canis Minor, or Little Dog. This constellation is small, and has nothing very interesting, either in appearance or history. The latter is very doubtful.

Ann. Is this Procyon the Dog-star ?

I. No ; the Dog-star, *alias* Sirius, is in Canis Major, or Great Dog.

E. I have long known this star — it is almost dazzling in its brilliancy.

I. Yes ; it is the brightest in the heavens.

A. The nearest of the fixed stars, you said ?

I. It is ; and still, how distant ! A sound, could it be heard so far, would be three millions of years in reaching us ; and were it to be struck out from the heavens, we should not miss it in less than three years ; for its *last* rays would be so long reaching us.

E. How astonishing ! — So, every ray of light from the fixed stars, that falls upon the retina of the eye, finds there a resting place, after making its way through regions more vast than can be calculated or conceived. Oh, that they might leave there, images of their starting place ! — But let us look at Sirius. There it is. It forms a triangle with Procyon and Betelguese.

A. I have often been struck with the brilliancy of that star, but I did not know its name.

I. Leo or the Lion is just rising in the east. This constellation is nearly as pretty as Orion and Taurus, and it has two stars of the first magnitude. The brightest, Regulus, is in the breast of the Lion. It is the lowest of a cluster of six bright stars, which form a sickle. This marks the shoulder, neck and jaws of the animal. Now you may find it. Recollect that it follows Gemini, with a small constellation, Cancer, between, — on the ecliptic. What is the ecliptic?

E. The sun's path among the stars.

I. Yes; its apparent path. Well, follow this path from Gemini to the first bright cluster of stars, and you find the sickle in Leo.

E. Oh, yes; there it is, — precisely like a sickle, is it not, Alice?

I. You have all heard of the twelve labors of Hercules, and how he cleansed the Augean stables, in which three thousand oxen had been kept years, by turning a river through it — how he seized the Hesperian fruit, although it was guarded by a dragon, and the girdle of the Amazonian queen; destroyed the hundred-headed Hydra, and the great Nemæan lion, the most mischievous of his tribe, &c. According to mythology, this lion was changed to the constellation Leo.

A. Of course Hercules made his way to the stars by these exploits.

I. Yes; but we cannot find him now. He is on the meridian in July. — You all know the Dipper?

Ann. Yes; it is in the Great Bear.

I. Or Ursa Major, as the fable tells us, an Arcadian prince, one of the nymphs of the goddess Diana.

E. This constellation is my darling. Perhaps it is not so splendid as Orion; but it shines on us so constantly — the long night — the whole year.

I. For this same reason, for its magnificence, interesting history, &c., Cassiopeia deserves our attention.

A. How is this, Isabel? Why do not our revolutions sometimes leave it below our horizon?

I. It is because it is so near the north pole of the heavens. This pole is not exactly north of us; but is so far elevated above our horizon, that several of the constellations which surround

revolve round it, or appear to, in consequence of the earth's revolutions, without passing below our northern horizon.

A. I thank you, dear Isabel. Now please give us the history, while we warm ourselves for another survey of the stars.

I. Cassiopeia was queen of Ethiopia, 'of matchless beauty; and she seemed to be sensible of it,' Burritt says. She offended Juno and the sea-nymphs, by boasting herself more beautiful than they. To be revenged on her, they persuaded Neptune to send a horrid sea-monster to destroy her coasts. Not satisfied with this, they demanded that her only and beautiful daughter, Andromeda, should be chained to an isolated rock upon the sea-shore. The deed was done, and the monster approached to destroy her likewise. But Perseus, who was on his return home with the head of Medusa, promised to save her from the monster, if her father would give her to him in marriage. Cepheus consented; and Perseus immediately changed the monster to a rock, by holding up the head of Medusa before his eyes. Cepheus, Perseus and Cassiopeia were all changed into constellations at death. They occupy contiguous positions in the heavens. The king has Cassiopeia on his right, Perseus on her left, and Andromeda is just above her.

E. Isabel, did not a star disappear from this constellation, some two hundred years ago?

I. Yes; about 'two hundred and fifty years ago,' says Burritt, 'a bright star shone about five degrees N. N. E. of Caph, where now is a dark void!' I think I can give you an account of the event in his own words. — 'On the eighth of November, 1572, Tycho Brahe and Cornelius Gemma saw a star in the constellation of Cassiopeia, which became, all at once, so brilliant that it surpassed the splendor of the brightest planets, and was seen at noonday! Gradually, it diminished in splendor, until the 15th of March, 1573, when, without moving from its place, it became utterly extinct. Its color, all this time, exhibited all the phenomena of a prodigious flame—first it was of a dazzling white, then a reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy paleness, in which its light expired.' 'It is impossible,' says Mrs. Somerville, 'to imagine any thing more tremendous than a conflagration that could be seen at such a distance. It was visible for sixteen months.' Thus we may conceive the Deity to have been employed from all

eternity, and thus He may continue to be employed for endless ages ; forming new systems of beings to adore him, and transplanting beings already formed, into happier regions, who continue to rise higher and higher in their enjoyments, and go to contemplate system after system, through the boundless universe.

E. Oh, Isabel ! What a God is *our* God ! I tremble when I think of His power, although I know it is all exerted in love. Will you show us the spot it occupied, dear Isabel ?

I. I will, after you have found the constellation by the directions I shall give you. Turn to the Dipper, if you please. The two bright stars, forming that part of the bowl farthest from the handle, are called 'The Pointers ;' for their line, if extended towards the pole, will pass through the North Star. This star is the largest in the Little Dipper, and is at the extremity of the handle. You see it, do you not ?

Ann. Yes ; there it is. The Little Dipper is in Ursa Minor, is n't it ? And it is formed like the great one, except that it is smaller, and the handle curves differently.

I. Yes. Well, a line extending from the star, at the junction of the bowl and handle of the Great Dipper, through the North Star, and as far beyond it as this star is from that in the Dipper, will lead to a bright cluster of stars, forming the figure of an inverted chair.

A. There it is. See, Ellinora ! But, Isabel, is it not more like an irregularly formed W ?

I. I think it is.

E. And that is Cassiopeia. Where is Caph ?

I. That star which stands somewhat alone in the cluster, forming a point of the W. The lost star was five degrees from N. N. E. — Let this finish our lesson for this evening, dear

FOUR PICTURES.

I.

It was evening ; and the mellow light of a golden sky tinted the interior of a room, at that hour, occupied by a mother and her child. The lady was pale, thin and lovely ; the girl, bright, round and beautiful. It was the child's hour of retirement, and it was evident that exciting amusements had prepared her for a willing withdrawal to her little couch. This was her room — these the white curtains which surrounded her bed ; and around, the thousand splendid toys, which furnish materials by which the children of the wealthy may employ their restless faculties, or vent their spleen and irritability.

Anne has thrown the wax-doll upon the floor ; the bright bouquet, from the green-house, out of the window ; the new picture-book into the wash-basin, and the frosted cake to her pet kitten. Her muslin robe is exchanged for her cambric night-dress, and she is, in reality, willing to be rocked to sleep. But, wayward still, she frisks about the room ; now under the table, and now behind a chair. The counterpane is dragged to the floor, the wash-stand overturned, the kitten frightened from the room, and the pale lady exhausted. She re-seats herself in the rocking chair, and presses her thin hand to her closed eyes. The *ruse* is successful.

Anne cannot cause tears, and she steals into her mother's arms, to kiss them away. Her countenance is illuminated with that holiest feeling of happy childhood, the fear that she has caused suffering. How softly she kisses the wan cheek, and lovingly returns the involuntary caress. Then the eyes are closed, and she tries to sleep ; but once more the blue orb peeps from the dark lash, to see that there are, indeed, no tears upon that cheek. She is perfectly re-assured, and soon the low chant has hushed her to slumber. She is placed upon the bed, partially awakened, and murmurs 'mother.' 'My own Anne,' whispers the well-known voice, and she is again asleep. The counterpane is placed over the little form, and, with a parting glance of deep affection, the mother returns to her parlor.

Has there been no prayer that more powerful Love should watch her darling ; that angels' wings should fan the sleeper, and the Ever-wakeful Eye should guard from unseen perils ? Ah, no !

The mother of Anne has no religion, but that of the affection for surely love like hers is holiness. The cherished one is not committed to hireling care ; and all may have surmised that she is a spoiled and only child. No ; not *spoiled* — for that being is born, baptized, cherished and matured in the very atmosphere of love, even weak, erring, earthly love, cannot be wholly. Anne is kind, generous, affectionate, (for affection has been the very breath of her life,) and unselfish ; for she has never had cause to think for self. Oh, is she not happy, to sleep amidst her cares, and waken to smiles !

The pale lady has known sorrow, and but for Anne, her wishes and affections would, ere this, have ascended to heaven ; but the child is still an earthly altar, and here may the heart still find its abiding place.

II.

Again it is evening ; and again is the pale lady with her child in that shadowy room. Years have gone by, and sharpened her thin lineaments, and tinted, with a sallow hue, her pallid cheeks. But the sunken eye is still bright with affection's fire, and the features illuminated with the light of fond and happy maternal love.

And the years which have passed over Anne, have changed the sportive child to the graceful, sprightly girl. Her form is still beautiful, but more slender and airy ; and the face, still fair, more of an intellectual loveliness. She has just returned from a fashionable establishment, where it was considered indispensably requisite that the last polish should be received by the *perfectly* educated girl, and now she will never be separated from her parent more. They will do nothing but give and receive happiness — love and be loved. Is not this a happy lot ? So Anne thinks, and she is full of joy. This is her room — it was hers in childhood ; and for all her sweet associations, it must be hers still. The lady would have willed otherwise, but her gentle remonstrances were easily overruled, by the impetuous, never-thwarted girl. Yet you would not think the apartment the same, so much has been done to make it suitable for a lady's boudoir.

Where was once the bed, is now an elegant piano ; the place where stood the chair in which she was hushed to slumber, is now supplied by a richly carved, marble tablet. It is strewn with cards, prints and gaily-bound volumes, the playthings of her rich

years. The Persian carpet is of her own selection ; and its flowers, glowing in her favorite hues, may vie with the blossoms of the rare plants which ornament the casements. The crimson curtains receive and deepen the sun's last rays, and their rich glow gives, even to the mother's faded cheek, the bloom of youth. Anne is now embracing her in transports of joy ; now venting her joyous enthusiasm upon the ringing piano ; now dancing in wild delight around the room ; and now, on the low ottoman at her mother's feet, endeavoring to subdue her impulses to a less childish glee. And now she is pouring into that mother's ears, her hopes, and plans, and *determinations* for the future. Oh, how happy will they two be, with wealth for the gratification of every desire, and scarce a wish, but to be all in all to each other !

And does there arise no aspiration from the mother's heart, that her loved one may now be kept from temptation, and preserved from the ensnarer ; that the warm spring of affection may never send its bright waters into forbidden channels ; its sources be dried by the warm sun of prosperity, or chilled by the rude blasts of adversity ? No, no. She feels but this : that Anne is still her own ; her affectionate and darling child ; and she knows no wish, no fear, no necessity for supplication, so long as the girl is wholly hers.

The sun-light has gone, and the star-beams faintly steal into the apartment ; and the lady receives and returns her daughter's warm kiss, as they separate for the night. They are soon asleep, happy in innocence, prosperity and affection.

III.

Again it is evening ; and again, after the lapse of years, will we return to Anne's room. She is there, and one beside her, but we will not yet look at them. One glance at the apartment, to see what changes time has wrought in that. Treasures have been accumulating ; and the rich, rare and curious are mingled in wild profusion. Yes ; one may see, who is not a close observer, that here, in this one little room, has centered Anne's every thought, and wish, and joy. Here she has brought the gay beauties of China, Northern Africa, and the far-off Ind ; here are the curiosities of Southern America, and the many Islands of the sea ; here are the relics of Grecian greatness, and specimens of Ita-

lian skill; and the flowers tell tales of many a distant clime, and it is in the harmonious arrangement of this incongruous semblance, that the intense and untiring interest of its mistress is discerned. Nothing is in the way, yet nothing looks formally precise. And though there have been gradual additions, yet we would fancy that the room, and all of its contents, were originally made and fitted to each other. Yes; for years, Anne's heart has been in her room—in the little room where, with her mother, she have been spent her happiest hours.

But after a second glance, we can detect an air of neglect in this never-deserted apartment. The flowers have shed their blossoms, and the stray petals bestrew the floor; the green leaves have drooped for want of their accustomed showering, and the pet Canary stands supperless upon his perch. There is a slight veil of dust upon the books and ornaments, and music is in a sad disorder upon the piano.

And now that we look at Anne, we see the rich, voluptuous form of the beautiful and mature woman. Round is she as in childhood, but with another fullness; beautiful as ever, but how different that beauty. There is that fire in the eye which speaks of quick and strengthened passions; but also that earnest expression, which tells that they are but the sparks and gleams that play upon the surface of the soul's unfathomable waters. Every muscle, line and dimple but varies the same, and tells that Anne is the creature of impulse, sentiment, and emotion. Her feelings *will not* remain unspoken; the tongue cannot utter them, and they radiate from every blush of the cheek and flash of the eye, and quiver of the lip. Our first impression is, 'Oh, how she *can* feel!' and we know at the second glance that those feelings have never been crossed; for to such a degree earth's troubles must come like the crash of an avalanche, or the scathe of the lightning. And Anne's companion is one to whom the coming morn will give her, a true and fervent bride.

The pale lady is not there. She sits alone in her apartment with her hollow cheek resting upon her wasted hand, and her face blanched with such agony that she soon must cease to survive. And can Anne be wholly unmindful of her? Yes; she is forgotten; and the ardent girl is sitting, absorbed in that intense passion which none but such as she can feel. And the noble lady sits beside her, with the flashing eye, and scornful lip, and

naughty bearing, is one of the very few who could have won her love. No : Anne's love was never *won*, was never *sought*. When one she met, upon whom it might be bestowed, it was poured forth like the full, sweeping tide of Niagara. And he received it. Yes ; he was young, ambitious and poor. Her wealth, beauty and strong affection were all as pleaders in her cause. They win the suit, and Anne believes that she is loved — not as *she* loves, but as much as *he* can love. She knows that the thirst for fame is strong within him, and love but a theme for leisure hours. And she loves him all the more for this. She could not give her swelling heart to one who had no higher aim than pleasure, and no more favored pursuit than playful dalliance. Anne is right — she is beloved as he can love woman, but his love 'is of his life a thing apart,' and oh, how small a part !

He is speaking to her now, but not in the hushed tones of affection. With a kindling eye, and swelling voice, he is depicting the glorious future — the time when senates shall listen to his words, and applauding thousands send forth their shouts of approval ; when the laurel wreath shall deck his brow, and she shall be so honored as to share his fame.

Anne is sitting upon the low couch beside him, with lips apart, and cheeks pale from excess of emotion. Her cold, white hand is clenched unconsciously in his, and her earnest glances seem to bury themselves in his own fiery orbs.

He has now arisen to go : there is one look, almost of feeling, around that beauteous room. 'Anne, we may never meet here again.' The tears start to her eyes. For the first time since he has been with her, does the remembrance come, that on the morrow, she is to leave her mother, friends and home. She is to go with him, where there is a broader theatre for his aspiring soul ; and for his sake she is willing to relinquish all else. But these tears will sometimes come, and now she would wish them back. He brushes them away, gives her one hasty kiss, and is gone. She listens to the last echo of his retreating footsteps, and then buries her face in her hands, to live again, in thought, the last happy hour.

The door opens, and a light, slow foot-fall is heard within the room. Anne looks up, and meets the fearful gaze of that woe-worn mother, who stands, like a spectre, in her long night-dress. 'Mother ! oh, mother !' exclaims the repentant girl, and she

clasps that thin form in an affectionate embrace. 'My own A' is repeated in a faint whisper ; and then, for a few moments mingle their tears together.

'Oh, Anne ! I went to my bed and tried to sleep, but all in vain, and I rose again to come to you ; and then I heard his voice, and knew that you were very happy, and I tried to wait till he was gone ; but it was so very hard. And now, my dear Anne, let us spend the few hours which we shall share together in this world, in weeping with each other.'

The mother thinks not that there might be a higher and more communion ; nor does she, even now, send up a petition for the child who is to be withdrawn from the faint shadow of her wing — the drooping wing, which is so soon to be forever broken.

IV.

Again there has been a lapse of years ; and again, at the twilight hour, will we go to Anne's room. How hollow sounds the echo of our footsteps, and how gloomy the apartment. Everything is as she left it, when she went forth a lovely, joyous bride. The room was then closed, never to be re-opened until she should come again, to see her childhood's home. The cob-webs festoon the walls, and veil the old Italian paintings. The tarred vines now thickly curtain the dark windows, and the moth is seen upon the carpeted floor. The same music which she played on her bridal morn, is upon the piano, and it is THE BRIDE'S SONG. WELL.

But we can look no longer, for a footstep approaches. The door slowly opens, and is it not the pale lady who enters ? She has rested long where those are laid who may never awake, and that ashy cheek is now food for worms. Yet it looks as she did, when first we saw her, with Anne in her arms. This pale, fragile figure is Anne herself. And what a change ! The dark eyes speak now but the language of despair ; the sunken cheeks tell but a tale of misery ; and it is here that she has come for consolation. A bootless errand ! Each look but meets a reproach, and every memento of the past has its just reproach, or rebuke.

And they are the same ; but oh, how different ! Can it be that this was once the scene of all her happiness ? It is now mockery to remain within its walls. Yet for a few moments

will linger—she will reflect. She seats herself where she sat when he said, ‘Anne, we may never meet here again.’ She thinks of what she was then, so joyous, hopeful and confident; of what she is now, miserable, despondent and wavering. The interval passes in review—the happy days of their early married life; then the death of her forsaken mother; then the gradual withdrawal of that affection which had been the life of her existence; then the irritation and misery caused by the disappointment of those hopes in which his being had been wholly centered.

Where he looked for fame, he had found but reproach; for happiness, but misery; and for applause, but derision. And upon her had been vented the reproach he deemed the debt he owed society, until her heart could bear no longer. Then, when she was sinking, had come penitence and affection, to revive and support her through the last sad scenes, till he was laid where her bright ones had one by one been buried. Then she had come, in her desolation, to those who had known her in youth; but alas! in vain could she look to them for support.

The agonizing look of supplication, with which they all are greeted, tells that she is solicitous of a boon they cannot grant; and they turn away from the view of agony they may not relieve. But they can never forget the beseeching glance which so plainly said, ‘Pity me, pity me, Oh my friends; for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me.’ When she finds herself indeed forsaken of all, she turns to the relics of the past, to see if there may not be a soothing power in their sweet remembrances.

But oh, what once was sweet, she finds has turned to bitterness; and the past recedes more swiftly, as she attempts more nearly to approach it. Never has she felt so strongly the contrast between her present and former self, as in this little room. ‘Tis all the same—and yet how sad the change! How vain the attempt to derive happiness from that which once conferred the purest bliss. Oh, can there be for her no consolation?—if not, she must lie down and die.

And then she thinks of ONE who *may* draw near when earthly friends have turned away—of Him to whom complaints can ever be made, and supplication raised. The swelling heart cannot restrain the tide of penitence and grief—the knee is bent, the hand is raised, and, for the first time, the walls of Anne’s room have echoed back the voice of prayer.

GERTRUDE.

THE SEQUESTERED HARP.

A BALLAD.

A sweet-toned Harp, the artist's skill
 Had fashioned in a glen,
 Whose witching notes the souls might thrill
 Of all save soulless men.

But such seemed they to whom was given
 That mute though precious lyre;
 All wasted were its tones of heaven,
 Its power the breast to inspire.

For none the awakening power could bring
 Whose hand those chords had swept,
 And on each unregarded string
 The hidden music slept.

At length unto that lovely glen
 A mighty minstrel came,
 Who, in the homes of prouder men,
 Had gained the meed of fame.

The stranger took the Harp awhile,
 That, (with a wonted pleasure,)
 His leisure hours he might beguile,
 And tuned the strings to measure.

Nor deemed he such a wondrous strain
 Those rude chords could imprison,
 As, when he touched the lyre again,
 Answered with notes Elysian.

And he started at the thrilling sound,
 Which, his casual touch awaking,
 Through grove and valley rang around,
 The glen's deep stillness breaking.

As up into the far blue sky
 The harp-freed music sprang,
 With echoes of that melody
 The wild vale loudly rang.

The rustics round the harper stood,
 And marvelled at his skill;
 As strains of gay or plaintive mood
 Responded to his will.

'Was this the Harp,' they loudly cry,
 'Which we so disregarded?
 And had this wealth of melody
 Beneath its chords been hoarded?'

And oft, when day's hard toil was o'er,
And eve brought hour for leisure,
They gathered round the harper's door,
To list to the lyre's sweet measure.

But the minstrel tired of the lowly glen,
And far away went he ;
And he left the Harp with those humble men,
When he passed o'er the deep blue sea.

Long years went by ; and when once more
He returned to his native strand,
The mingled dust his sandals bore
Of many a distant land.

For he had trod the stately halls
Of England's youthful queen,
And round 'auld Scotia's' mouldering walls
His form had erst been seen ;

And he had stood where brilliant skies
Bend over beauty's home,
And classic temples greet the eyes
Beside a Moslem dome.

And then he went where Afric's sun
Its deserts through ages has fired ;
And in haunts which the love of ease would shun,
He faltered never, nor tired.

He went where the idolized crocodile creeps
In the Nile's long-hallowed wave,
And where the ancient Pharaohs sleep
Within their mountain-like grave.

And he'd stood where, with deep, majestic flow,
The Euphrates rolls his tide ;
And where, with murmuring scarce more slow,
The waves of the Jordan glide.

And the pilgrim's foot had pressed the height,
To the Christian all sacred still,
Though Omar's mosque, with splendor bright,
Now stands on Zion's hill.

There was not a consecrated spot
Of deserted Palestine,
But the minstrel still unwearied sought,—
To him 'twas a sacred shrine.

And when he returned, 'twas a theme for the songs
Which delighted each listening ear,
And around him were gathered admiring throngs,
Th' enchanted tradition to hear.

And he thought not then of the harp he had left
 So desolate, hung on the willow,
 Which seemed of each wakening impulse bereft,
 When he crossed o'er the rolling billow.

For never a loud or rapturous tone
 Had ever been heard from it then,
 Or aught, save a low and heart-searching moan,
 When the night breezes swept through the glen.

But at length into that secluded dell
 The minstrel came gladly again,
 And they brought him the harp he had loved so well
 Ere he traversed the heaving main.

But one master-sweep o'er the trembling strings,
 And one glad word o'er them spoken ;
 Then a pæan of joy through the wild glen rings,
 And the wind-worn harp lies broken.

MELODIA.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

Among the multitudes of females employed in our manufacturing establishments, persons are frequently to be met with, whose lives are interspersed with incidents of an interesting, and even thrilling character. But seldom have I met with a person who has manifested so deep devotion, such uniform cheerfulness, and withal so determined a perseverance in the accomplishment of her cherished object, as Mrs. Jones.

This inestimable lady was reared in the midst of affluence, and was early married to the object of her heart's affection. A son was given them, a sweet and lovely boy. With much joy she watched the development of this young mind, especially as he early manifested a deep devotional feeling, which was cultivated with the most assiduous attention.

But happiness like this may not always continue. Reverend came. That faithful husband and affectionate father was laid in a bed of languishing. Still he trusted in God ; and when he perceived that the time of his departure approached, he raised his eyes, and exclaimed, ' Holy Father ! Thou hast promised to be the widow's God and Judge, and a Father to the fatherless ; into Thy care I commit my beloved wife and child. Keep Thou them from evil.'

as they travel life's uneven journey. May their service be acceptable in Thy sight.' He then quietly fell asleep.

Bitter indeed were the tears shed over his grave, by that lone widow and her orphan boy ; yet they mourned not as those who mourn without hope. Instead of devoting her time to unavailing sorrow, Mrs. Jones turned her attention to the education of her son, who was then in his tenth year. Finding herself in reduced circumstances, she nobly resolved to support her family by her own exertions, and keep her son at school. With this object, she procured plain needle-work, by which, with much economy, she was enabled to live very comfortably, until Samuel had availed himself of all the advantages presented him by the common schools and high school. He was then ready to enter college—but how were the necessary funds to be raised to defray his expenses ?

This was not a new question to Mrs. Jones. She had pondered it long and deeply, and decided upon her course ; yet she had not mentioned it to her son, lest it should divert his mind from his studies. But, as the time now rapidly approached when she was to carry her plan into operation, she deemed it proper to acquaint Samuel with the whole scheme.

As they were alone in her neat little parlor, she aroused him from a fit of abstraction, by saying, 'Samuel, my dear son, before your father died we solemnly consecrated you to the service of the Lord ; and that you might be the better prepared to labor in the gospel vineyard, your father designed to give you a liberal education. He was called home ; yet, through the goodness of our Heavenly Father, I have been enabled thus far to prosecute his plan. It is now time for you to enter college, and in order to raise the necessary funds, I have resolved to sell my little stock of property, and engage as an operative in a factory.'

At this moment, neighbor Hall, an old-fashioned, good-natured sort of man, entered very unceremoniously, and having heard the last sentence, replied : 'Ah ! widow, you know that I do not like the plan of bringing up our boys in idleness. But then Samuel is such a good boy, and so fond of reading, that I think it a vast pity if he cannot read all the books in the state. Yes, send him to college, widow ; there he will have reading to his heart's content. You know there is a gratuity provided for the education of indigent and pious young men.'

‘Yes,’ said Mrs. Jones, ‘I know it ; but I am resolved that my son ever obtains a place among the servants of the Prince of Peace, he shall stand forth unchained by the bondage of man, and nobly exert the energies of his mind as the Lord’s freeman.’

Samuel, who had early been taught the most perfect obedience, now yielded reluctant consent to this measure. Little time was requisite for arrangements ; and having converted her little effects into cash, they, who had never before been separated, now took an affectionate and sorrowful leave of each other, and departed — the one to the halls of learning, and the other to the power-loom.

We shall now leave Samuel Jones, and accompany his mother to Dover. On her arrival, she assumed her maiden name, which I shall call Lucy Cambridge ; and such was her simplicity and quietness of deportment, that she was never suspected of being other than she seemed. She readily obtained a situation in a weave-room, and by industry and close application she quickly learned the grand secret of a successful weaver — namely, ‘Keep the filling running, and the web clear.’

The wages were not then reduced to the present low standard, and Lucy transmitted to her son, monthly, all, saving enough to supply her absolute necessities.

As change is the order of the day in all manufacturing places, so in the course of change, Lucy became my room-mate ; and she whom I had before admired, secured my love and ardent friendship. Upon general topics she conversed freely ; but of her history and kindred, never. Her respectful deportment was sufficient to protect her from the inquiries of curiosity ; and till she maintained her reserve, until one evening when I found her sadly perusing a letter. I thought she had been weeping. All the sympathies of my nature were aroused, and throwing my arms around her neck, I exclaimed, ‘Dear Lucy, does your letter bring you bad news, or are any of your relatives’ — I hesitated to stop ; for, thought I, ‘perhaps she *has* no relatives. I have never heard her speak of any ; she may be a lone orphan in the world.’ It was then she yielded to sympathy, what curiosity she never ventured to ask. From that time she continued to speak to me of her history and hopes. — As I have selected names to suit myself, she has kindly permitted me to make an extract from her answer to that letter, which was as follows :

“My Dear Son : In your letter of the 16th, you entreat me to leave the mill, saying, ‘I would rather be a scavenger, a wood-sawyer, or any thing, whereby I might honestly procure a subsistence for my mother and myself, than have you thus toil, early and late. Mother, the very thought is intolerable ! O come away — for dearly as I love knowledge, I cannot consent to receive it at the price of my mother’s happiness.’

My Son, it is true that factory life is a life of toil — but I am laboring to prepare my only son to go forth as a herald of the cross, to preach repentance and salvation to those who are out of the way. I am promoting an object which was very near the heart of my dear husband. Wherefore I desire that you will not again think of pursuing any other course, than the one already marked out for you ; for you perceive that my agency in promoting your success, forms an important part of *my* happiness.”

Often have I seen her eyes sparkle with delight, as she mentioned her son and his success. And, after the labor and toil of attending ‘double work’ during the week, very often have I seen her start with all the elasticity of youth, and go to the Post Office after a letter from Samuel. And seldom did she return without one, for he was ever thoughtful of his mother, who was spending her strength for him. And he knew very well that it was essential to her happiness to be well informed of his progress and welfare.

Nearly three years had elapsed since Lucy Cambridge first entered the mill, when the stage stopped in front of her boarding house, and a young gentleman sprang out, and inquired if Miss Lucy Cambridge was in. Immediately they were clasped in each other’s arms. This token of mutual affection created no small stir among the boarders. One declared, ‘she thought it very singular that such a pretty young man should fancy so old a girl as Lucy Cambridge.’ Another said, ‘she should as soon think that he would marry his mother.’

Samuel Jones was tall, but of slender form. His hair, which was of the darkest brown, covered an unusually fine head. His eyes, of a clear dark grey, beaming with piety and intelligence, shed a lustre over his whole countenance, which was greatly heightened by being overshadowed by a deep, broad forehead.

He visited his mother at this time, to endeavor to persuade her to leave the mill, and spend her time in some less laborious occupation. He assured her that he had saved enough from the stock she had already sent him, to complete his education. But she

had resolved to continue in her present occupation, until her son should have a prospect of a permanent residence ; and he departed alone.

Intelligence was soon conveyed to Lucy, that a young student had preached occasionally, and that his labors had been abundantly blessed. And ere the completion of another year, Samuel Jones went forth a licentiate, to preach the everlasting gospel.

I will not attempt to describe the transports of that widow's heart, when she received the joyful tidings, that her son had received a unanimous call to take the pastoral charge of a small but well-united society in the western part of Ohio, and was about only for her to accompany him thither.

Speedily she prepared to leave a place which she really loved. 'for,' said she, 'have I not been blessed with health and strength to perform a great and noble work in this place ?'

Ay, undoubtedly thou hast performed a blessed work ; now, go forth, and, in the heart-felt satisfaction that thou hast performed thy duty, reap the rich reward of all thy labors.

Samuel Jones and his mother have departed for the scene of their future labors, with their hearts filled with gratitude to God, and an humble desire to be of service in winning many souls to the flock of our Savior and Lord.

ORIANNA.

FICTION. A DIALOGUE.

Annette. So here you are, Ella, at your desk again. What are you writing now ? 'One of your dreams, allegories, reveries, metaphors, or some such *jack-o'-lanthorn* thing, as somebody says of somebody's writings — is it not ?'

Ella. 'Somebody says of somebody's writings : ' that is like my Annette's usual precise, name-and-date-giving manner of quoting a remark, or telling a story.

A. I believe that it was Rev. Dr. Langhorne, who thus designated some of Miss Hannah More's productions, but I am quite sure, or I would not have expressed myself in this indefinite manner. But pray what are you writing ? Some *fiction*, I suppose.

E. Yes, Annette, it is something that never has, and probably never will happen ; and you, I know, will call it one of my

fancies ; but our editor has given me liberty to write as many strange conceits as I please. What think you of it ?

A. (After reading.) A strange thing, and with a strange title. It is quite original — and yet almost any one would suspect that you had read Byron's *Dream of Darkness*, and that it suggested this horrible *Dream of Light* ; but are not all the laws of the physical and mental world, outraged in this imagining ?

E. I know not — perhaps none could know. I wrote to please myself, though also hopeful that it would please others.

A. And is that alone a sufficient motive for the use of the pen and press ? Methinks we should aim to elevate, to instruct, and purify. Oh, Ella ! I wish you would abandon this horrid practice of writing and reading fiction. There is so much of the lofty, beautiful, and inspiring, in the *true*, that I must ever regret your leaving the clear, sunny height, for the dark, mazy vale.

E. But I must be proud of the line I have chosen, if it has been hallowed by Miss More, and will be very contented if my effusions are honored by the title of 'jack-o'-lanthorn things.' And I truly have some of our very best (I use the word in all its significations) writers and readers on my side, and may safely follow them as guides.

A. Ella, I am surprised to hear you speak so. I do think that works of fiction have a most demoralizing and weakening effect upon the mind. The world is flooded with them ; and I wish they were every one destroyed, or, rather, I wish they had never been written. — Never have I met with one besides yourself, who would advocate this cause in serious argument.

E. I know very well, Annette, that the practice of our common readers of fiction, is to *keep silence* when they are attacked, and still go on, amidst the anathemas, and under the proscriptions, of those who are sworn enemies to this department of literature. This is not as it should be. If their practice is wrong, they should abandon it ; if right, as an innate feeling seems to tell them, they should look about for their weapons of war, gird on their armor, and come manfully up to the battle.

A. What could they do ? What can be said ?

E. We will see. You said that you wished that no fiction had ever been written. In that case we should not have had the parable of the *Good Samaritan*, *Milton's Paradise Lost*, *Pilgrim's*

Progress, nor the *Vicar of Wakefield* ; and yet it has been said, that we could not well do without these.

A. THE GOOD SAMARITAN ! Why, I have always been accustomed to look upon all of the Bible as *truth*. No, I cannot get that up, or the beautiful imitations of it—the German Parables—and that ‘delight of our childhood,’ the old English Allegories—these must never be swept away. As to the *Paradise Lost*, I thought not of poetry when I spoke. We will discuss that question another time. But the *Vicar of Wakefield*—that I suppose must be yielded. It is fiction ; and it is a novel—that class of literary animals which I detest above all others. They swarm from the hot-bed of Imagination, like the poisonous ants of Africa ; or rather, I would compare them to the thick brood of serpents which infest some beautiful, spar-incrusted cave. Is it wise to gain the crystals at the expense of a poisoned frame ? Yes, but the novels must go, though the good old Vicar, and ‘poor Robinson Crusoe,’ and some others, are obliged to march with them. Do you suppose that our old Revolutionary patriots would have wished to keep the British army within their territory, because some of their officers were very pleasant men ? And what is the argument of our temperance lecturers ? Not that ardent spirits are *altogether* injurious ; but so generally so, that to get rid of the evils, we must also relinquish whatever there may be of good. Yes, my friend, to be rid of all the novels, I would have my old friends also discarded ; and though some natural tears I might drop, I believe I should wipe them soon ; for there would still be a world before me ; and if there were not the bowers of Eden for me, neither would there be the subtle serpent, nor the flaming sword which they had attracted. I would have the dark clouds swept from the sky, though the bright rainbow must also go with them.

E. Well, Annette, your martyr spirit is truly worthy of admiration ; but your clouds, serpents, swords, warriors, &c., convince me not, all imaginary as I am. You seem to hold it a proposition, that the good fictions are the exceptions which prove the rule that they are generally bad : I hold to the contrary, and am ready to maintain that the bad fictions are the exceptions. My first argument will be : Why was this love of the ideal, this passion for fiction, for a something which is not of the earth, this propensity to dream, to imagine, to create other lovelier scenes, and people them with different, and far more

beauteous beings ; why was this given us, if it is to be but a scourge, or the rod with which we may inflict penance upon our poor, mis-created minds ? I think you are a believer in Phrenology, and do you not remember that ideality is quite as prominent a feature of our mental organization, as any of those at whose expense you think it is cultivated ?

A. I am a believer in Phrenology so far as it is supported by facts of my own observation ; but would it be fair for you to recognise its theory as a first truth, and build your argument upon it ? May it not prove false ?

E. Whether the *bumpology* part of it be true or not, is not now to my purpose. The phrenological classification of our faculties I believe to be the correct one. We have these mental characteristics, these mind-features, as organs, whether they are developed in our skulls, hearts, or any other portion of this corporeal frame ; or whether they are an entirely spiritual essence, and wholly independent of our bodily frames. God has given them all for use, though none for abuse. The poet, who has been granted the power to sing those songs which carry us into other and brighter worlds ; the romancer, who creates those bewitching palaces, or fairy nooks, or frowning castles, and peoples them as he lists, with forms of unnatural beauty, grace, and perfection ; the novelist, who takes his rule and compass, and marks his chart from the real shore around him, and then creates the mimic vessels with which he is to illustrate the dangers or pleasures of the passage across the real sea ; or the painter and sculptor, who embody their conceptions of the beautiful in the more enduring canvass or marble : all these have been endowed, and doubtless for wise purposes, with the power which they have displayed. And why have we been gifted with that spirit-lyre which thrills to every touch of the true musician — which makes our voices but his echo ?

A. But, Ella, do you not think that these faculties are often perverted ? — that the poet becomes the mere rhapsodist ; the romancer, but the maniac dreamer ; and the novelist, but the caricaturist ? if he may even be allowed that praise. For are not all our standard works upon education, filled with warnings and denunciations of the pernicious habit of novel reading ? Does it not weaken the mind, and create not only spiritual debility, but disease ? Who are our inebriate novel-readers ? You are, you must be aware, that they are not the wise, firm, and judi-

cious. Is not this bump of ideality, if you please, the one which is often the ruin of the others? the Judas among the apostles, the Arnold among the patriots, 'the black ewe' which is in every flock? Is it not the one which we are to fetter and chain, to enclose amid the strong barriers, and lock with the great key? I was about to say — but no, it must be *sealed* up; there must be no key-hole — for the little elf would certainly slip through, and bewitch all the rest.

E. I believe that every faculty may be perverted — the imagination among the rest; and that it should be our constant study so to exercise all our bumps, as for convenience' sake we may term them, that none may out-balance, and lead to the perversion of others. I acknowledge that this is a great, a fearful task; it is one allotted us — and now, Annette, place your finger on any part of this phrenological chart which is not liable to abuse. You cannot find one; but you may tell me that the abuses of some are of a more serious character than those of others. Granted: but I think those of Imagination are the least. Even Benevolence, Veneration, and Conscientiousness, as though confiding in their good reputation, often make wide-spreading mischief and ruin to those who would turn their backs, and shut their eyes, even to the little Ideality to come near. I am serious, Annette, when I say that the excessive love of the beautiful, sublime, or transcendental, though it may make a man act rather foolishly in this work-a-day world, yet does not so often lead to injustice and injury to fellow creatures, as any other too strongly-cherished passion.

A. But do you not think that self-destruction is a sin? that it is wrong to incapacitate the mind for the duties of life, or to impair the perfect and cheerful performance of them?

E. I do; but in point of fact I do not see that this is often the case — at least, not oftener in the case of ideality than of any other organ. You accuse me of too strongly cherishing, and frequently indulging the imagination — but it has not the evils which you attribute to it. Under its influence, I look upon the past, and 'Memory, brightening, wears the hues of Hope.' My imaginings of the future are brighter; and I know not, Annette, how I could endure these factories, or boarding-house if I had not the power of escaping from them, at times, into some splendid air-castle, surrounded with every luxury, and beaming with refulgent brightness — and 'To Imagine conquers To

pine.' I know that there is a sort of cant abroad in society, about 'the pernicious effects of novel-reading.' Now I despise the devourer of all fictitious trash, as much as you do ; and think, with you, that they do not constitute the wise and judicious among us. But I never saw such a person, who I thought would be doing any thing else, unless it was something worse, if he were not reading novels. Those who have no taste for any thing but the lowest order of fiction, and are inveterate devourers of that, are those, who, without this predilection, would be, if women, tattlers, meddlers, and busy-bodies ; or if men, street-loungers and tavern-visitors, and are, perhaps, by their love of reading novels, kept out of a vast deal of mischief.

But there is much said about the poor, ruined females, who read of the imaginative until they entirely forget the real — their own ideality is lost in that of some ideal heroine. But although I have read such things, they have been fiction to me ; for I have never seen a female who did not live so much more in the actual world, as to be perfectly able to distinguish it from the ideal. I do not think there ever was a Dorcasina Sheldon, or any one who might have been her prototype.

A. But you do see silly, love-sick damsels, and young ladies, making themselves very foolish by affecting sentiments and feelings which they do not possess.

E. I do ; but I see them quite as often among those who have never read a fiction, as among those who have. Look out in the actual world, study facts, and you will see that it is so. I have sometimes seen a young girl foolishly bestowing her love where it ought not to go ; and if she is distressed because it meets no return, we hear the remark that she had been a reader of novels — she had lived among the more perfect heroes of the Ideal, until she forgot that cruelty and fickleness were the attributes of base, earth-born mortals ; but such things happen as often among the *non*-readers, or readers of other literature, as among novel-readers. Indeed it would seem that the novel-reader would be more upon her guard, as disappointed love is so often the theme of our fictions.

A. Yes ; and what more miserable subject could they select ? Surely these love-stories are the most trite, insipid, and disgusting class of fictions ; and why this feeling is so often made the master-passion I cannot conjecture.

E. Men have been divided into thinking, acting, and feeling beings. The author is of the last class. We will suppose him to be a novelist, and he is of the class who wish to portray passions, which is what he generally delights to do. No stronger of these are love, revenge, hatred, ambition, cupidity, &c. Peculiar circumstances may make masters of other feelings as gratitude, &c. ; but none more universally wield the scepter than Love. If he is true to nature, this will be most often betrayed. Did you never notice how often, in the common dissipated circle, or even in the refined, drawing-room clique, the love-affairs of their acquaintances are the subjects of conversation? The proportion is not greater in the relations of friendship. Neither have I such a disgust towards these love-stories as you profess to entertain. They often contain some of the most interesting, beautiful, and truly spiritualizing passages in our language.

A. Yes ; and when I have heard such passages, I have thought that the author must have read and observed much attentively ; or that if she speaks from her own heart, she must feel as Tully did in his affliction, (if the anecdote related of him be true,) that he was almost inconsolable for the death of his daughter, until he thought how many fine things might be said about it.

E. And I have felt while reading them and, as I thought, beholding the volcanic fire bursting forth from the soul's quiver depths, or the phosphorescent light gleaming brightly forth from the decaying mass, of that happier world where this powerful passion, unmingled with those darker ones which grow amidst its shadows, and divested of those circumstances which here make it a source of so much misery — I have thought then, that I knew in what consisted the happiness of heaven. Yes ; we will not laugh at love-stories. There was one which I used to read in my childhood which has never lost its interest to me. It was about a young man who left his home and went to work for his uncle, or some such relative, and he fell in love with his daughter, and was willing to give seven years services for the privilege of obtaining her for his wife. But he was cruelly disappointed, and offered to work another seven years, and then again —

A. You need not go farther. Yes, the story of Jacob and Rachel, from beginning to ending, is beautiful, touching, and TRUE.

E. Yes, but I have spoken to you of the truth in fiction: the display of feelings which find no manifestation in real life; the solution of enigmas which long have puzzled us; the confession of follies which could not be wrung from the heart by the rack or the dungeon; the exposure of the artificial which has deluded us in the natural world. And what natural principle was it that led the little Miss Davidson to make her prose, and her poetical narrative, each a love story?

A. Not because she was ever in love. I am sure she could never have cherished this dark, bewildering passion. I mean our earthly love. But woe would have been for her if she had lived and *loved*. This world could hardly have furnished the being truly worthy of her idolatry; and for her to have met none who might receive and return her heart's warm affections, must have been terrible. But now we had better change the subject, had we not? For with your paradoxes about truth being found only in fiction, and all that, you have more puzzled than convinced me. You have said much to excuse the writers and readers of fiction, but in my judgment they are not yet justified.

E. I am sorry I have succeeded no better, but have patience, and I may do so yet. You hold to the 'theory which regards the imagination with a suspicious eye, considering it as a mere embellishment of human nature, a luxury to be sparingly allowed, or even as a positive seduction, to be placed under the vigilant police of the other faculties.' I, on the contrary, regard it as the source of many of our purest and liveliest pleasures. That it is abused, is no more an argument against its cultivation than the occasional deaths and frequent sicknesses of children, and even of adults, in fruit time, from too free an indulgence in this luxury, is an argument against its cultivation; or the too absorbing care of some busy operative for her cherished plants, is an argument against rearing flowers. God has implanted within us the love of the high, and beautiful, and good, for wise purposes; and He has kindly granted us the means of their gratification. He might, you know, have made this earth 'without a flower at all,' and also without delicious fruits and sweet odors, and we could have lived as many years as now, and then have died. But he has blessed us with something better than mere existence.

'This better and other self, which is perpetually shooting above and beyond the actual,' is the parent of many children. Fiction

is one. It is Imagination, as most frequently embodied, manifested or incarnated. And this mode of manifestation has been coeval with the earliest literature. The first fictions were as wild and unnatural as they could well be — an unheeded flight into the regions of the Ideal. But they were never probably believed in by the infancy of society, any more than the nursery-tales are believed by the child who listens to them with delight, when he can relish nothing else. And now how foolish is the scruple of a parent, who says that her child shall never be told such stories. I had as lieve, ay, and much rather, tell a child that ‘three men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl,’ as to tell him that ten are twenty; and those who are not, seem to me wanting in that true faith which teaches us that when we cease to be children, we put away childish things. Did you ever see the reader of ‘Arabian Nights,’ who expected that his marbles would change to horses, or his top to a flying dragon? No, nor any

That something, however, within us, which makes these things so fascinating, is implanted by our Creator; and I should really like to see an analysis of its manifestations from the earliest records to the present time — a History of Fiction, by some one competent to the task. First, the wild legend; then the old romance; then the historical romance; then the stilted, old-fashioned, ten-volumed novel. The witcheries also of the Radcliffe school, the more modern novels of Burney and Roche, if I have mentioned them all chronologically, and so on down to the present, when ‘the useful and the sweet’ were mingled together.

A. Then you are determined that the sweet shall have the credit of being mingled with the useful?

E. Yes, certainly; the novels of Miss Edgeworth have always an excellent moral, and an elevating tone of sentiment running through them. She was the founder of a school in which there have been many and apt scholars. Then there was Sir Walter Scott, the founder of the historical novels. He also has had many and worthy imitators; and I think these two individuals have accomplished more for their fellow beings, than, with all the fame, has been yet allowed them. They have redeemed Fiction from the puerile insignificance into which it was sinking. They have made it the medium of instruction, and a channel through which the noblest truths may be conveyed, worthy of the noblest truths. I have myself gained much valuable information from the historical novel, and that, too, which

could not well have been conveyed in any other form : the knowledge of manners, and ways of thinking, acting, and speaking.

Akin to the historical novel, is that which faithfully delineates the present manners, customs, appearance, and natural features, of some peculiar, or foreign country.

Then there are the novels of the new school of Dickens, Marryatt, and others, in which the aim is to portray the feelings, manners, &c., as naturally as possible : as much in accordance, not only with real life, but also common life. Hitherto the novelist had laid his scenes in high circles, and even there, in such a manner as to give rise to the truism, that 'history is life as it is, fiction as it should be.' And this was true. Virtue was too often rewarded here, and vice too signally punished, to be in accordance with our observations of real life. But there was pleasure in this, such as Chorley says we feel in reading the story of Cinderella. The feeling that Providence protects the injured and innocent, even in its display when the little slipper so perversely refused to fit any foot but that of the poor and neglected little princess.

Dickens has been said to have descended into the filth and mire, and sought for the gems which he knew were there. Bulwer, another novelist, is very odious to some ; but I like what little I have read of him much better than their strictures would have led me to anticipate. I should think it his aim to show that there is still some good, even in the vilest ; that God's image is never entirely effaced ; but if this is not the case, he has no aim. Both he and Dickens have occasionally true and beautiful passages, which I think would suit their own country less than ours. Now you know what I mean by the union of 'the sweet and the useful'—(for I will spare you the original Latin.) You will see an instance of it in our late village paper. The story of 'Mrs. Gad-about' has done more good than half-a-dozen sermons or essays ; and so well was the character drawn, that a dozen of our good dames have taken the portrait for their own likeness.

A. Yes, that did some good ; but only so far as it was true. Now why can we not have more real stories about people who have actually lived, and had their real failings and virtues ?

E. An article about a Mrs. Gad-about, calling her by her real name, &c., would not have done half the good. It would have produced but little effect for the better. Now we do not know

how often, in fictitious tales, we see a real transcript of the he he and a slightly disguised account of real circumstances.

A. But why can we not have more real accounts, with all embellishments of a lively imagination? More such books as Stephens' Travels, Miss Sedgewick's Letters from Abroad. People will have some light reading as well as some light conversation, but yet I do not like the Fiction.

E. I believe the rarity of such works as those, is caused by the difficulty of their production. They are indeed charming. But in works of Fiction there is, besides the incident, and imagery, style, &c., the pleasure of beholding the artistical skill by which our author has laid his plot, and carried out his plan.

A. You are very plausible, Ella, in your defence of Fiction, but I had rather observe those plots, if I may reverently say, which are laid by an Almighty Hand. I know then that the end is to be good, and feel always satisfied with the manner of execution.

E. Are you always satisfied, Annette? Does the end always appear right?

A. Perhaps it may not look right to me now, but I can believe that it is so. I stand like the Jew at the outer gate of the Temple, and let Faith, like the high priest, enter the holy of holies, resting satisfied with the assurance that the Divine presence is indeed there.

E. And I, Annette, can try to do this likewise. I believe the proper indulgence of the imagination to be no barrier to the enjoyment of all that is afforded us by observation. — Look with me upon this beautiful landscape. It is not less lovely to me because I can also enjoy this delightful poem, suggested by, and descriptive of, its beauties; and this elegant print, in which are delineated its features, I love it all the better for affording me so varied pleasure. And could I see its peculiar beauties harmoniously blended in one beautiful picture, with those of some other landscape, my delight would not be lessened. I should love to look upon the Venus de Medicis, though I knew that so beautiful a form has never in reality existed: that the sculptor took as his models, many of the most beautiful maidens, whose different beauties were concentrated in this one figure.

We love to behold, as nearly as possible, the realization of our ideas of the beautiful and perfect. It is in the spiritual world

in the natural : we wish to behold the perfection of mind and character so strongly delineated, that it may seem real. It is some draw-back to the pleasure, that no such beings have ever existed, but we have much enjoyment left.

You will say, perhaps, that the indulgence of these witcheries is dangerous. It may be so ; but remember, Annette, that the power is wholly our own, to convert an active imagination into a curse or a blessing. * *

DIVINE LOVE.

Hail, Love Divine ! all hail ! O Lord,
While bending low before Thy shrine,
We joy to find within Thy word,
This soul-inspiring truth of Thine —

That Thou art Love — Love every where,
And through all time, full, perfect, pure ;
In blessed gifts as free as air,
And as Thy truth unchanging, sure.

All nature too confirms this love —
The rising sun, the falling shower,
The star-bespangled heavens above,
Display Thy goodness as Thy power.

All living things speak forth Thy praise,
All show Thy universal care,
And, in their own appointed ways,
Unite Thy mercy to declare.

On the dark face of Chaos deep,
With love divine Thy Spirit breathed,
And Order waked from out her sleep,
With glory crowned, with beauty wreathed.

'T was Heaven's first law ; yet man so blest,
In notes discordant clanged his lyre,
And thus the law of Love transgressed,
And silenced all the heavenly choir.

But God hath sent His Son to men,
To lead them to their home above,
That heaven and earth may strike again
The harp of everlasting love.

O let this Love our souls inspire,
This love unchanging, boundless, free ;
And while we wonder and admire,
The praise, O Lord, we give to Thee.

ELLEN.

PRAYER IN A SICK-ROOM.

Our Physician was a praying man. 'Many a time and often was he known to retire from his study after he had returned from visiting his patients, and there on his bended knees, give vent to the feelings of his heart in audible prayer—beseeching the Father of mercies and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, to have compassion on the sick, and to give him all of that wisdom which was necessary for one who professed the healing art. And he would often, when a patient was very sick or in great distress, retire from the sick room, and in another apartment pour out his soul to God in prayer, in behalf of the sick and the distressed.

But he was entirely averse to praying in a sick-room. He was often heard to say that he never but once, in the whole course of his forty years' practice, knew prayer in a sick room to do any good, and then, he believed that it was the means of saving life.

Our Physician said, that once he had a patient by the name of Nute, who was afflicted with a swelling in the throat. It had come to a crisis, and for several days Capt. Nute, (as he was called,) had taken nothing as nourishment, excepting what he had received by wetting his mouth with a feather dipped in milk and water. It was early in the morning, and the Physician stood by the bed-side of the apparently dying man. In one hand, he held his watch; in the other, the wrist of his patient. Pulsation was nearly gone; and momentarily was the grim messenger expected to make his appearance. The door opened, and Pompey, a colored man who lived hard by, entered the room. He approached the bed with the inquiry, 'How Cap'n Noot du?'

'Oh,' said the Physician, 'he is a dying man!'

'Why you no sabe um?' said Pompey.

'I have done every thing which I can, in the line of my profession,' said the Physician, 'and if my prayers could be answered, the Captain would be saved; but I have lost my influence at the Throne of Grace. Pompey, nothing but prayer can save our friend; the Lord may save him in answer to your prayers. And now, even this moment, pray that the Lord may spare him, and let not his blood be upon your head because you shrank from duty.'

Pompey fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, rolled his white eyes up into his head, and thus commenced: 'Oh Lord, please

spare Cap'n Noot !' He then raised himself up to see what effect it had upon the Capt.; then fell upon his knees again, saying, 'Oh Lord, please spare Cap'n Noot — he good man — he build berry good cider-mill !' — Again Pompey raised himself up, and looked upon the Captain. Seeing his face of a dark crimson, while he appeared to be struggling with the agonies of death, the negro's indignation was aroused against his Maker. He stamped with his foot, smote his fists, and (while his whole frame trembled with violent emotion) exclaimed, 'You *can* spare him *jes well's not*, if ye only *mine* to !'

This had the desired effect. The Captain's risible muscles gave way, and he burst into a laugh. The Physician raised his patient, to prevent him from strangling while discharging the corrupt matter from his throat ; and when the Captain was again laid back upon his bed, he called Pompey to him, and putting a five dollar note in his hand, said, 'There, my good fellow, accept that. You have by your prayers caused the swelling in the Captain's throat to break, and thereby saved his life — for which we all owe you much.'

Pompey called every morning to inquire for 'Cap'n Noot ;' and one morning, when the Captain was so far recovered as to be able to walk by leaning upon the shoulder of Pompey, they took a walk to the barn-yard, where Pompey had his choice of one of five cows. The tears trickled down the dark visage of the honest negro — he thanked the Captain a thousand times, and promised that he would daily remember him in his prayers.

Our Physician often said, he feared that the mirth which Pompey's prayer occasioned, might lead some to suppose that he ridiculed sacred things ; but he comforted himself by reflecting, that the end justified the means which were used to save a fellow being from the jaws of death.

JEMIMA.

CHAPTERS ON THE SCIENCES.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

Isabel. We have a broad field before us this evening, my girls—one that might occupy us months, so rich, hidden, exhaustless are its stores; so varied and interesting its beauties. Do you wish to know the depths of the ‘dark blue sea?’ What formations are going on perpetually on its dreary and sunken floor? says Metcalf. Do you wish to know how lakes and seas, and cliffs are formed? and how the giant mountains were upheaved from their watery beds? The present improved state of Geology will show you causes now in operation, in different parts of the world, sufficient to explain these grand phenomena. In the midst of storms, earthquakes, and deluges, you will perceive order and harmony, and beauty, to constitute ‘the circle of eternal change,’ which is the *life of nature.*’

Ann. For storms, earthquakes, and deluges, in the character of their effect, act in obedience to laws as immutable as those which guide the planets in their orbits.

Ellinora. But tell me, Isabel, ‘how lakes and cliffs are formed?’ and how giant mountains were upheaved from their watery beds?

I. And I may use as many chemical terms as I please, and all will be understood by you all?

E. Ah me! I fear not. Bertha and I took Comstock’s Chemistry from the library, and, as you directed, read what he says of chemical attraction and affinity, of Voltaic electricity or galvanism, of oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen—of the combustibility of metals, action of the Voltaic battery, &c., &c. I caught a great many new and pleasing ideas; but they are so so confused! I know I can systemize them by a thorough perusal of the work. But I have not had leisure for this, and hence must be allowed to interrupt you with my inquiries.

I. As often as you please, my dear. With regard to your question, Nora, there are various and conflicting opinions.

Alice. Mr. W., in his lectures on ‘Natural Science,’ alludes to the Huttonian and Wernerian theories, when speaking of Geology.

I. Yes; these theories are so called for their founders, James Hutton and Werner. They were both founded on the universality of the same principles.

conceded fact, that the crust of the earth, from the tops of the highest mountains to the lowest depths ever reached by man, has been at some time in a fluid state.

E. Let me *shape* my ideas of fluidity. Chemistry says that by introducing caloric into a solid — ice for instance — the attraction of the particles that compose the body, is equalized, so that it is the same in every direction; then the particles move among themselves with perfect freedom, as in water, and this is fluidity.

I. Very well, Nora. 'A fluid,' says Comstock in his 'Natural Philosophy,' 'is a substance whose particles are easily moved among each other, as air and water.' What can you tell me of caloric? I wish you to understand the meaning of the term perfectly. !

E. I find that it is not, as I have long supposed, synonymous with *heat*; but a *cause*, of which heat is the *effect*; and it may exist in bodies which to our touch seem intensely cold; and this *coldness* is not a thing of itself, but is owing to the loss of caloric which the hand sustains in touching a body colder than itself; and this loss of caloric arises from the tendency of caloric to equalization. And so it is known, dear Isabel, that this globe was once a floating ball of floating particles. How is this demonstrated?

I. By the structure of the primitive rocks, by the regular crystals which they contain, and by the organic remains found in all secondary rocks.

A. Please tell me just what is meant by organic remains.

I. Combe, in his 'Constitution of Man,' says, 'An organized being is one that derives its existence from a previously existing organized being, which subsists on food, which grows, attains maturity, decays, and dies.' Animals and vegetables are *organic* bodies; minerals, *inorganic*. Organic remains are called *fossils* likewise.

A. And these become *petrifications* by a gradual decomposition, and substitution of stony manner for the particles of the fossil lost in the process of decay. Are there no such remains found in the rocks first formed?

I. None. But the secondary rocks are full of them. Mather says, 'The ocean has not always been confined to its present bed; for rocks, composed mostly of the remains of various marine animals, are found in almost every country. These are not con-

finer to detached masses, but often form extensive layers or strata, as they are called, of many miles, and often of many hundreds of miles in extent. They occur in valleys, and they rise to the highest mountains; and their thickness varies from a few inches to several hundred feet. Nearly all of these remains belong to those of animals formed for living only in the water, the sea monsters at some time, have covered all the land for a considerable period. We see, then, that the relative levels of the continents and oceans must have changed; and one of two conclusions follows: either the ocean has fallen below its former level and exposed the land, or that the continents have been raised and made to emerge from the ocean.

We find the remains of animals and plants, imbedded in rocks, not only near the surface of the earth, but at the depths of hundreds and thousands of feet. Another point deserves attention. These remains are not of every kind, jumbled together, but particular species belong to particular strata, where, in general, they appear to have grown, died, and been imbedded. Many of the rocks are several hundred feet in thickness, and the strata of each exhibit distinct species and genera of animals. These cannot have penetrated the vast masses under which they are entombed, and the succession of different animals shews that the strata must have been formed in succession, and each must at some time, have been the uppermost stratum, in and upon which the animals were deposited, and afterwards covered by succeeding strata. In the lower secondary rocks, the organic remains are almost entirely different from the existing genera and species of animals and plants; and in proportion as the rocks are of more recent origin, lying successively upon the lower ones, the fossils approach more and more nearly to the animals and plants in existence. The fossil remains of animals, not now in existence, entombed in solid rocks, present us with durable monuments of the great revolutions which the earth has undergone in remote periods of time, and open to us a new page for our study and investigation in the great book of nature.

A. Have not the marine remains which are found in our high mountains been imputed to the deluge?

I. Those upon and near the surface only. The deluge, in the time of Noah, was of recent origin, compared with the causes

the phenomena which I have been describing. These must have operated during countless ages.

Ann. And this fact Erwin Haskell assumes, as the very corner stone of his skepticism. Pray, how do you reconcile it with the Mosaic account of the creation, Isabel?

I. Commentators on this point are agreed, that *day* is put for any indefinite period of time. The scriptures tell us that a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day, with God. He knows no past, no future; but with Him all is "one eternal now."

Ann. I thank you, my dear Isabel. Now please inform us how these rocks were deposited from their fluid state.

I. Werner, and all of his school, contended that the crust of the globe was reduced to a state of fluidity by water; and that the same agency was exerted in producing all depositions, and all the varied aspects which the earth at present wears. Dr. Hutton and his disciples imputed all to caloric. Geologists of the present day adopt parts of each of these theories. Cleveland says of Hutton's theory, — In stratified minerals, there is, in general, a remarkably distinct and sudden transition from one stratum to another; and, in many cases, contiguous strata are totally unlike each other. Soft strata of clay are sometimes found under beds of limestone; and loose sand is sometimes interposed between indurated strata. It is sufficient to ask, Could these facts exist if minerals had been formed by the *fusion* of masses of sand and gravel, or consolidated by the injection of melted matter among loose grains of different substances promiscuously mingled? Could, for example, certain varieties of anthracite lose their bitumen by *heat*, and yet retain their pyrites, composed in part of sulphur? Cleveland says that there is much in Werner's theory, merely hypothetical; yet he favors its *general* features. So does Lyell, if I recollect aright. I will give you its synopsis, as published by Cleveland:

"At some former period, this globe has, for a long time, been covered with water to a greater depth than the original altitude of the highest mountains. This immense body of water was then tranquil, or very nearly so, and contained in solution all the materials of which the present crust of the globe is composed. In this state, chemical deposits, exhibiting more or less of a crystalline structure, were gradually made, and invested the

nucleus of the globe. These deposits constitute the *primitive* rocks, consisting of granite, gneiss, mica, slate, granular limestone, &c., and are distinguished by their crystalline structure and total want of organic remains. During this period, moreover, the highest mountains were formed; for their summits consist of primitive rocks. But by a gradual subsidence of the waters, the summits of the highest mountains were left naked; the tranquillity of the waters was disturbed, and currents were consequently produced. By these currents, the naked rocks would be worn and partially disintegrated; and the grains or fragments thus produced, would be diffused through the mass of waters. The rocks formed at this period would, of course, consist partly of chemical and partly of mechanical deposits. They would also lie over the primitive rocks; but in consequence of the diminished altitude of the waters, they would appear at a *lower* level, often resting on the declivities of primitive mountains. Many of the rocks of this period contain the remains of marine animals and plants. Hence the organic remains make their first appearance in rocks of this period, it is supposed that the rocky shores, which had recently emerged from the great deep, were passing to a habitable state. Hence this class embraces what are called *transition* rocks. As the level of the great ocean still continuing to sink, more extensive portions of the earth's surface were left exposed to the *increasing* violence of the currents, and the solution which was at first chemical, now became in a great degree compositional. The grains or comminuted fragments, detached from the older rocks, were carried to the bottom. Hence the minerals of this period consist chiefly of mechanical deposits. They lie over the two preceding classes, but appear at a *lower* level, in consequence of a greater subsidence of the waters. This class is composed of the secondary rocks, and embraces sandstone, limestone, gypsum, chalk, basalt, and varieties of greenstone, coal, &c. Extensive portions of the crust of the globe had now become dry; new species and genera of animals inhabited the waters, or dwelt on the land, and numerous vegetables adorned the shores, and other parts of the earth's surface. Hence the secondary rocks abound with organic remains both of animals and vegetables."

E. Well, this is highly entertaining. Would that it were demonstrable! To me it all seems more than probable. 'who can decide when doctors disagree?' But do these

invariably appear in this regular order of position and juxtaposition, Isabel ?

I. Except where there has been a disturbing force, such as an earthquake or volcano. By these they are often thrown into inclined and even vertical positions.

Ann. Do volcanos and earthquakes proceed from the same cause ?

I. Yes ; and often accompany each other.

E. Please tell me whence and how they come. Now, dear Isabel, do not disappoint me by telling me of some half dozen conflicting theories. Give me the opinion of some geologist whose *ipse dixit* I can regard as an authority.

I. I can give you Professor Silliman's views. I found them in the American edition of Bakewell's Geology. But I must tell you that he says, "We do not even say, that we believe that such events as we have attempted to describe did actually happen; we only say that their existence is consistent with the known properties of the chemical elements, and with the physical laws of our planet." He says, "The act of creating energy, admitted alike by reason and philosophy, necessarily implies the production of all the elements of which our physical universe is composed." He does not mean, you know, the five elements of the ancients, but the half a hundred of modern science. "If we suppose that the first condition of the created elements of our planet, was a state of freedom, the globe being a mass of uncombined combustibles and metals, and that the waters, the atmosphere, and chlorine, and iodine, and perhaps hydrogen, were suddenly added; it will be obvious from what we know of the properties of these elements, that the reaction, awakening energies before dormant, would produce a general and intense ignition, and a combustion of the whole surface of the planet."

E. Do stop, dear Isabel, while I look out the definition of ignition. Well for me that I had the precaution to attach Worcester; and well for us, Bertha, that we read Chemistry. Under other circumstances, these technicalities would have rendered this interesting subject nearly unintelligible.

I. Yes; some knowledge of chemistry is an indispensable pre-requisite in the study of Geology. Silliman adds, 'Potassium, sodium and phosphorus would first blaze, and would immediately communicate the heat necessary to bring on the action

between the other metals and combustibles, in relation to oxygen and chlorine, and in relation to each other. Thus a general conflagration would be the first step in chemical action. In this manner might be formed the fixed alkalies, the earths, and silicates and rocks, — the metallic oxides properly so called, — carbonates of iron, — the acids, including the muriatic, — and ultimately the salts, and chlorides, alkaline, earthy and metallic, and many other compounds. In such circumstances, there would arise a great commotion ; steam, vapors and gasses would be suddenly evolved in vast quantities, with explosive violence ; the innumerable agents, heat, light, electricity and magnetism, and attraction in various forms, would be active in an inconceivable degree, and the recently oxydized crust of the earth would be torn with violence, producing fissures and caverns, dislocations and contortions, and obliquity of strata ; and it would everywhere bear marks of an energy then *general*, but now only *and occasional*."

E. Oh, how delightful ! So this earth was one vast magazine, one grand voltaic battery, producing in its operations results far above those effected by chemists in their laboratories. The energy and magnificence, as this world is superior to their tiny apparatus in size ! But how does Prof. Silliman know of the convulsions whose traces we now meet occasionally in the mountains and ledges, — how does he know that they were *general* ? How does he know that green fields and sparkling streams are not now as they came from the hand of the Creator ?

I. You forget those signals of change found in the organic remains of the secondary rocks, in the vast deposits of vegetables of ancient times, which make our beds of coal — supplies, says Metcalf, which will last a thousand years after all the coal on the surface of our continent shall have been consumed. The process is still going on at the mouths and on the banks of our rivers, for the supply of future continents.

B. Future continents, dear Isabel ?

I. Yes. Metcalf says that earthquakes are upheaving the earth from the bed of the sea, *forming new islands*, destined to become the *nuclei of future continents* ; that the present bed of the ocean is composed of the pulverized and dissolved fragments of ten thousand hills, mountains and plains ; that the time has come when our mountains did not exist — and the time is coming

they will cease to exist ; that through all past time, as far as we can trace it, the land and sea have been perpetually changing places ; that the great sandy deserts are but the comminuted fragments of ancient mountains ; that the more level portions of the Atlantic States are only the ruins of the south-eastern slope of the Alleghanies, disintegrated and worked down in the progress of ages, into the sea ; that the deep channel of the mighty Hudson has been gradually formed, during the progress of revolving ages, by the congregated rills and streams that drain the Highlands ; that the Kentucky, Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, have furrowed out deep beds through solid limestone, and that the gorge through which Cedar creek runs, was produced in the same way — except that the upper portion of the great limestone bed was very hard in one place, and resisted the action of the water, which dissolved and carried away the inferior portions, thus forming that beautiful arch, the Natural Bridge. By their action on their rocky bed, the Niagara Falls have receded fifty yards within the last forty years.

E. You frighten me, Isabel ! If this excavation continue at this rate, the time is not very far distant when it will reach Lake Erie, and then only a tame, monotonous river will ‘drag its slow length along,’ from Erie to Ontario.

A. And unlike most wonders of the world, Niagara can leave no tokens of its having been. ’Tis something to wander

“amidst ruins, there to track
Fallen statues and buried greatness o’er a land
Which *was* the mightiest in its old command,
And *is* the loveliest.”

E. Dear Alice, let us start for Niagara tomorrow.

I. According to Mr. Lyell’s calculations, if the action is not accelerated, the Falls must occupy 30,000 years in reaching Lake Erie, which is twenty five miles distant ; and they must have required 10,000 years in the excavation thus far.

A. I confess that this view of things, intensely interesting as it is, does not please me. It was not strange that Herculaneum and Pompeii should pass away, with Vesuvius so near. But it is not easy to believe that this continent, that these United States, separated as they are from all destroying energies, will ever cease to exist.

I. Look at the ruins of Central America, my dear Alice.

What tale do they tell of the past? what prophecies unfold the future? They furnish a key to past revolutions, which art can counterfeit; and arguments in favor of the doctrine have just been discussing, which no sophistry can evade. The antiquarian makes his way through masses of earth bearing nearly one thousand years old, to a city fifty miles in circumference! he paces stately and beautiful temples 750 feet in length and 600 feet in breadth; he finds bas-reliefs and inscriptions, large frontispieces upon which are female figures with children in their arms, all in stucco relief; and galleries filled with specimens of sculpture, images, beads, &c. He finds hieroglyphs, but they are perfectly unintelligible. What greater charm can be conceived than we see in this?

A. None, surely. What melancholy reflections grow out of them, my dear Isabel! what arguments for humility!

I. Metcalf says, — What can be more magnificent than the unceasing transposition of matter, by which the surface of the earth is forever renewed! Old things pass away and all things become new. The air, the earth and the ocean are forever in motion under the guidance of unchangable laws. Not Memphis and Thebes, Balbec and Jerusalem, Athens and Rome shall crumble into ruins, and mingle their elements with the general whole, — but the everlasting hills shall also be removed; and nature shall continue to ‘flourish in immortal youth, unhurt by the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.’

But it is so late, my dear girls, we must finish our conversation at another time.

E. Please tell me first, does Prof. Silliman suppose that voltaic powers which caused such convulsions in the crust of the earth, to be still active in causing volcanoes and earthquakes?

I. Yes. He says, ‘Supposing that such was the actual state of things, it is obvious that the oxydated crust of the globe would still cover a nucleus, consisting of metallic and inflammable matter. Of course, whenever air and water, or saline and acid fluids might chance to penetrate to this internal magazine, the same violent action which we have already supposed to have happened upon the surface, would recur, and the confinement and pressure of the incumbent strata, increasing the effects a thousand fold, would necessarily produce the phenomena of earthquakes.’

and volcanoes. Still, it is equally obvious, that every recurrence of such events, must oxydize the earth deeper and deeper, and if the point should ever be attained, when water or air ceased to reach the inflammable nucleus, or the nucleus were all oxydized, the phenomenon must cease, and every approximation towards this point would render them less frequent.' He supposes that they are less frequent now than formerly. In this position he is not sustained by Metcalf. He supposes the number of volcanoes to correspond with the amount of chemical action. This must be regulated by the amount of matter, and, of course, be the same at all periods.

D.

OUR HOME.

O, if there be one little spot
 More dear than all beside,
 To which we ever love to turn,
 As down life's stream we glide —
 Where fancy's brightest visions oft
 Have burst upon our view,
 It is the spot we knew our home,
 When life and hope were new.

'Tis there the warblers of the grove
 Their sweetest carols sing;
 The trees are there more beautiful,
 And brighter wild-flowers spring;
 The waters of the rippling stream
 More gently flow along;
 Greener its banks, and sweeter far
 The music of its song.

Let others boast of brighter lands
 Where bloom the orange flowers —
 Of palaces, and rural charms
 That far exceed all ours:
 It may be so; yet 'tis a point
 We need not now discuss —
Theirs, if it be a lovelier land,
 Would *seem* not so to *us*.

For O, there is a magic charm
 Around our youthful home —
 A charm we may not elsewhere find,
 Though far abroad we roam.
 A magic hand engraved it on
 The tablet of the heart,
 And never shall its lovely scenes
 From memory depart.

R. C. T.

A FIRE-SIDE SCENE.

A huge rock-maple fire was burning brightly on the old kitchen hearth, which was nicely swept with a new hemlock broom, surrounded by a group of smiling boys and girls, with Uncle David in their midst.

‘Come, uncle David,’ said Frank, ‘tell us about burning the Miami Indians.’

Uncle David gave a shrug with his shoulders, scratched his head, rolled the tobacco over and over in his mouth, gave a long sigh, and said, ‘Oh, that was a horrid affair! The Miami had the most beautiful fields of corn my eyes ever beheld; it was then in the milk, — just fit to roast, — and our army destroyed the whole.’

‘But,’ said Frank, ‘that is not what I asked you to tell us about burning the Indians.’

‘Well, Frank, I suppose I must tell you something about it,’ said Uncle David, ‘but I would rather not, for the thoughts of the remembrance of that horrid massacre sets afloat, curdles the blood in my veins. I am glad the Indians were heathen — if they been Christians, I should dread meeting their souls in the other world. — It was the 20th of August 1794, that our army met the Indians on the banks of the Miami, and gained a complete victory over them. We lost something like an hundred or more men, and to revenge our loss, we managed matters so advantageously that we surrounded their villages, set them on fire, and every Indian that tried to escape was driven with the point of the bayonet back into the flames, and burned up alive. Yes, we burned them all up — women, children, and all. Oh, their howls and yells and groans! how many times I have heard them in my dreams. I am glad the Indians were heathen.’

‘And what else did you do, uncle David,’ said Frank, ‘besides massacring the poor Indians, burning their villages, and doing such cruel things?’

‘Oh,’ said Uncle David, ‘we roasted the Indians’ hogs and corn, and our army had fine picking, I assure you.’

‘Uncle David,’ said Frank, after a long pause, ‘do you know that “Uncle Sam” is a Christian, to give you a pension for being in that scrape?’

'Why — yes — sartin,' said Uncle David, with evident perturbation, 'they were heathen, boy — they were heathen — wheugh — wheugh — Frank, draw Uncle David a mug of cider to clear the cobwebs from his throat, and he will sing, "Hail Independence."'

TABITHA.

FARMER'S HOMESTEAD.

I have just been looking at a beautiful print of New England rural scenery. It is a winter's evening, and the farm-house on the sheltered slope, stands relieved against the dull gray sky. A single sleigh is swiftly skimming the crusted snow; and how natural is that rude log bridge, so carelessly thrown over the crystalized brook! And the long icicles, depending in a glittering fringe — I am sure they must have been real.

And here is another picture. It is a morning in spring, and the farmer is driving his loaded team from the long barn; and there is his house, smiling so brightly in the sun's bright beams. And here his plough, cart, hoe, and spade, are ready for the laborer's service.

I love to see the artist's skill so carefully exercised in humble scenes, and these exquisite delineations must have a charm for all in whom the love of simplicity has not been superceded by the artificial splendors of fashionable life.

I must look again at this old farmer. He reminds me of many a rustic acquaintance of days gone by; and doubtless he is a happy, loved, and useful man. That humble home is to him a Paradise, and we will willingly accede to his affirmation, that it is the Eden of this dark world. In this happy belief, however, he is not alone — for almost all his neighbors have the same opinion of their own snug nestling-place. Each will tell you that his farm is, all things considered, the best in H.; and H. is surely the pleasantest town in the State; and our State, in many things, goes ahead of all New England; and New England takes the lead in the Union, and the United States beats all the rest of the world. And so, Mr. Farmer, we will willingly leave you to that choicest spot of earth, your own little homestead.

F — Y.

THE SILVER CUP.

Many years ago — for it was when quite a little girl — I read one of Miss Edgeworth's fascinating stories, entitled, *THE SILVER CUP*. I have not a distinct recollection of the tale, but it was much like this :

A gentleman who had been very kind to some of the poor Irish operatives, was about to leave them ; and they wished to present him with a token of esteem and gratitude. And so, by some extra exertions, they were endeavoring to procure him a silver cup. There was a beautiful character in the tale, which won my admiration. Her name, I think, was Laura. But it was not her who impressed the feeling upon my heart, which will not suffer the tale to be wholly forgotten. I thought then, 'How could the gentleman take pleasure in the thought, that these poor girls had lengthened their dreary hours of toil, to present him with this bauble ? Their gratitude must have been pleasing to him, but I think not the way in which it was manifested. It must have caused him sorrow.' And yet the authoress had intimated that the children were mistaken in their method of evincing their affection ; and doubtless she thought they were right.

I have now the same feeling when I see the gratuitous contributions of many operatives, who cannot well afford to give, whose presents are not needed by the recipients. And, oh ! how revolting is the conduct of those who strive, for selfish purposes, to work upon the kindest feelings of the girls who are under their influence ; and not only 'take all they can get,' but 'get all they can.'

There are girls in Lowell, who are constantly called upon for contributions to charitable objects, who need the charity themselves. One of my acquaintance gave seventy-five cents for a collection, which was to purchase a present of books for a sabbath school teacher, when she had but one poor handkerchief which she was sometimes obliged to wash and iron Sunday mornings.

Some give here, when their relatives at home are suffering from want ; and some give to religious societies, even when they themselves are in debt. Not in England, alone, have the poor operatives toiled to present a rich man with a SILVER CUP. L.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No's 8, 9.

JACK EASTMAN.

Jack Eastman was born, I believe, about the year 1780. He was the grandson of the Eastman who, with General Stark and three others, was taken prisoner, while they were trapping beaver on Baker river, about 1750. He was a townsman of 'The Unfortunate Man,' but not like him did he seem to be ever the sport of adverse fate.

In his earlier years, he was not only the favorite of his parents, but also of Dame Fortune. He was the idol of his mother, and she, though a woman of superior intellect, made him the dandy of his native town. He had a horse to ride to meeting, and wore a scarlet coat, like 'a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.'

Now, young Jack was not only his mother's pet and idol, but was considered a very shrewd wag, by the whole neighborhood. He was buoyant, active, witty, and capable of acquiring knowledge with much facility, when he chose to apply himself; for he only attended school at his own option.

At the age of eighteen, Jack was fitted for college; but he resolved to study Medicine, and went to Hanover to attend the medical lectures. Here he became acquainted with some colleagues, and liking their intercourse he resolved to enter college. He was admitted into the sophomore class, but now took it into his head that he would 'study human nature,' and he neglected his books for the society of a club of idle, jovial fellows—some in college, and some out—with whom he passed most of his time in vain amusement. Jack, however, came out of college safe and sound, and though *nothing bettered*, it may be doubted if he had grown any worse. He received his baccalaureate, and after that an ensign's commission in the United States Army, and was stationed at Detroit.

Jack had a military turn, and it was expected that he would make a very bright officer; for he had once commanded a volunteer company of boys, a sort of Calathumpian Band, and acquitted himself with honor. And he was now popular among his comrades, was soon promoted to a lieutenancy, and afterward to a brevet-captaincy, and made paymaster of the port at Detroit.

Things had gone on very swimmingly with Jack, for a number of years, but then broke out the war of 1812, and he was called into actual service, and commanded the artillery at the little battle of Brownston. The surrender of General Hull followed, Eastman was of course a prisoner. He was allowed his parole and returned with his wife and child to his native place. He came in 'gentleman style,' and thus he lived for two or three years being a prisoner at liberty, under pay, but bound to no service.

In 1814, his exchange was effected; and he was called to settlement by the government, and accounted a defaulter in the sum of \$18,000. Eastman plead that the British took the money from him, but this did not satisfy Uncle Sam, who instituted suit against him, but it never came to an issue.

He was now out of the service, had no employment, and had no or no revenue, but what he drew from his mother. He became dispirited, diseased, somewhat deranged, and lived from that time an obscure life. He died at the age of forty-seven.

'Alas! poor Yorick.' Thy morning sun shone brightly, but at noon it was buried in clouds and darkness. Nature gifted thee with endowments, which never fulfilled their destiny, for thou hadst ever too feeling a heart, and too loose a conscience.

ELDER BABCOCK.

Elder Babcock (his name was n't *Elder*, but I am sure I do not know what it was) was born in New Haven, about the year 1760. His father was a wealthy merchant, and wished to give his son, who was considered a lad of uncommon endowment, a liberal education. He was fitted for and entered Yale College when fifteen years of age.

Here he was doing very well, when the revolutionary war broke, like a tempest-cloud, over the literary, as well as the active portion of his countrymen. By it his plans were changed, he left the University, and went to sea in a vessel of merchantry. For fifteen years he followed the seas in his father's employment, but though he was renowned among all his acquaintances for buoyancy, mirthfulness, and conversational powers, yet he was most woefully deficient in business talent. Indeed, his father's affairs suffered so much, while entrusted to his care, that at length the old gentleman refused to employ him longer.

If his own father would not trust him, of course no one else would ; and as he had never acted in a subordinate station, it could not be expected that he would do it now. He was therefore a dependant in his father's house — a generous, lively, quick-witted gentleman, but not capable of earning his own living. Mr. Babcock the elder (not the Elder Babcock) does not appear to have been remarkably fond of gay society, for he sent his son to Wethersfield Bow, Vt., where he boarded him to keep him out of the way. He was then an infidel, but, having much time at his own disposal, and but little to help wear it away, he concluded to attend meeting. The Freewill Baptists aroused his attention, and excited an interest he felt for no other denomination. At length he became quite engaged upon the subject of religion, and resolved to read the Bible through, to see whether or not its claims to Divine inspiration were founded in truth. He read it half way through, without being convinced ; but before it was finished, he became a Christian. His conversion, in the more technical sense of the word, followed, and he began to think of turning preacher. He was a *hare-lip*, and at first feared this circumstance would disqualify him for the ministry, but he remembered that he could swear without any difficulty, and hence concluded that he could also preach.

He commenced preaching in Springfield, Vt., where, and in the adjoining towns, he labored several years, to good acceptance. Then he went to Fishersfield, a pretty town upon the banks of Sunapee Lake, one of the largest sheets of water in New Hampshire. Elder Babcock was now about forty-five years of age ; a single man, and one who never intended to marry. But it seems that it was not the will of Heaven that he should always remain in a state of single bliss — for a young woman of his society came to him, stating that it had been revealed to her from above, that she must become the wife of Elder Babcock. Now the good Elder was much surprised at this, and sorely grieved ; for the maiden was ignorant, raw, uncouth, and as green as — as — the Green Mountains. He was remarkable for elegance of dress, manners and attention to all the little punctilios of etiquette, and could not but feel chagrined that the over-ruling powers had so utterly disregarded his taste, in the appointment of a help-meet for life.

But he was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision ; for he

doubtless remembered the fate of Jonah of old, who was made to repent of such an act in durance most vile, and of Nebuchadnezzar, who had plenty of leisure to chew the cud of disappointment, when he opposed his own opinions to those of One mightier than he ; and he probably thought of Peter, who dared not call that unclean which God had commanded him to take. And perhaps he remembered the reward of Abraham for his obedience, and hoped that if he also obeyed with apparent sincerity, the staying command would be put forth, ere the sacrifice was consummated.

However, they were married, and got along without grumblings or quarreling, though his connubial felicity, with such a partner, may be questioned. She made a tolerable wife, and it may reasonably be doubted whether she was much her husband's inferior in shrewdness.

After this, he removed to Barrington, N. H., where I think he resided the remainder of his life. He here became acquainted with Judge Hale, and their intercourse was very pleasant to the Elder, but not to the Judge, who, though very conscious of his own superiority in many things, yet feared the Elder's keen penetrating wit, and dreaded his withering satire. But he respected his intellect and virtues, and they were much in each other's society.

But Elder Babcock was no worldly-wise man. Indeed he could not maintain his family by his ministerial labors. His father invested \$5,000 for his use, of which he could never receive aught but the interest. But in three or four years he became involved to the amount of seven or eight hundred dollars, and was obliged to compound with his principal creditor, from that time content himself with half of his interest.

He died of a worn-out constitution, in 1821, leaving four or five children, who were, I believe, respectable in mental endowments.

To a friend, who visited him in his last sickness, and asked him what was his disease, he replied, 'Just nothing at all.' 'You think you shall ever recover?' 'Think ! I don't think anything about it — I know it !' Yet he died, lamented and respected notwithstanding his faults and foibles. He was always thus called, and spoken of as *the Elder*. People did not say Elder Babcock but **THE ELDER**. That was his cognomen, especially at Barrington.

ton, where he was highly respected by all classes, as much by the Congregationalists as by the Baptists.

There are two or three points of view in which the history of Elder Babcock furnishes us with interest and instruction. The first is, 'Why was this man, so gifted in person, intellect and sensibility, never able, even in his best days, to provide for his own wants?' The carefully educated will perhaps reply, 'It was the want of early disciplinary education.' The influence of energetic mental discipline, might in some degree have corrected the obliquities of his natural disposition, for that his mind was unbalanced, and that it was partially *constitutional*, cannot be doubted.

Some will think that he ought not to have left college while his course was but partially completed, for had his public education been finished, his prospects must have been improved.

Another point of interest is, the method which he took to decide and establish his religious views. It indicated a capacity for making a sound judgment, for no other method could have been so good, and the result was a triumphant victory for the Bible.

Again, it is interesting to contemplate the contrast between the first and last half of his life. It has, perhaps, no parallel, excepting in the life of John Bunyan, and John Newton. During the former part of it, he was the gayest of the gay; the most buoyant of the votaries of pleasure; the actual prodigal; profane, dissipated, and irreligious. During the latter, he was devoted to his Christian and ministerial duties. His conduct, intercourse and companions were entirely changed; yet with all his impassioned fervor, he was catholic in his feelings, and kindly disposed towards all men.

But with all his toleration towards the professors of a creed differing from his own, he was indignant at those religious views which appeared to him dishonorable to God, and a libel upon His character. In one of his sermons, he made a pointed reference to the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation, and then asked, 'Shall I believe such a doctrine? No; no. I would rather *be damned*. My damnation might glorify God, as they say, but my belief in that horrible dogma would dishonor and villify Him.'

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whom avowed a sentiment which he disclaimed, he named for text a passage in the fiftieth chapter of Genesis, then recited a pseudo text expressive of this sentiment, and proceeded to deliver the doctrine. But, near the conclusion, he suddenly stopped, changed the tone of his voice, examined his Bible, appeared much confused, and could not find his text. 'I am mistaken,' said he. 'There is no such chapter nor text in the Bible.' Raising his voice, with a look and tone of extreme severity he continued, 'I have been preaching to you a lie, and had you been as ignorant as horses, and as wicked as sin, you would have heard me as you have done, with all possible patience and pleasure.'

On one occasion, as he was preaching a funeral sermon in a private house, and observing that the process of cooking was going on 'very extensively' in an adjoining apartment, either his delicate olfactories, or his sense of propriety, were outraged by this New England *country* custom, and he suddenly stopped and exclaimed, 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; but, my God! we here have them both together!'

ANNET

BE NOT UNKIND.

O never speak an unkind word, or treat any one with coldness and neglect, for you know not the motives which may have prompted to the actions for which you think the one entitled to such treatment. And even though we do know that they are prompted by the meanest and basest of motives, should we speak harshly to them? Was it the way our Savior did? No. His kindly spirit pervaded his every action, and was breathed forth in every word. Read about him: do—I know you will learn to read so much in his character, of every thing that is good.

I venture to say that unkind treatment will never cause a wanderer back, will never make him turn from the paths of wickedness, to those of virtue and innocence. But when we indulge in this propensity only to gratify our own fretful disposition, how sinful!—We know not the sensitive spirits which we may be wounding, deeply wounded by our thoughtlessness. Who

spirit is weighed down, when the soul is full, how one little word will stir up those hidden feelings, and cause our hearts to ache with grief!

I need not say that I cannot bear unkind treatment from those I love, for who can? But I may say that when I am far away from them amid strangers, and am thus treated, my soul longs to free itself from the shackles which bind it to earth, and soar away to mansions of rest. More than once some word thoughtlessly uttered, has cost my heart an indescribable pang, but I would smother my feelings at the time, and when night came, my pillow would be wet with bitter tears; but when sleep steeped my senses in forgetfulness, the bright visions which flitted across my brain, dispersed these sad feelings, for my dreams were always of those bright angels which hover around us to apply the balm in times of need. O how I adore that disposition which is all love, that would weep at the bare thought of lacerating the feelings of others; and that would fly instantly to the relief of those in distress. If there was not some such in Lowell, I know that there would be no flowers strown in my path while here.

ADALINE.

CLEANING UP.

There is something to me very interesting in observing the manifestations of animal instinct — that unerring prompter which guides its willing disciple into the ever straight path, and shows him, with unfailing sagacity, the easiest and most correct method of accomplishing each necessary design.

But to enter here upon a philosophical dissertation, respecting the nature and developments of instinct, is not my design, and I will now detain you with but one or two instances of it, which have fallen under my own observation.

One warm day in the early spring, I observed a spider very busily engaged upon a dirty old web, which had for a long time curtained a pane of my factory window. Where Madam Arachne had kept herself during the winter, was not in my power to ascertain; but she was in a very good condition, plump, spry, and full of energy. The activity of her movements awakened

my curiosity, and I watched with much interest the commotion in the old dwelling, or rather slaughter-house, — for I doubt not that many a green-head and blue-bottle had there met an untimely end.

I soon found that madam was very laboriously engaged in the necessary part of household exercises called CLEANING UP ; she had chosen precisely the season for her labors which all good housewives have by common consent appropriated to patching, cleaning, white-washing, &c. With much labor, and a prodigious expenditure of steps, she removed, one by one, the tiny bits of dirt, sand, &c., &c., which had accumulated in this net during the winter ; but it was not done, as I at first thought, by pushing and poking, and thrusting the intruders out, but by gradually destroying their *location*, as a western emigrant would say. Whether this was done, as I at one time imagined, by devouring the fibre, as she passed over it, or by winding it around some part under part of her body, or whether she left it at the centre of the web, to which point she invariably returned after every perambulation to the outskirts, I could not satisfy myself. It was to me a cause of great marvel, and awakened my perceptive as well as reflective faculties from a long winter nap.

To the first theory there was no objection, excepting that I had never heard of its being done ; but then it might be so, and in this case I had discovered what had escaped the observation of all preceding naturalists. To the second there was this objection, that when I occasionally caught a front view of ‘my lady,’ she showed no distaff, upon which she might have re-wound the unravelled thread. The third suggestion was also objectionable because, though the centre looked somewhat thicker, or I had imagined it did, yet it was not so much so as it must have been had it been the *depot* of the whole concern.

Of one thing I was at length assured — that there was to be an entire demolition of the whole fabric, with the exception of the main beams, (or sleepers, I think, is the technical term) which remained as usual, when all else had been removed. The spider went away for the night, and when I returned the next morning, expecting to behold a blank — a void — an evacuation of premises — a removal — a disappearance — a destruction most complete, without even a wreck left behind — lo ! there was again the rebuilt mansion — the restored fabric — the reversed Pen-

pian labor ; and madam was rejoicing like the patient man of Uz, when more than he had lost was restored to him.

My feelings (for I have a large bump of sympathy) were of that pleasurable kind which Jack must have experienced, when he saw the castle which in a single night had established itself upon the top of his bean-pole ; or which enlivened the bosom of Alladdin, when he saw the beautiful palace which in a night had travelled from the Genii's dominions, to the waste field which it then beautified ; and I felt truly rejoiced that my industrious neighbor's works of darkness were not always deeds of evil. But alack for the poor *spinster*, when it came *my* turn to be *cleaning up* !

M. E.

TRIBUTE TO SALMAGUNDI.

Salmagandi, it appears, has excited the curiosity of very many people ; and many are desirous to know something of the general character of the place. To gratify, in some measure, the curious, inquiring mind, this little tribute is offered.

The "old settlers," as the first white inhabitants were called, were a hardy, industrious people ; with a fair amount of general benevolence, and self-esteem ; qualities which are inherited by their descendants, and form leading traits in their characters. The misfortunes of one are, in a measure, felt by all ; and they take an honest pride in performing all those little acts of kindness which, when done in a spirit of fraternity, endear the members of a community to each other.

In olden time, paupers were known only by name in Salmagundi ; and I believe it would have been thought by the good people, an impeachment of their moral character, to have one of their town's-men supported at public expense. The first application for assistance from the town, is within my own remembrance. The applicant was a poor shingle-maker, who was so unfortunate as to put his shoulder out of place, and was for several months unable to work.

The first select-man of Salmagundi had long been a dealer in dry goods, groceries, and all other articles usually kept in the store of a country village ; and was well acquainted with the

pecuniary circumstances, and also the benevolent feelings of every one of his customers. To this man Mr. Griffin made his wants known, who, after he had heard his tale of distress, pretended to make an entry on the town books, and then supplied him with things necessary for his present comfort, told him to come again when any thing more was needed.

Saturday evening, according to their usual custom, the gentlemen of our village assembled at the grocery to talk over the affairs, and consult with each other in laying plans for the future. Some of the most wealthy and benevolent were called aside, and made acquainted with the necessities of Mr. Griffin; and, after a brief consultation, they came to the conclusion that they should not suffer so much in purse, by jointly supporting him for a short time, as they should in character by having his name on the town books as a pauper. Accordingly the grocer was authorized to supply Mr. Griffin with all things needful, at their expense.

Mr. Griffin's mortification, in consequence of being under the necessity of asking for help, together with the pain occasioned by his hurts, threw him into a fever which threatened to run high; but when he was made acquainted with the kindness of his neighbors, which was entirely unlooked for, it proved to be more valuable restorative than medicine, and he soon became convalescent. And, what was still better, from being some given to intemperate habits, he became remarkable for his soberness.

It was a number of years after this circumstance took place before Salmagundi had any paupers; but in process of time, through the mismanagement of his children, the farm of the gentleman who was the bridegroom in "The first wedding at Salmagundi," was offered for sale; and its ancient owner, who still lived upon it, was thrown penniless upon the world.

The "old settlers" could not bear to see this worthy pilgrim houseless, and through their influence the town purchased the farm; thereby providing means for their friend to remain comfortable for life in his old home; and also providing a home for many others.

These things will give a more favorable impression of Salmagundi, when the fact is known, that, till within a few years, (as far as I know to the contrary perhaps up to the present time) the paupers in the neighboring townships were set up at auction, and, not like slaves, struck off to the highest bidder — but struck

off to him who will keep them for the least pay — an inhuman practice, which ought to be deprecated by all who have any claims to humanity.

The people of Salmagundi are remarkable for their sobriety, general intelligence, and morality ; also, for the attention paid to the education of their children, who are first of all, fitted for the common every-day affairs of life — the useful, never being neglected for the ornamental branches of education.

As a general rule, they endeavor to educate their children in the best possible manner, consistent with their circumstances and prospects, — wisely considering, that a good education is of more value than a splendid patrimony.

Some of the descendants of the “old settlers” are respected in the literary world ; others are ornaments to the Bench, and Bar. Of this, Salmagundi is honestly proud, as well she may be.

The above hasty production may give some idea of the general character of Salmagundi. What exceptions there are to this character, it is no part of my business to delineate. TABITHA.

JACKO.

Did you ever hear a crow talk ? Doubtless you have often heard them caw, caw, caw, in the woods ; but I have a friend who says they will say as much as a parrot, if they are only taught, and will speak it more distinctly.

We had once, she says, a crow which was taken, while a little thing, from a nest in a felled tree. He was the only one that survived the fall ; and ‘the men-folks’ brought him home, and made him a nest in a loft over a deserted stable. Here Jacko lived, state-prison-like, upon bread and water, until fall ; and with none to molest, or make him afraid. But when winter was coming on, and the geese were shut up in the lower part of the old stable, Jacko began to think of scraping acquaintance with his new neighbors. So he came down from his lofty tenement, and soon made himself quite at home with his sociable companions.

The next spring, he used to accompany them to the wood-house, granary, and 'all around the lot.' But he never accept of the invitations received to visit the family house. He would stand upon the door-step, or on the fence, and laugh as heartily as a man, or chuckle to himself at the jest which was taken of him, and he tried his best to lead the talk. He would strain, and stretch, and stare, and shake his head ; but after he had mastered a phrase he could speak it distinctly. Then it was all the time, 'Jack ! Jacko ! What do you want ? Ha ! ha ! ha !'

When winter was again approaching, Jacko and his old friends the geese, retired again to the stable. But it had been determined in the councils of the wise ones, that the geese should be killed, and a woful time was it for Jacko, when the massacre commenced. He would scold and cry over the bloody feathers, and then shake them in his bill with the utmost fury ; and his grief and indignation increased with each successive disappearance of his old friends. At length he became very shy, and would not come down from his loft ; and when all but one or two were killed, he took to himself wings and flew away. Doubtless he expected that he too was anon to be made into nice soup, and wished if possible to avoid so terrible a catastrophe.

Nothing was heard of him for a long time, but at length his old master received word that he had been seen with a flock of geese, six miles off ; then that he had joined another company about as far again from his old home ; and he hired a hawk expressly to visit Jacko. He found him, brought him home, and placed him in his old habitation, and clipped his wings, that he might not fly away.

But Jacko's presentiments of a violent death were fulfilled. One night, Master Reynard entered, unbidden, his apartment, and not only killed, but also ate him up on the spot.

Poor Jacko ! 'I regret thy untimely end !'

FAN

DISASTERS OVERCOME.

—“The noble wear disasters,
As an angel wears his wings,—
To elevate and glorify.”—MILMAN.

Sophia Marsh and her friend, Amy Winslow, were sauntering about Mr. Marsh's elegant sitting-room, discussing the fashions of the last Lady's Book, and the recent failure of Mr. Graves, one of the wealthiest men in their village.

‘Now Mary Jane Graves will have an opportunity to illustrate her notions of life and love in a cottage,’ said Amy.

‘Pa has hopes that Mr. Graves' affairs will be adjusted by his friends, so that he can continue in business, and thus have an opportunity to recover his losses,’ said Sophia.

They were interrupted by the entrance of Albert, who brought budgets from the post-office.

‘Friend Willey has sent us one of those “Offerings,” of which so much has been said and written,’ said Albert, presenting a package to his sister.

Sophia eagerly tore off the envelope.

‘Why, what a neat little affair!’ exclaimed Amy. ‘I more than half expected to see a grey cover, and a dog's-ear on every leaf; and even to hear a volley of that horrid clatter that so rang in my ears, hours after I visited the Lowell Mills.’

Alfred laughed, as most young gentlemen do, at every silly thing a silly young lady pleases to utter. How far our sex might be benefitted, were our brothers to frown on every piece of trifling they would despise themselves for perpetrating, we will not now stop to inquire.

Amy could not withhold her admiration and surprise at the vein of talent and goodness of feeling that ran through the entire work. But Sophia rejoiced in it as a triumph of *mind* over innumerable obstacles in the way of its improvement; and especially she rejoiced in it as a means of removing unjust prejudices against so large a portion of her sex, and thus of elevating them still higher in the scale of moral and intellectual purity and dignity. She was aroused at length by a loud laugh from Amy, who had left her side, and was standing at the centre-table with Albert.

‘Ha, Sophia! in admiring a false brilliant, you have diamond. Albert has just told the funniest story!’

Sophia looked up and smiled, then resumed her reading.

‘Sister, we are for a walk in the garden. What say you?’ said Albert.

‘Oh, doubtless she prefers sitting meekly at the feet of the “Offering,” receiving instruction,’ said Amy, with a laugh.

Sophia did not reply; but put on her hat to accompany them.

‘Now, I suppose you are thinking of “Full many a flower &c., and all such modest things, Sophia,’ said Amy, as they entered a walk bordered with flowers. ‘And if you were to gather a bouquet, it would be composed, of course, of violets, and violets, and purple violets,—would it not, my dear? unless indeed, you could find a daisy, snow-ball, petunia, or rose hidden itself in the shrubbery. Then you would tenderly pluck them, thinking all the time of “flowers born to blush unseen,” as the Tabitha’s, Ella’s, and Orianna’s of the “Offering.”’

She did not see the pained expression of Sophia’s face, and made these thoughtless remarks; for she turned to Albert for a smile. She saw that his approbation of her sarcasm was more decided than heretofore, and this checked her levity. She plucked a beautiful blush rose, placed it in Sophia’s hair, and kissed her cheek. Sophia returned her kiss, but remained silent.

‘Now I know I have offended you, by my nonsense,’ said Amy. ‘I was very foolish; but you know it is the way I am. I will rattle on. Just put on your own sweet smile, say that you forgive me, and I promise all due respect to the Mademoiselle of the “Offering.”’

Sophia answered her smile with one as cordial.

‘You half mistake me, my dear Amy,’ said she. ‘I do not disapprove of ridicule levelled against noble exertion, however lowly the source. But I feel humbled by a sense of inferiority in talent and usefulness, when compared with these ladies who have every advantage for improvement that wealth can bestow, and leisure for every pursuit; and what have I done?’

‘Why, you put me in nice order, by that grave look of yours at least five times an hour, when we are together. And by the same look you have cured Miss Cavis of slandering her

neighbors, myself inclusive. You are president of our most august sewing circle, and —'

'Oh, pray, stop this enumeration,' said Sophia, interrupting her. 'I can finish for you. I spend my time in desultory, idle chit-chat, making and receiving calls, riding on horseback, embroidery, dressing and eating, while out of the school-room. These young girls toil perhaps twelve hours daily; and yet find time for literary achievements which I must "emulate in vain" — for, with all my boasted accomplishments, I could not equal an article that I have just been reading, written by "Adelaide."'

'La! yes, you could; 'tis just nothing to do such things. So if you envy those ladies a bit, just doff this very becoming dignity of yours, make two broad aprons, buy a wooden trunk, *very* handsomely painted in imitation of red and yellow marble, some half dozen band-boxes, then take the stage for Lowell. Now, Albert, don't you think Sophia about Quixotic enough to do something of this sort?'

'Before I answer, let me say that your *picture* fails in one respect, at least. She need not lay aside her dignity, if we judge factory girls by Caroline Herbert. You know she is the only representative of that population in this village. It is universally conceded by us gents, that she is "a lovely specimen of angelic humanity."'

'By the way, Albert, did you not tell me that Mrs. Herbert is expecting Caroline to-day?' asked Sophia.

Albert turned away to pluck a flower, as he answered in the affirmative. Just at that moment, the stage wheeled up to Mrs. Herbert's door, and Caroline alighted. Amy was just avowing her determination to count the trunks and band-boxes taken off, and congratulating herself that she had learnt to count a hundred, when Mr. Marsh appeared, making his way towards them with rapid strides. His eyes were bent on the ground, his cheeks flushed, and his whole manner unusually agitated.

'Where is your mother, Sophia?' he hurriedly asked. 'They told me I should find her here; where is she?'

Sophia could not answer. Albert did not know; but offered to accompany him in quest of her.

'No, no; stay here. She is doubtless in her own room; and I wish to see her alone.'

Sophia knew that something fearful had happened, to distress

her usually calm father in this manner. She became so faint that she was obliged to lean against a tree for support. Albert hastened to her, took one arm, and led her to the sitting-room. There was the stillness of death about the house, interrupted only by the hurried step of Mr. Marsh in his wife's room above. The faithful old housemaid walked noiselessly by the open door, cast a timid glance at Albert and Sophia, and then shrank back to her seat, biting her finger nails more vigorously than before. Even Tray seemed to understand that something was wrong. Instead of meeting them at the door with his usual bound, he came heavily out from beneath the centre-table, cast a side-long, suspicious glance at Albert, then crept back to his covert.

Amy began to find her situation most uncomfortable ; and her manner was so destitute of sympathy, that Sophia wished to be relieved of the task of entertaining her. Amy's exuberant spirits admirably assisted her in rejoicing with those who rejoiced, but she could never conceive how Sophia Marsh and Caroline Herbert managed to "weep with those that wept." She found the silence and restraint of the party annoying to *herself*, and therefore made a few attempts at wit. She made an unsuccessful effort to draw them into a discussion of Hannah Hoit's new hat and Mrs. Colby's new dress ; then, as a *dernier* resort, made an awkward apology for curtailing her visit, and took leave.

Mr. Marsh's garden and Mrs. Herbert's joined. Presently they saw Mrs. Herbert and Caroline enter their garden, arm in arm. They walked about, from dahlias to mints, from mints to pinks, asters, snow-drops, &c., and Caroline greeted them all as dear, familiar friends. She loved flowers. When absent from home, her mother and her flowers formed its most magnetic part. She thought of them together, even in her prayers. When weak and dejected, she found consolation in the thought that every day as it passed brought that one nearer in which she would greet them. Now her mother was at her side — happy as if she had never tasted sorrow — and her flowers were all about her, looking a thousand welcomes. Caroline's heart was too full for many words ; and, ever and anon, tears of grateful feeling filled her eyes. She longed for the hour of prayer, when she might cast herself before God, and pour out to Him those emotions of love and gratitude, with which her heart seemed near bursting. He had saved her from temptation. He had raised up, to brighten

her pathway; dear friends, in a land of strangers. He had blest her with health, and success in her pecuniary affairs, beyond her warmest expectations. And He had—oh, happy consummation!—brought her in peace and safety to her home, her mother, and her flowers. She thought that she had the most reason to be thankful of any human being; and surely no one had more. True, she was obliged to toil; but what of that? The sacrifice of the ease and pleasures of home, at the shrine of duty, had not been lost in its influences upon her mind. Its energies had been quickened and increased. The rust that had gathered about it, in the days of their family prosperity, had been worn away by constant activity. That she was entirely dependant on God, that she had talents for whose improvement she was deeply responsible, and that she should 'work while the day lasted,' were regarded by her more as points in theology, than as principles of action, until she went out from her home. She then felt the need of a powerful arm on which to rest for support; and learned to lean on Heaven. There she found strength and peace, and with them a newly-awakened conviction of her obligations to God, and a determination to serve Him by her ministries to His creatures. This new principle of her being was impulsive in every action. It led her to be faithful to her employers, kind and gentle to her young associates. She made no loud pretensions to charity; but all saw its fruits in her habitual deportment, and felt its influences in their own hearts. By touching a magnet, each became a magnet. Such and so blessed are the fruits of toil, on thousands in our land, who had else worried out their lives in listless, aimless ease and vacuity.

But we will return to the Marsh family. An hour passed by; and Mr. Marsh came down stairs, and went to his shop. Sophia could bear her suspense no longer. She hastened to her mother's room, promising to return to Albert, as soon as she obtained the desired information. Her mother accompanied her on her return to the sitting-room. They were both calm; but their countenances bore traces of recent and deep emotion. Sophia answered Albert's anxious glance with a smile.

'What is it? pray, tell me,' said Albert.

'Only this, my brother: we are poor in consequence of father's connexion with Mr. Winslow, who has failed with Mr. Graves.

What a trial this will be to poor Amy ; she attached so much importance to wealth and ease !'

'But to you, dear Sophia, and to Mary Jane Graves ?' he hesitated ; for he did not dare to trust his voice to say more.

'To us it brings a realization of our visionary plans of happiness, which you and Amy have so often ridiculed as the quintessence of Quixotism. We can now be of some service to the world ; and this I prefer to being a passive recipient of the highest earthly favors.'

'You are a dear little enthusiast,' said Albert, kissing her cheek, as he rose to leave the room.

'Go to your poor father, will you, dear Albert ?' said his mother. 'Be that to him which Sophia is to me, and he will have little cause to regret this reverse.'

Mrs. Marsh did not meet this event without a pang of disappointment. It was not for herself, but for her husband and children, that she grieved. She had no vain ambitions, therefore, but few wants ; and her protracted and increasing debility gave her reason to believe that she would soon exchange those few for full fruition in heaven. But she wished that the evening of her husband's life might have been free from the anxieties and cares that had clouded its morning. And she feared for her children. Accustomed as they had been to every indulgence, the deprivations of poverty must fall chillingly upon them.

'But we will not be discouraged, Sophia,' said she. 'Our property was not sacrificed to intemperance, or vice of any kind, and this is an invaluable consolation at this hour. We will be cheerful, and try to make your father forget his losses.'

Mrs. Marsh went to the kitchen, to relieve Hannah of her conjectures. Sophia looked round the elegantly furnished room. 'My harp will be just as sweet, thought she. My flowers are as beautiful, the river rolls as calmly as before our losses ; and should we not be just as happy ? Suddenly and for the first time it occurred to her that these too were lost. There was misery in the thought ; and she sat benumbed under its influence, when Caroline Herbert entered the room. They both burst into tears and wept in each other's arms. Sophia dreaded betraying her emotion to her mother, and led Caroline to her own room.

'I should like to hear how Mr. Winslow's misfortune affects Amy,' said Sophia, as they met at table on the following morning.

‘Mr. Winslow has just left my counting room,’ said Mr. Marsh. ‘He says his wife and Amy have done nothing but weep, since he disclosed his failure. The poor man seems very wretched. I have seen Mr. Graves, too. He feels as I do, more gratitude for what he still possesses, than regret for what he has lost.’

In one month Mr. Marsh and Mr. Graves had rented and taken joint possession of a large farm, delightfully situated on the banks of the Merrimac. Mrs. Marsh’s health was so far improved by exercise and more simple diet, that she declared herself quite able to discharge all domestic services without aid : and joined in Sophia’s entreaties that she might be permitted to accompany Caroline on her return to the mill. There was a struggle with his pride and fears for Sophia ; but Mr. Marsh at last consented.

Sophia did not leave home without many misgivings. But she was accompanied by Caroline and Mary Jane Graves : and Albert was to be near her soon, in the capacity of chief clerk, for the firm of Damon, Hays & Co. There was, besides, a prospect of more extensive usefulness there, where so many young and susceptible girls were to be led in the way of virtue and happiness, or vice and misery. It must be confessed, however, that she thought little of this on the first evening after her arrival at her new home, where she found herself in her own room, so unlike that at Claremont. There were no maps, no paintings, no library, or harp. These had all been retained in parting with their *luxuries* ; for Sophia felt that home would not be half home without these. That she might discharge her father’s debts as far as their sale would have done, was a chief object in going to the mill.

Caroline was tenderly loved by her associates. Her arrival was no sooner known than they flocked around her, flung their arms around her neck, kissed her cheek, and one affectionate young creature, even wept for joy.

‘I have not been *quite* happy one moment since you went home, dear Caroline,’ said she. ‘I felt as if I had lost my own mother again, and although I knew it was wrong, I could only weep and wish that I were laid by her side in the grave. The girls were all very kind to me, and tried to make me happy. I shall always love them—they were so good—but nobody seems so like my mother as you do. I think this is because you were the first one who spoke kindly to me after I went into the mill.’

Caroline put both arms around her and supported her head on her shoulder. There that beautiful girl laid, just 'like in taking its rest' in its mother's arms after having been disturbed by the attentions and caresses of strangers. She was exceedingly delicate and young, evidently not more than fifteen. In answer to the subsequent inquiries of Sophia and Mary Jane, Caroline informed them that she was an orphan. Her parents removed from Virginia to Massachusetts, and died in a few months after their arrival, leaving her destitute among strangers. She commenced work, that she might earn funds to carry her baggage to Virginia, and to redeem her parent's portraits, which her father's chief creditor refused to give up until every farthing of his debt was paid. Her object was accomplished; but she still worked, because she loved her young friends, especially Caroline, more than any one else in the world; and because she did not wish to go so far from the graves of her parents.

Among others who called on Caroline was a very pretty, intellectual looking girl, who invited our four friends—the little orphan included—to accompany her and her brother to the Lyceum. This they found much more interesting than their home; and that was considered far above mediocrity for a country Lyceum. The doctor's and the minister's sons, and some of the young farmers and mechanics of the village, would doubtless have equalled those disputants, had their privileges been the same. But they needed the stimuli of constant and full attendance, an occasional newspaper puff, and the visits, encomiums and judicious criticisms of a few very honorable honorary members. And they needed a wider range among good authors, than the small libraries of their village afforded—more frequent collision with brilliant minds, to bring out latent sparks of genius and eloquence. All this, and much more, the Messrs. of the Lyceum enjoyed; and our friends looked forward to its meetings with confident expectations of pleasure and improvement.

Months have passed on; and Sophia is as happy as mortal can be. Home is yet the polar star of all her exertions and warmest anticipations; but the light of a thousand others shines on her pathway. She has her friends almost as dear to her as the members of the 'household band.' The Sabbath was never so welcome to her, as when the tones of the gospel never came with such healings to her soul. Now, when a wanderer from her home, how sweet to think of

home 'that hath foundations,' when separations will be known no more ! Now, when far removed from the influence of her father's guardian care, and her mother's tender love, how soothing to think of her Father in Heaven, of Him whose love is stronger even than a mother's ! Oh, the rapture of having the heart stayed on God ! The gay and prosperous may find a kind of pleasure in the things of this world, but in affliction where can one go for consolation but to Heaven ? Where can the orphan factory girl go, when the hand of sickness is upon her, and when none but strangers' eyes are watching by her pillow, but to the father of the fatherless ? And when all is sunshine, when friends are all around her, and words of praise from 'high places' are in her ear, as is the critical lot of Sophia, where can one find safety but in the teachings of him who was 'meek and lowly in heart ?' Our God is most emphatically a Shield, a Refuge and a Father. All this He is to Sophia ; and this He is to thousands of our factory girls, who have learned to love and trust Him as such, by going out from their homes.

We will conclude by giving an extract from a letter from Mrs. Marsh, recently received by Sophia.

'Welcome to your mother's heart are your assurances of contentment, my dear child ; precious to her the conviction that your happiness is not founded on 'things that perish.' Caroline writes that your influence is very great. I trust that I need not remind you of your fearful responsibilities in consequence. She says that you are much respected by your minister, Sabbath school pupils, and others. Appreciate this justly, my daughter ; and beware of idols. May your Heavenly Father watch over you, and bring you safely to the arms of your mother.' F.

CONTEMPT.

"I have unlearned contempt."—WILLIS.

Yes ! I have *learned* contempt. It ne'er was *born*
 In *me*, nor any one. God never made
 A feeling base as this, ingredient prime
 Of any heart. Yet we do see it here,
 Stalking amidst earth's fairer things, with eye
 Upturned, and sneer upon the lip, and scoff
 Upon the tongue. The privilege it claims

To slight, as mean and worthless of regard,
 All that it meets, or sees, or hears, 'mongst men.
 God never sent it here. How came it then?
 'Twas gendered, as all other loathsome things
 Have been, midst the corruptions of what once
 Was good and fair. Do we not greatly err,
 When, at earth's basest things, we scoff and mock?
 Abhorrence of the act, dark deeds excite
 In truest minds—and for the actor, grief:
 But ne'er do they *despise*. God never made
 A thing, or man a folly or offence designed,
 Which we may dare condemn.

The time there was, and 'twas in days 'lang syne,
 When the whole earth was beautiful to me;
 And all men then were just, and wise, and kind;
 And from my heart th' ascription ever rose,
 "Thou hast made all things well."

'Twas but the light
 Of innocence, reflected back again
 Into the guileless heart. Alas! that sin
 Should cloud the mental eye, and throw its veil
 And drapery dark o'er all of earth!
 Then soon I learned to doubt, distrust, to hate,
 And then to scorn. Error was in the world,
 And foolishness, and crime. Had I the fruit
 Forbidden never ate, then had I still
 Been blind: but now my eyes to others' faults
 Were opened wide, though heedless of my own.
 The dusky robe my own vain heart has wrought,
 Still rests on all without. Darkly enshrouds
 It all of earth, which else had been so fair—
 As vapors from the pestilential pool
 Arise to rest in mildew on the vale,
 And make it all unlovely and corrupt.

There is a Sun those vapors can disperse,—
 Renew the beauty they have marred,—restore
 Its pristine clearness to the poisoned fount,
 And grace it with the rainbow crown of hope
 And promise. Great Sun of Righteousness!
 Thy beams pour down into my heart, to cheer,
 To purify, and brightly to illume!
 Grant me the light which my own faults
 Shall clear reveal, and throw its softened shade
 O'er those of fellow men. Oh then the beam
 Which rests in my own eye, will soon be seen,
 Though slower to detect the mote in theirs.
 Then shall a brother's glance respond to mine,
 Whene'er it meets the gaze of any one
 Who wears the garment of humanity.
 Then shall I see one Father of us all,
 And I, a spared, long-spared and erring child.
 Then, not till then, shall I *unlearn contempt*.

GARDEN OF LIFE.

It was a delightful morning in summer, that I sallied forth to walk in a beautiful and extensive garden. I gazed with wonder and admiration upon the numerous plants and flowers. The gayest and simplest were tastefully arranged and interspersed throughout. There was a public street through the garden, and the multitude that passed to and fro, often stopped to gaze upon and admire its beauty.

Near the centre, I noticed a very large plant, towards which the eyes of the multitude were turned; and as they passed, I heard their loud voices extolling its surpassing beauty. I wished to view the plant which excited such universal admiration. I drew near, and saw that it was very beautiful to behold. As I stood viewing its majestic form, my heart too was given to admiration. At this moment I was checked in my enthusiasm by a sweet mild voice, which thus addressed me: 'Mortal! why standest thou here, admiring this plant?' I turned in surprise, and beheld a female form standing before me, whose brow was stamped with intellect, and on whose countenance there was an expression of benevolence. As I had not answered her question, she repeated it, and I looked with astonishment to think that she should ask such a question. She smiled, and said, 'I do not wonder that you admire its beauty, for its lovers are many, and many there are who are deceived by its beautiful appearance — for it sends forth no fragrance, and it bears no flowers.'

I was surprised at this intelligence. She then turned to a bed of violets, and said, 'If you would cultivate such as these, you would derive far more pleasure from them, than from the plant you so much admired.' I told her their appearance was lovely, because they were so modest and humble. She then said, 'Let us pass along and view the different plants and flowers, and I will teach you the nature of them.'

The first to which she drew my attention was a rose-bush in full bloom. 'You behold this in its present flourishing state; but the time was when it was trodden under foot of men. I beheld it, trodden down as it was, and despised by the passers-by, and it excited my pity — for I knew that it had once shared the praise of all. With a gentle hand I raised its broken branches, to see

if there was any prospect of its being restored to its pristine state ; and beheld blasted buds which would have blossomed if it been reared and nourished, and others that would yet blossom provided the broken branches could be removed, and they receive proper attention. With the help of the gardener, all that was necessary for its wonted appearance. It is but a short time since, and you now behold it in all its beauty and freshness.

Then turning around, she said, 'There are others quite as interesting, but I will show them to you some other time. I wish now to show you the grand result.' She then turned and I followed her.

We soon came to a fountain whose waters were clear as crystal. 'Here,' said she, 'shall those plants be washed and purified, and then they will be transplanted into a more fertile soil, where there is no evil hand to assail, nor rude storm to blast ; where they shall live and flourish forever.' I was about to ask my guide some questions, when a loud peal of thunder awoke me, and behold it was a dream.

CHAPTERS ON THE SCIENCES.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

Ellinora. Oh, Isabel, Ann, and all, look here ! See what we have found. Alice, Bertha, and I, went out this morning with the ostensible purpose of getting air and exercise, but, in reality, to visit that great ragged ledge yonder—to inspect the cliffs of the hills about the river—to collect some minerals for examination this evening ; and, seriously, Isabel, we found wonders. We know that brook that falls into the river just above the mill. Well, we found legible, tangible traces of an earthquake in the exact correspondence of the huge and ragged masses of rock on each side of the brook. We met a sensible, logical old man near ; and he told us that he could remember the time when water enough ran there to carry a mill. Now there is not a drop, except in very wet seasons of the year. I have told you, Isabel, that when we find gravel and rounded fragments

in under strata, we may infer that they received their round, regular forms by the action of running water, in being transferred from a higher position. We found a shelving declivity of sand; and the sides, far below the surface, exhibited myriads of stones of different sizes, but all rounded and regular, like this. I persist, despite Alice's tame reasonings, in imputing these to diluvian agency. We found large veins running through rock in different directions, sometimes traversing each other; these I attribute to volcanic action, to subterranean fires; and, pray, dear Isabel, do not throw me from my Pegasus, by telling me that I err in this.

Isabel. 'Doctors disagree' on this point, as in most others. You are supported in your theory by some of the most learned.

E. 'Io triumphe,' Alice! What did I say unto thee? *Apropos*, that old gentleman, during our conversation, asked me to tell him just what Geology means. I was completely non-plussed. Please guard me against similar disasters hereafter, by telling me its meaning in good set terms.

I. It comes from the Greek words *ge*, the earth, and *logos*, word, or discourse; and its object, Cleveland says, is to ascertain the mutual action of the solid, fluid, and aeriform materials of the earth. It investigates the structure, position, and relative situation of the large masses, strata, beds and veins of minerals, which form the external crust of the globe. Its researches extend likewise to the alterations and decompositions effected by air, fire, water, light, and electricity.

E. I thank you. And Mineralogy —

I. Treats of the relations and properties of simple minerals; and assists us in knowing, classing and describing them.

E. Please bring it to our assistance. By mere accident, we found a most beautiful stone this morning. Our old gentleman —

Alice. Let us *dub* him *our hero*, Nora.

E. Ha! well, our hero was driving a cow to pasture — not very chivalric this, for a hero. While we were walking along in company, upon sundry misdemeanors in his charge, he caught up a stone distinguished in nothing, externally, but its rusty aspect, and threw it. It fell in the street before us, and broke. We brought home the fragments; see how splendid they are! There are all the bright colors and beautiful blendings of the rainbow.

Ann. Oh, how pretty ! What is the cause of those irises ?

I. Probably in this case they are merely a tarnish, caused by the action of the air or moisture upon the metallic matter of the mineral. They may not be. The stone, you see, is probably decomposed ; and these appearances may be caused by minute fissures, infinitely too small to be seen by the naked eye, or from a loss of some of the integrant particles, leaving cavities. From these fissures or cavities light would be reflected in a various manner, producing colored rays by their reflection in passing to the eye. You have all made yourselves familiar with Natural Philosophy ; hence this will be easily understood. Similar appearances are sometimes produced by plunging a piece of quartz into cold water.

A. We found some fine specimens of quartz this morning. We will try the experiment, Nora.

Ann. Brother has a piece of shell marble, which is extremely beautiful. It is variegated by shells of a mild, pearly white, finely irised. He has also a specimen of the ruin marble, with figures, which, at certain distances, afford mimic representations of towers, houses, and cities in ruins, with an appropriate back-ground of clouds and sky.

I. There is a kind of jasper which produces the same beautiful and pleasing illusion.

A. What is marble, Isabel ?

I. The Latin word *makmor*, marble, is from a Greek word which means *to shine* ; and although strictly confined to limestone, capable of receiving a high polish, it has been applied by artists, ancient and modern, to porphyry, jasper, &c., when in a polished state.

Ann. I have heard that primitive marbles are very unusual in their color. Whence come the clouds, veins, and spots of different hues and forms, in some of our chimney-pieces ?

I. From an intermixture of oxide of iron, green and blue, serpentine, hornblende, &c.

E. And whence comes the color of this rose quartz ?

I. One of your specimens is milky quartz, tinged with oxide of iron. The other is rose quartz ; and you were fortunate in finding so beautiful a specimen. It is supposed to derive its color from manganese, one of the chemical elements.

Ann. Is lava a simple mineral ?

I. No: it is a combination of other minerals; and varies in its aspect and properties according to the nature of its constituents. The word *lava*, is from the Gothic word *lopa*, meaning *to run*; and is applied to the melted matter emitted from the craters of volcanos. Cleaveland mentions a curious fact. On the plains of Iceland, below Hecla, there are *caves* variously formed, and from what is called cavernous lava. The lava produces bubbles of this size; they burst and disclose a cavern within.

A. How wonderful! And not less so are meteoric stones. Our hero told us of some weighing several pounds, that he saw Connecticut.

E. He asked our opinion of their origin, and we could only guess that they came from the moon. He says they are just alike in their external appearance, structure and composition, but that they differ from any other minerals found.

I. Yes: different specimens have been analyzed, and found to contain siliceous, magnesia, oxide of iron, sulphur, lime, &c. They have been found in all countries, at all ages; and the phenomena accompanying their appearance, are usually the same. They sometimes burst out from a wild cloud, with an explosion like thunder. Their fall is accompanied by a whizzing noise, and is supposed to be at the rate of 300 miles in a minute. They sometimes weigh 50 pounds; and fall into the earth to the depth of 20 inches. They are found to be hot, if examined immediately after their fall; and they emit a strong odor of sulphur. Several years since one appeared in Connecticut in the northern horizon, and passed with great rapidity and an undulating motion to the zenith. Three loud reports were heard, and at each, there were sudden deviations or leaps in the meteor, and masses falling from it were scattered over a surface ten miles in length and three or four in breadth. At the instant of the last report, the stone commenced a rapid descent with a whizzing noise and a curve of light. The largest weighed 37 pounds.

A. Of course nothing is *known* of their origin; but where are they supposed to come from?

I. Some naturalists suppose that they originate in the atmosphere; some, that they are the products of terrestrial volcanos; and yet others, that they fall from comets.

E. 'I am sir Oracle.' They could not come from the atmosphere, a terrestrial volcano, or a comet; *ergo*, they must be

thrown beyond the moon's attraction, within that of the earth. Now this matter is settled, let me ask you about those crystals of yours. You call them all crystals; but they are not all of the same parent.

I. The term *crystal* was first given to regular forms of quartz, or crystallized quartz. But as their regularity was the most distinguished property, all regular solids, whether opaque or transparent, have come to be called *crystals*. So a crystal, in the common acceptation of the term, is a body that by the laws of affinity, has taken a regular form, with a certain number of plain and polished sides.

E. Please tell us something of this chemical affinity, and something of the process of crystallization. The latter has always been what the Indian calls a *medicine* — a mystery — to me. Perhaps I might solve it, by reading Comstock more thoroughly, but I like verbal descriptions best.

I. I will relate the substance of what Prof. Cleaveland has said upon these subjects. He says there are two kinds of crystals, *homogeneous*, and *heterogeneous*. The former, of course, are composed of particles of the same kind; the latter, those of different kinds. Upon the former, principally, the crystal is dependent for its regularity. A necessary pre-requisite to crystallization is a solution of the mineral substance in some fluid, as water, or caloric. The particles are reduced, by solution, to a state of minute division. They are separated from each other, and left at liberty to move in the solvent with entire freedom. That the crystals may take regular forms, there must be no disturbing force, no external agitation during the process.

A. Just as in the crystallization of alum in forming baskets.

I. Yes. Examine these two specimens of crystallized quartz. Of one you see the crystals are perfectly regular, each has six five sides; while of the other, some are broken, some have only two or three plane faces, and terminate in an uncouth mass of opaque quartz; while all are packed together without any system or order ever.

Ann. Upon what does regularity depend, essentially?

I. Upon the *regular form of the integrant particles* which compose the crystal, and upon their *arrangement at the moment of combination*.

E. The integrant particles, Isabel? Oh, I recollect. Clear.

istry says, — 'We *decompose* a body into its *constituent* parts, and *divide* it into its *integrant* parts.'

I. You are correct, Ellinora. Cleaveland says, 'a crystal is an assemblage of similar particles ; it is formed and increases in size merely by the juxtaposition of these similar, integrant particles. It depends on no interior mechanism, like organic bodies, for its growth ; but it is enlarged in its dimensions, by the application of successive layers of particles.' He adds, that 'both theory and observation induce us to believe that the integrant particles of the same substance, possess the same form and dimensions.'

Ann. Then if these particles always united in the same manner, all crystals formed from the same substance, would present the same outline.

I. Yes ; but they do not ; and their difference must be imputed to different dispositions of the integrant particles.

Ann. In the collection of the Society of Natural History, I saw crystals beautifully colored.

I. Their coloring comes principally from the metallic oxides ; as iron, manganese, &c.

E. See what a pretty piece of granite we found — it is so dark and sparkling !

I. Yes ; it contains a great deal of black mica. Granite is composed of quartz, mica, and feldspar. Gneiss, of which I see you have a specimen, is composed of the same minerals as quartz.

Ann. I have seen a piece of amber, with an insect imbedded in it, in a good state of preservation, although the amber was found many feet below the surface of the ground, in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. What is amber ? and how came that insect there ?

I. As it is generally found with lignite, it is supposed to be a resin from wood, changed by being so long in the earth. The insect must have become entangled, as we have seen them in gums of fruit trees. By an accession of the resinous substance, they are completely covered ; and by changes such as have been noticed, buried far below the present surface of the earth.

E. Oh, how I would like to see some of the stupendous animals and vegetables that have been excavated from the depths !

I. Mr. Mantell, in his 'Illustrations of the Geology of Sussex,' tells us of the 'gigantic Megalosaurus, and yet more gigantic

Iguanodon, to whom the groves of palms and aborescent ferns would be mere beds of reeds, and who were of such prodigious magnitude, that the *existing* animal creation presents us with no fit objects of comparison. Imagine,' he says, 'an animal of the lizard tribe, three or four times as large as the largest crocodile, having jaws, with teeth equal in size to the incisors of the rhinoceros, and crested with horns ; — such a creature must have been the Iguanodon ! Nor were the inhabitants of the waters much less wonderful ; witness the Plesiosaurus, which only required wings to be a flying dragon !'

E. Three or four times as large as the crocodile ! and a crocodile will enclose an ox in his jaws ! It seems utterly incredible ; but I know these facts are too well authenticated to be doubted. Oh, what changes have there been !

A. Well might Young say, —

'What is the world itself? thy world?—a grave!
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread;
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.'

And those lines of Beattie — I never saw their full meaning until now. He says, —

'Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doomed;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed,
And where th' Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloomed.'

D.

THE UNSETTING SUN.

It was nearly sunset — and seldom did a more richly-tinted sky glow in the occident, than on that fated evening. As the sun sank lower in the gorgeous clouds, their brilliant hues of crimson, scarlet, and the imperial dye, assumed a more vivid tint ; and the bright golden vesture beneath, rolled out and upward, as if to envelope those varied beauties in one unbroken sheet of flame.

A mother sat, with her hushed child upon her knee ; and as she looked upon the splendors of the natural world, whether revealed in the bright firmament above, or as reflected upon the

broad earth beneath, her heart was subdued to holy thought; and the cares and trials which erst had weighed so darkly upon her spirit, assumed a radiant light, as the Divinity found access to her heart; for she felt that they were but clouds veiling the face of HIM who '*is a Sun,*' and to the eye of faith presenting a softened and more glorious manifestation of the Divine presence.

A maiden looked upon that setting sun; but she thought not of its glories — for her imagination leaped forward to the hour when those gay colors should have faded from the sky, and she, with one who was very dear to her young heart, should stand beneath the light of stars, as they glimmered through the boughs of the trysting tree.

The poet looked upon that sunset sky; and, as he thought how much of brilliant though fleeting loveliness was concentrated in the scene, there was a yearning desire in his breast to give vent in gushing song to his admiration of the beautiful. But oh! what could he say that had not been often said before? He who first poured upon the swelling tide of harmony the feelings kindled by the glow of sunset, could not have more keenly appreciated its revelations of beauty, but he had been allowed the blessed privilege of being first to give them utterance. There were many passages awakened to remembrance, which almost seemed his own, so spontaneously did they respond to his observation of the immediately visible. One occurred, thus:—

'Bright clouds! ye are gathering one by one,
Ye sweep in pomp round the dying sun,
With crimson banner, and golden pall,
Like a host to their chieftain's funeral.
But methinks that ye tower with a lordlier crest,
And a gorgeous flush as he sinks to rest.'

Another — 'twas thus:—

'I met thee in the western sky,
In pomp of evening cloud;
That while with varying form it rolled,
Some wizard's castle seemed of gold,
And now a crimsoned knight of old,
Or king in purple proud.'

Another was thus:—

'Above tall western hills, the light of day
Shot far the splendors of his golden ray;
Around the expanse, with thousand splendors rare,
Gay clouds smiled wanton through the kindling air;

From shade to shade, unnumbered tinctures blend ;
 Unnumbered forms of wondrous light extend ;
 In pride stupendous, glittering walls aspire,
 Graced with bright domes, and crowned with towers of fire ;
 On cliffs cliffs burn ; on mountains mountains roll ;
 A burst of glory spreads from pole to pole.'

He thought, too, how often those clouds had been compared to

'Islands of light, in the seas of the blest ;'

and that sun to

'A monarch, sinking to his couch of gold.'

Another beautiful description of sunset was as follows :—

'The west ! the west ! turn to the lighted west !
 What crimson wonders break upon us there !
 The drooping sun, slow sinking to his rest,
 Paints the red hectic on the cheek of air—
 Stamp of destruction—herald of decay,
 Whose feverish bloom proclaims the death of day.

There's holiday above, and all the clouds,
 In gala robes, the sunbeams sport among ;
 Festoon upon festoon entwining, crowds,
 Till all the drapery of heaven is hung—
 And far away the ruddy masses break
 In ridgy waves, like some illumined lake.

Gaze upward ! from the zenith's giddy crown
 Down to the sunny centre, fold on fold
 Glows in gradation, as the eye goes down,
 Of purple, crimson, scarlet, gold—
 Intensest gold ! where, blinding to the sight,
 The molten sun swims in a sea of light.'

He thought of another

—'sunset's hallowed time, and such an eve,
 Might almost tempt an angel heaven to leave.
 Never did brighter glories meet the eye,
 Low in the warm and ruddy western sky :
 Nor the light clouds at summer eve unfold
 More varied tints of purple, red, and gold.
 Some in the pure, translucent, liquid breast
 Of crystal lake, fast anchored, seemed to rest,
 Like golden islets, scattered far and wide,
 By elfin skill, in fancy's fabled tide,
 Where, as wild eastern legends idly fain,
 Fairy, or genii, hold despotic reign.
 Others, like vessels gilt with burnished gold,
 Their flitting, airy way are seen to hold,
 All gallantly equipped with streamers gay,
 While hands unseen, or chance directs their way ;

Around, athwart, the pure etherial tide,
With swelling purple sail, they rapid glide.'

The long and beautiful description of a September sunset, by another poet, came, unbidden of memory, to his lips; and he felt that none now were needed to embody the radiant beauties of such an hour, in the form of poesy. But blessed indeed were those permitted to behold them; yet little felt he, *even then*, of the blessing of a sunset hour.

A maiden raised her damp head from a dying pillow, and they drew aside the window drapery that those sunken eyes might look once more upon this *earthly* glory. 'Are they not *heavenly*?' she asked, as the spirit's fires glowed with rekindling lustre in her dark orbs: 'all broken in a thousand parts, yet one, —

"One as the ocean, broken into waves,
And all its spongy parts, imbibing deep
The moist effulgence, seem like fleeces, dyed
Deep scarlet, saffron light, or crimson dark,
As they are thick or thin, or near or more remote;"

then sinking back, she whispered to the watchers near, —

"May be, ere morning's light shall come,
They'll bear me on their bosoms home."

* * * Might there not be darker minds looking with as much of earnestness upon that sun, and wishing that the hour might come when deeds could be performed, whose actors shun the light of day?

And were there not those who love better the glare of brilliant chandelier, than the purer light of day? and whose bosoms throbbed with anticipation of midnight mirth and revelry?

But through those differing hearts shot one wild thrill, as the sinking sun paused for an instant upon the verge of the horizon, then turned upon 'his axle red.' Those who first noticed it, spake not — it was no time for words. There were no screams, nor shouts, nor groans: these are the articulations of natural feelings, not such as then were first created in the heart, and could not find an utterance. But there was that deep, awful, more than deadly silence, which *loudly* speaks of the terrible.

The sun was going back! Yet, without a word, how soon was it known to each individual of an awe-struck world! Men closed their eyes, and then looked up again, with the hope that a glimmer had passed from their sight — then they hoped it was an

optical delusion — and then that it was some wild freak of the laws of light, some vagary, caused by an unaccountable accident in the process of refraction.

And there they stood, all pale and speechless, in their stolid silence, till they *knew* it was no delusion. The crimson blush had faded from the western sky, the golden fringe had dropped from every low-hung cloud, and there they stood in mourning robes — for of the scarlet and the purple hue they had been fearfully disrobed. And there was the sun traversing a backward path, in the clear expanse above, and men stood and gazed in silent fear. Then they looked upon one another, but with hasty glances, for they could see in the countenances of others but the reflection of the anguish depicted on their own. Then they drew nearer to each other, that they might watch together — but still they spake not. * * *

All hands were still — all eyes were raised — but every heart was throbbing fast ; for the sun was near the zenith. Would he not then turn and descend, as in days of yore, to his place in the west ? This was the question asked by all, yet asked by none of each other, nor spoken in words. And now, for a moment, all hearts had ceased to beat — for the sun was on the meridian. But on he went, *down to an eastern sky*. Then they threw themselves upon their faces, and groaned in their deep despair. But terrible as was the sight, there was that fascination which still attracted their gaze, and they raised themselves from the earth, to watch again his course.

Lower he sank — he was almost down — and the eastern sky blushed at the approach of the visitant, and raised towards him, as with a welcoming embrace, her thin, misty arms, and was clad in gorgeous sheen for the new comer. For a moment, as he seemed to nestle in the radiant cloud-robcs which enveloped him, the watchers saw not whether he would tarry. But like a monarch, who rests him for an instant on a throne of state, then throws aside the splendid robes whose pomp had dazzled the gazers, so did he leave his radiant couch, and re-commence his glad career into a clearer heaven.

And there men stood, and watched, throughout that live-long day, his journey to the west. And now, he was there ; and that western sky was awaiting his approach, even as a mother might watch the return of her child from some mad prank ; and the

clouds arrayed themselves in their most gorgeous drapery, as if they would entice him to his couch below. But like a wayward boy, who might not be subdued, he gaily went back, and left them again, to pursue his wild and terrible career.

Then men laid their hands upon their mouths, and their mouths in the dust, and prostrated themselves in prayer before their Maker; and fathers gathered their household bands around them, and raised an altar where there had been heretofore no worship; and those who had scoffed at all prayer, as but vain repetition, now sent up the audible supplication, 'Lord, have mercy upon us!'

And through the next day, and the next long, sun-shine night which followed, they neither ate, nor drank, nor slept; but watched the sun in his back and forward course, till their strength failed, from excess of fear.

The mother pressed her moaning babe to her aching heart, and went to her inner chamber, and shut out that terrible light, that it might think there was darkness without; and while she prayed, till her brow was wet with the dews of agony, the babe 'slumbered and slept.'

The maiden who had looked forward to the evening hour of tryst, now thought not of joy or love — of marrying or giving in marriage; and though she stood beside her betrothed, yet they thought not and spoke not of each other, but an unselfish prayer went up for all else — for they felt that in this sacrifice of their dearest hopes and affections, a value would be given to the up-rising incense.

There was now a new theme for the poet — one which well might stir the deep fount of feeling; but truly might he have thought that language could never embody the emotions for which it had never been framed. He *might* have thought this — but he did not. He thought not then of the poem which he might afterwards have produced. It is not in the moment of deepest feeling that we seek to give it form in words. It is after emotion has subsided, when the sun-light of Genius falls upon the deep, calm well-spring of memory, that the reflection is seen, which the quick and skilful hand may then transfer. Neither the sun, nor the mist, *alone*, can make the rainbow; but when they are rightly joined, the gay arch spans the heavens.

The invalid had gone to her long rest, and the bright flush of

excitement faded not from her cheek till it was pale in death ; and the spirit winged its flight, bearing this query as a burden before the throne, ' Why hast Thou dealt thus bitterly with Thy creatures, O my God ? '

The votaries of vice and of pleasure were subdued, awed and purified by this chastisement. Willingly would they have devoted their lives to the service of their Creator, might life but once more be a season for action, toil, and service in His cause. But what could they do now ? They walked the earth in hopeless agony ; they wrung their hands, and groaned in spirit ; and then they flung themselves upon their beds, that they might once more sleep, even if there were to be no more night. And if, perchance, their fevered frames sunk into an uneasy slumber, from excess of excitement, they dreamed that they were out beneath a clear, deep evening sky, and that stars were sending down their pale beams upon a silent world, or that the moon was silvering the earth with radiance, save where the shadows stood, like dark transfixtures in the brightness. And even while they deemed that the cool breath of eve was breathed upon them, they awakened to that horrid glare, and looked out upon a scorched earth or a misty sky, through which the red sun, like a destroying dragon, was wending still his strange and mystic way. * * *

It was the Sabbath ; and the first loud sound of life was the chime of the church-going bells, as they called together the worshipers. There was no need of the loud call — for they thronged to their temples, as though they hoped the prayer, which had gone up singly from each one present, would be answered now, if sent in one united petition. There was also that desire for social worship which we feel when we would receive or communicate the glowing flame ; and stronger than this was the wish to make a public manifestation of their feeling of subjection to THE SUPREME. They said not now, ' We can worship in our hearts, and in our homes — for God is everywhere present ; ' but there was the yearning desire to show unto all men that they could bow in humility and penitence before their Creator.

How few were sick, or tired, or necessarily detained that day ! All seats were filled, and aisles were thronged ; and the proud man opened the door of his cushioned pew, that the swarth son of Afric might find a place at his right hand ; and the gay belle,

undocked for this day's worship, knelt down beside her rival's waiting-maid.

A change had also come upon the pastors. He who had stood before his charge, and spoken of God, of heaven, and immortality, as though they were but words to round a period—who had coldly given them his ethical discourses, or, if he sought to move, had done it by exciting admiration of his well-chosen words and glowing imagery,—that man stood that day with tears in his eyes, and cried with a loud voice, 'Spare Thou us, O our God! and turn away from Thy fierce anger.'

The man who had stood before his flock as though they were a faultless throng, and cried, 'Peace! Peace!' as though there were no tempters from within,—he stood that day and called out in his agony, 'Unclean! unclean! before heaven and in Thy sight.'

The man who had stood in the preacher's desk, as though he were a delegate from the Almighty, and in him had been vested the power of eternal life or death—who had said as he chose, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or 'Be thou henceforth accursed by me'—who had bestowed benedictions or anathemas, at the suggestion of his own overbearing will—who had blessed what God had not blessed, and cursed what He had never cursed,—he, too, knelt down among his fellows, and cried, 'Lord, be merciful unto me, a sinner!'

In the great square of a crowded city, there was gathered a throng, who could not find admittance to any consecrated sanctuary; and one came forward to lead their devotions, who had been derided and scoffed at, and even imprisoned for fanaticism. It might be that the fire of zeal had burned too fiercely on his brain, and his wild exhortations had often seemed but blasphemy. But he was solemn now; and stood before them with downcast eyes and upraised hands, his white locks streaming over his long black robe, and the fire of insanity subdued beneath the more awful light of that unsetting sun; and as he uttered forth the spontaneous prayer, he felt that it was but the expression of all who were present.

'And now, O Lord!' continued he, 'we have assembled ourselves together, we have gathered about the altar we dedicated to Thee, and we have come to ask a strange petition, even that darkness again might cover the earth, and thick darkness the

heavens. The land trembleth and sorroweth, and one cry goeth up to Thee, that the earth may be darkened, and the sun withdraw his shining. We ask it in faith ; for we know that if Thou wilt, this thing can be, — for our Redeemer is strong ; the Lord of Hosts is His name : He it is who can take away our fears, and turn our sighs into shouts of rejoicing.

‘And now, our God, was there ever sorrow like unto our sorrow ? was there ever affliction like unto that with which we are afflicted ? We have trespassed and rebelled, and Thou hast not pardoned. Thou hast covered thyself with wrath, and persecuted. Thou hast slain, and hast not pitied. Yet they that be slain with the sword are better than they who perish from hunger, and they that starve are better than they who pine and are stricken with deadly fear. We are wasting away in Thy sight, for our eyes have failed in looking for relief ; yea, they are blinded because of the terrible brightness. Yet forget us not forever, though Thou hast now forsaken us ; but turn unto us, and renew Thy kindness, as in days of old. Let not this wonderful and horrible thing continue, as a memento of Thy wrath ; but bless us again with the evening and the morning which make the day.

‘We feel that we are not worthy of this favor. We ask it not as one might ask justice of his fellow men ; but we come before Thee as sinful children, appealing to the undeserved tenderness of an oft-forgotten parent. And now take from us our iniquity, and the punishment it has brought upon us, and receive us graciously ; so will we render unto Thee the homage of our lips. And let not the oblations of our spirits be in vain ; but accept of the broken hearts which we lay low in the dust before Thee. We lift the voice, and bend the knee ; and beseech that Thou wilt lay by the terrors of Thy brightness, and shroud Thee in darkness — for in Thy great glory Thou art very terrible ; but let the lid fall upon that dazzling eye which has been stationed over us, and veil Thee in shadows of the night, that we may come into Thy presence without fear and trembling.

‘We know that we are vile before Thee. Thou hast searched our hearts with Thy radiance, till their deepest recesses can no longer hide the secret sins. We lay them all before Thee ; the forbidden things which we have cherished in the darkness, are brought to the light ; and spurn not the petition of those who would make themselves clean in Thy sight, though unworthy,

even in our best estate, of the favor we would ask. Yet deal not Thou with us according to the counsels of Thy justice, but according to the dictates of Thy mercy and loving-kindness, that we may feel that a reconciling and tender Parent is still our Guardian and God, and we may stand before Thee as children, and lift up our voices to our Father who art in heaven.

‘The earth mourneth, O Lord! the land is desolate, because the heavens above are not black. We pray again for *darkness*, that it might cover the earth, and thick darkness the heavens. Thou hast dealt strongly with us, in Thy providence. Thou hast marked the courses of the sun, and it turneth back. Thou hast commanded a backward way, and it walketh therein. Thou didst stay its going down for Thy servant of old, and now wilt Thou not hear our petition, and bid it seek again its place of rest, and let once more the evening and the morning make the day.

‘We feel that we are unworthy of this blessing. Yea, it is thus Thou hast taught us that it is a blessing; for we were wont to lie down and rest, when Thou didst draw around us the curtains of the night, and forget that the darkness, even as the light, was also the banner of Thy love.

‘And now, O Lord! the prayer which goeth up from many hearts before Thee, wilt thou hear in heaven Thy dwelling-place, and when thou hearest, answer and forgive.’ And all the people said, ‘Amen.’

Yet that Sabbath night, when a humbled world looked in trembling hope to the sun, as he was sinking in the west, they groaned in irrepressible anguish, when they saw that he again turned back.

But during this long sun-shine, there had been frequent and copious showers, for the process of evaporation had been rapid. These were now succeeded by terrible tempests. There were hurricanes upon the land, and storms upon the ocean. There were whirlwinds, water-spouts, thunderings above, and quakings beneath; there were avalanches, slides, eruptions, and mad confusion of ‘the lightning and the gale.’

Then, when for a time there was a cessation of the terrible commotion, they thought of nought but the devastation which had been made. The ocean strand was but a wall of wrecks, and upon those ever-restless, upheaving billows, none now would have thought to venture. Forests had been prostrated, fields

heavens. The land trembleth and sorroweth, and one cry goeth up to Thee, that the earth may be darkened, and the sun withdraw his shining. We ask it in faith ; for we know that if Thou wilt, this thing can be, — for our Redeemer is strong ; the Lord of Hosts is His name : He it is who can take away our fears, and turn our sighs into shouts of rejoicing.

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destroyed, valleys overflown, sea-ports submerged, and inland cities overthrown. Strong towers toppled, and fell ; bulwarks were laid prostrate ; temples were crumbled into fragments ; and the earth was one wide scene of ruin.

From the first, there had been strange commotion, distress, madness, and then death, among the animal creation. Birds had soared shrieking in the heavens, then fluttered back to their nests, but never ceased from their restless screaming. Beasts had roamed howling over the plains, and then returned to the habitations of man, and crouched moaning at the feet of humanity, with that instinct which bids them look to him for aid, when there is evil they can neither avoid nor comprehend. But when granaries were destroyed, and fields blasted, then came famine for them ; and their fierce madness was soon terminated by an agonizing death. And from their smoking carcasses went up the pestilence, which was to sweep the earth with a new besom of destruction. And the gaunt spectre traversed the land, like a warrior who has but to come and see, to conquer.

In the intervals of calmness, men sought not to repair the desolation, or provide against the future. There was that hopeless, settled despair brooding upon them, which forbids all exertion. At first they had gathered together the crushed and mangled dead, and buried them with those who had died from fear and excitement ; but soon even the rites of sepulture were abandoned. Mothers sucked in the putrid breath of their fevered infants, or held their cold corpses in their arms, with the hope that thus they too might depart the sooner. Fathers stood over the stiff forms of sons, of whom they had erst been so proud, and smiled to view their latest gasp. Yet few could be found to care for others, each was so wholly absorbed in his own terrors.

The last thing which had been done in unison, was to assemble together, upon a day appointed for *Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer*. That day was well observed. There were none heard to say, 'It is but a day of man's appointment, and we regard it not ;' but there was a solemn joy that they could thus publicly consecrate to God a day which He had not reserved as His own. There was a feeling of hope that this observance might not be disregarded, and that prayer offered then might find acceptance at the mercy-seat. They neither ate, nor drank, nor spake one

to another ; but cleansed their garments, and bowed together in deep solemnity before their Maker.

But when, on that eve, the sun again went back, the watchers in their anguish cried out, 'How long ? O Lord ! How long ?' But after this, all prayers went up, in dread and hopelessness, from solitary hearts ; and the dying wasted silently from the earth. * * *

On a broad expanse of table-land were collected the survivors of a world. Thither had they come to avoid the flood, the fire, the crash of rocks, and fall of forests ; and there they awaited the approach of Death. Calmly and fearlessly was he received, as he came to one and another, till the band were almost gone.

There were two there together — a husband and wife ; and even through that long agony, her love had failed him not ; and now his delirious head was reposing on her faithful breast. She bent low to hear the words which faltered on his parched lips, and shrank again when she found that it was an unwitting imprecation and blasphemy. But when the expiring light of the soul flickered once more in the sunken eye, she gently murmured in his ear, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' The tone, the words, and the manner, soothed his vain murmurings, and reclining on that unwearied bosom, he breathed his last.

At length the last man was alone. He had seen the woman, his latest companion, stretch her cold limbs by her husband's form, and close her own eyes, when she knew that the hour was come : and he had seen it all unmoved. Sympathy had long been dead, and consciousness was numb. Once he raised his lithe, dark, shrivelled form from the earth, and looked above, and around. There were the bleaching bones of those who first had come, and nearer still were the thin, black, parchment forms of the later dead. And over them was that unsetting sun, wending his way in a clear sky, which that day was of a pale, brassy hue.

He sank back, but withdrew not his keen, dark eye from the course of that bright orb, for it was sinking in the west, and he wished once more to see it turn back, with the feeling of triumphant victory, that he could view it now unmoved.

Lower it sank, and still he watched in feverish exultation. 'Now turn thee back, that I may behold it this once.' But no ! the edge had dipped below the horizon. He started up — drew

his hands across his brow, as if to brush away the brain-phantom which had crossed his vision—then looked again, to know that it was no illusion—that it was partly gone. He sent forth one loud shout of mingled hope, joy, exultation, and despair—then wildly tossed his arms above his head, ‘and, when the sun went down, he died.’

ELLA.

WHAT I LOVE TO SEE.

I love to see the candid man, who utters what he thinks—
 The one who ne’er prevaricates, nor at deception winks.
 I love to see the upright man, whose thoughts and ways are pure;
 And the rich, noble-hearted man, who never shuns the poor.

I love to see the poor man be contented with his lot,—
 For happiness delights to dwell within a lowly cot.
 I love to see the mother, who delighteth not to roam,
 But stays to rear the tender plants in her own happy home.

I love to see her husband prize a happy home like this,
 And never think abroad to find so pure and sweet a bliss.
 And oh! I always love to see the conscientious youth,
 Whose feet stray not from wisdom’s way—whose heart ne’er lost its truth.

I love to see the young man have an aim—a purpose high—
 A heart that feels he was not formed to please himself, and die.
 I love to see him ever be determined to do right,
 And in some high and holy work engage with all his might.

I love to see the maiden, in whose kind and generous heart,
 Base *envy* finds no dwelling-place, with its envenomed dart.
 And I should always love to see her gentle, pure, and kind,
 And ever seek to cultivate the graces of the mind.
 I love to see all have kind hearts, that feel for others’ woe,
 And ever strive the world to bless, in their pilgrimage below.

R. C. T.

A REVERIE.

I was crossing the bridge near the Merrimack counting-room. The evening was dark, and as I stopped to view the reflection of the well-lighted factory on the waters of the canal, soft music swelled upon the breeze in wild, harmonious strains. It drew near, and swept beneath the bridge; and on the water a beautiful little island arose. Its glossy surface of emerald green was

beautifully interspersed with pearl and coral. A jasper wall was round about it, against which reclined a company of mermaids, with their sea-green hair flowing loosely over their shoulders. Their highly polished foreheads and arched eyebrows — their laughing eyes, glancing from beneath long silken lashes — noses of that peculiar contour that at once bespeaks elevation and tenderness — mouths and chins classically formed, and complexions of the delicate red and white of the apple-blossom — busts that a modern belle might envy — arms exquisitely formed, and a delicate hand with taper fingers, — contrasted strikingly with the scaly, fish-like appearance of their lower extremities.

Their wild song was accompanied with the music of reeds, which blended melodiously with their voices, and as I stood entranced, I could not help expressing a wish that I was a mermaid, that I might be free from care, and enjoy unrestrained freedom ; then might I ride on the bosom of the waters, or explore the bottom of the mighty deep, and search out all its treasures.

The music ceased, and one of the mermaids thus addressed me : ‘ Child of earth, envy not the Naiads of the deep their comparatively useless lives. Though losses, crosses and disappointments have been the lot of your earthly pilgrimage, give not way to useless repining ; but consider that you were born to know, to reason, and to act. Throw off this dreaming, melancholy garb, and put on the mantle of sober and cheerful wisdom, and walk in the light which God has given. You will thus experience more enjoyment on earth, than is vouchsafed to the nymphs of the ocean.’

As she spoke, the Merrimack yard vanished, and a turbulent sea extended far as the eye could reach. Wave rolled on wave, mountain high, and the beautiful little island, with its inhabitants, was washed from sight. A shudder ran through my frame, and a well-known voice sounded in my ear, “ The cloth has come in — ‘ nine mills ’ * are soon lost by being idle.” I raised my head from my cloth-frame, where I had been sleeping, and prepared to resume my task at picking cloth.

B. C.

* The price of a certain amount of work.

HOME.

What a strange and indescribable feeling comes over me, at the mention of that word, — a sickening sensation, which is almost suffocating. You would not wonder, if you knew *all* the associations connected with it. The days of my childhood, those happy, innocent days, are before me ; and I am sporting gaily with those loved ones. Over the meadows and through the fields we go, plucking here and there a flower, and trampling the rest under our feet.

Blissful moments ! but they will never return. I shall sport with them no more. Time has sped on, and I am cast upon the waves of a relentless world ; care has stamped its impress upon my brow ; but I cannot forget that I once had a home. Home ! It thrills through my frame like an electric shock. Yes, I once had a home ; but now I have none. The demon of darkness entered our abode of peace ; the river of happiness, which had flowed on in an uninterrupted current, was dried up. The demon was Intemperance. That bright home of bliss, that domestic elysium, was turned into an abode of wretchedness. Oh, Intemperance ! thine it has been to blast the hopes of the widow and orphan — to plant thorns where there should have been roses. But this is painful ; I will pass it over.

I love now to be near the spot where I spent my infantile moments. It is hard, very hard, to leave it, and the dear ones that are still there. But I have an object in view, different from what some have. I have thirsted for knowledge, and have longed to quench my thirst ; but I despair sometimes of ever being able to raise the chalice to my lips, it has been dashed so many times away. When despair seizes me, then hope, bright, blessed hope, with his golden wings, comes fluttering around me, and I am led to think that perhaps I shall yet drink from the well of knowledge. Oh, I cannot bear to live on this beautiful earth in ignorance ! What ! can I sit down, fold my hands, and say, 'It is of no use — fate has decreed it' ? No, I shall toil on ; and when weary and sick, shall draw my consolation from the pure fountain of religion, which gurgles up at my very feet. This is free. All may drink from this — the poor as well as the rich.

A TALE OF LIFE AS IT IS.

In the prettiest house in the pretty village of F., lived Captain Crosby. That he was a man of excellent taste, was a fact that even Mrs. Durrell did not attempt to controvert. But she was often heard to say — ‘I wonder if Captain Crosby expects to make his fortune by raising fine trees and flowers !’

His white house peeped at intervals through a dense mass of trees and shrubbery, which were intermingled with lofty mounds covered with flowers. The Captain was never happier than when bringing from remote parts of his farm a beautiful larch, maple, spruce, elm, or woodbine ; and his wife and daughter were never happier than when assisting him to train it. On almost every pleasant summer evening, the white dress of Abby might be seen through the shrubbery, and her soft but merry laugh might be heard, chiming with her father’s manly tones and her mother’s gentle remonstrance.

‘Do not laugh quite so loud, my dear,’ she would say ; ‘you wake all the echoes of yonder grove.’

‘Well, mother, it was so amusing ! I went between those rose bushes ; they caught my dress on each side, and held it. And then, as I was reaching after this rose, its parent bush caught my sleeve, and father was obliged to “come to the rescue.” *Apropos*, mother, how I should like such flowers as Eve had to cultivate —

“Flowers of all hue, and *without thorn* the rose.”

‘But I would not separate them — the thorn and the rose — if it were in my power. They are, in their union and immediate contact, apt and beautiful emblems of life, with its pleasures and pains, joys and sorrows, beauties and deformities.’

‘But, dear mother, would it not be pleasanter to have no such mementoes of the disagreeables of life ?’

‘I think it would not, my Abby. The gay and prosperous are taught humility, by being reminded that “in the midst of life we are in death ;” and tenderness and sympathy, by frequent recollections of “those that mourn.”’

‘You are right, my dear mother ; so bless thee, my little monitor,’ answered Abby, kissing her rose.

Mrs. Crosby and her daughter were elegant creatures. The

former was a tall, noble woman of forty; the latter a lively, innocent girl of eighteen. That part of the house under their immediate supervision, corresponded exactly with the exterior. Everything was in a style of simplicity and beauty. A capacious book-case was filled with well-chosen volumes; a cabinet with minerals, shells and coins; and a centre-table, not invariably with those books that carried the prettiest exteriors, but with those under actual inspection. The walls were hung with maps, paintings and drawings—a part executed by Mrs. Crosby and her daughter, as *amateurs*, merely, and a part by professors. I wonder Abby did not have a piano, it is such an *accomplishment*, and she sang sweetly. A table in the sitting-room was always covered with books and sheets of music. Her flageolet and accordian were sometimes on the same table, sometimes on the sofa, and sometimes on the work-table; hence it was very evident that they were not ‘wisely kept for show.’

When we consider all these happy circumstances, it is not at all wonderful that Alfred was proud of his sister, or that his college chum, Edward Lewis, fell in ‘love at first sight,’ is it? Nor is it strange that Abby acceded so readily to his plan of correspondence, when we recollect that he was ‘the chief of a thousand for grace.’

There was not a shadow of doubt remaining in the minds of her neighbors, as to the *denouement* of said correspondence. All foresaw that it would end, like a novel, in marriage. Mrs. Durrell could not *guess* how it happened. She was quite sure that her Harriet was as handsome and as accomplished as Abby Crosby; she had studied German longer. And, moreover, her son was likewise intimately acquainted with Mr. Lewis, and had interchanged visits with him during vacations.

‘But, between you and me,’ said she to Mrs. Hale, ‘he gets no great prize; she is the greatest flirt in the world. Now, our Harriet is so excessively modest and retiring, there is no such a thing as drawing her out. I often tell her that blushes are pretty enough in novels and flowers; but that they spoil her. Yet it does no good. The more I reason with her upon the subject, the more timid she becomes.’

‘Very naturally,’ answered Mrs. Hale, who seldom ventured beyond a monosyllable, or an assenting nod, when talking with her.

'I am sure I do not envy Mrs. Crosby,' pursued Mrs. Durrell, without noticing Mrs. Hale's reply, 'for I have many stories from Hanover, not at all favorable to Mr. Lewis' reputation.' She paused, and Mrs. Hale again nodded.

'And as for Mr. Lewis,' continued she, 'no one who sees how Abby is petted, will envy him.'

'I hope not, certainly,' said Mrs. Hale.

'For my part, I mean Harriet shall learn to do something else but tend flowers, play the flageolet, ride on horseback, and work muslin.'

'She ought, indeed,' answered Mrs. Hale.

'Speaking of Abby's riding on horseback,' pursued Mrs. Durrell, 'did you ever see one act so like a witch as she does?'

'Like a witch, Mrs. Durrell?'

'Yes; I never saw such capers as she and her horse cut up. I have wondered a great many times, that she did not break her neck. And let it be who it may that conducts in this manner, I will not uphold them in it; and if Abby don't turn over a new leaf, Harriet shall not associate with her, that's all.'

She concluded this tirade with a really vexed look. She was much more erect than when she commenced, her cheeks were flushed, and her lips considerably protruded. Mrs. Hale did not know exactly how to deal with her; but she ventured to say, 'Oh, I think we need not have any fears; Mrs. Crosby is so judicious, she will take proper care of her daughter.'

'Yes; but *how* will she take care of her? by going to H., while Mr. Lewis was visiting there, and thus giving Abby an opportunity to show off her talent at domestic management?'

'Oh, you know she was obliged to go. Her brother was not expected to survive one day.'

'You can always find excuses for every thing, Mrs. Hale. If every one was as indulgent as you are, I should be unwilling to answer for our state of morals.'

Mrs. Hale was not surprised at the severity and sarcasm of this remark; they were perfectly characteristic. She smiled good naturedly as she said, 'Perhaps I am exerting a pernicious influence on the morals of our village; but I hope I am not.'

'I do not think you intend to do it,' said Mrs. Durrell. 'But I must say that you do wrong in excusing Abby's misconduct; and in allowing your daughters to associate with her so freely.'

I have been talking with Mrs. Dixey and Miss Holt ; and they agree with me entirely. I am sorry that one who exerts so much influence as you do, is so blind to her duty.'

Mrs. Hale saw that there was but one method of doing justice to either party, Abby or herself.

'It is unpleasant to contend upon this point,' said she ; 'but I must assure you that I think Abby's society decidedly calculated to improve my daughters ; nor is this a result of indifference to duty.'

Her decision, respectful as it was, effectually silenced Mrs. Durrell. She blushed slightly, said something of good intentions, sense of duty, &c., and took leave.

In the mean time, how was it with the object of Mrs. Durrell's uncharitable strictures ?

'Oh, mother, I am so happy !' said she, on returning from the Post Office with an open letter in her hand. 'Frances Allison writes that our invitation is accepted, on the condition that I accompany her to Norwich, as we promised, on her return.'

'I congratulate you, my dear Abby. She is a noble girl, and her society for a few weeks will prove a valuable acquisition.'

'Yes ; and it is so pleasant at this season of the year ! Our yard and garden, the woods and fields are so very beautiful now ! And our new books, mother, — how delighted she will be !'

And she was indeed delighted. Not more so, however, than was Miss Abby, when, on arriving at Mr. Allison's, whither she accompanied Frances on her return, she found Edward Lewis and her brother waiting to receive them, or when they returned with her to her home, now rendered a thousand times more dear by her absence.

It was mutually agreed, on parting with the Allison's, that they would all meet there on the first of the next May. Accordingly, on the second day of that month, Mrs. Crosby received the following letter from Abby :

'DEAREST MOTHER — I wonder that anything can give me joy when away from you ; but I am as happy as a bird. We have just returned from a Maying expedition, and a wreath of unwithered flowers still rests on your Abby's brow ; for she was queen of the festival. I wish I could borrow Mercury's wings, and transfer my *queenship* to your presence at this moment. How you would laugh at me, if you did thereby forfeit the dignity of

queen mother. I do look like a fright — Frances and my mirror tell me that I do. We scaled high hills, walls, and precipices ; bent trees that nearly surrounded a large ledge of granite, and wove their branches to form a *natural* arbor. In all our “deeds of daring,” we were led on by one gay creature, who, adventurous as she was, escaped all accident ; while I tore and soiled my dress, left a flower of my bonnet on the saucy twig of a tree, and, in running from what she called a beautiful little snake, a tree caught and retained my scarf, and I dropped handkerchief, gloves and evergreens. I assure you, mother, I made Edward’s services right arduous. But as these accidents only afforded amusement, the more I met the better. However, if I were going on another frisk of this sort, I should wish to provide myself with a dress proof against wear and tear, and a close palm-leaf bonnet, no veil, mantle, handkerchief, apron, or flowers ; for they are sad bothers, all.

‘I found the first flower — a sweet little beauty, all hid by leaves. Edward wanted it, and I was quite willing to give it up ; for — (now you will think me very weak, mother ; but flowers do seem to me to talk and feel.) When I put back that little flower’s covering of leaves, and roughly tore it from its quiet home, it did seem to reproach me. It is strange that I could pity it, I know ; but I did, and was obliged to make a strong effort to suppress my tears.

‘Edward was appointed to crown me, and to preside with me at the table ; for our expedition concluded with a festival in a grove, beautiful as Paradise. We did not reach Mr. Allison’s until “twilight grey in sober livery had all things clad.” Brother and Edward left immediately for Hanover. They seem even more strongly attached than when Edward visited us last summer.

‘Excuse me, dearest mother, for closing so abruptly. There are visitors below. I am so selfish as to regret this interruption ; for I would have the remainder of the day to write and think of its pleasures. But I must adjust my dress, and go to the sitting-room.

Dear mother, your own ABBY.’

I will give a few more extracts from the correspondence of our friends. It may prove more interesting than a mere detail of facts, and it may tell my tale more briefly.

[Letter from Mrs. Crosby to her Daughter.]

‘ MY BELOVED CHILD — Yours of May 1 is just received, and says not a word of your return. Your father and I think that all our home now wants to make it a perfect Eden, is the presence of our children. We have new trees and shrubs in our yard and garden, a new map in the sitting-room, and several new books in our library. Among them are “Stephens’ Travels in Central America,” Miss Martineau’s “The Man and the Hour,” Combe’s new work, and several others. We have, besides, subscribed for the “Hartford Review.” Your friend, Mrs. Hallett, has sent by stage several new and rare plants ; and her husband, the best specimen of crystalized quartz I have ever seen, and a leaf from a tree that shades the house under which Shakspeare is buried. Our Canaries and other wild birds that flit about the yard, make sweet melody ; but a thousand times dearer to us are the manly tones and happy laugh of our son and daughter. I tremble, my dear Abby, when I think of my attachment to my children ; it is so strong ! I humbly hope that it does not blind me to their faults, and thus incapacitate me for the performance of my duty. But what a fearful void would there be in this heart if it was no longer a *mother’s* ! Even a temporary separation seems more than I can bear ; how, then, could I endure that which ends only with life ? I see how it is. I have been, and am even now, bowing down to idols. My happiness centres in my “household band,” and would, I fear, fall a sacrifice to the fiat that broke it. Of this I have long been aware ; and would to God the efforts I have made to lay up yet more of my treasure in heaven, had been more effectual. Woman’s heart is strangely constituted, my child. It “centres in itself such strange extremes !” such weakness and such strength ! My Abby,

“ Her lot is on *you*—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering’s hour,
And sumless riches, from Affection’s deep,
To pour on broken reeds,—a wasted shower !
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray !
Her lot is on *you*—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain.
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh ! to love through all things—therefore pray !”

‘Come to our care, my love, as soon as you can, without disappointing the “good Allison.”’

[Letter from Abby to Frances Allison.]

‘DEAR FRANCES — I devote to you the first season of *perfect* leisure that I have found since my return from Norwich. My ride hither was a decided fidget; and I regretted that I did not allow Edward to escort me. Nobody in the stage but two or three ladies, silent all as Harpocrates could wish, and an apology for a gentleman. I shall never forgive him for disappointing me as he did. He was richly dressed, sported gold-mounted spectacles and a golden-headed cane. He wore such superb whiskers, and such graceful ringlets, had so much of “pomp and *circumstance*” about him, who would not have thought him a somebody? But he was so shallow! I really lost all patience. The way he criticised Mr. James, of Keene, is not to come into my list of pardonables. I divined the cause of his unmerited severity, and have since had a confirmation of my suspicions from Mrs. Aithlone, of Keene. He is the only son of Col. Nason; and has been educated, Mrs. Aithlone says, to believe himself a little demi-god. He, of course, supposed that he could lay claim to any lady’s heart, with a certainty of success; and will therefore never forgive the portionless Charles James for winning so easily the prize for which he had been so arduously contending, viz., the wealthy and talented Miss Phelps, daughter of Gen. Phelps, of K. What is more despicable in a man, than the indulgence of envy, and its legitimate result, slander?

“In man or woman, but far most in man,
I loath” it.

‘I am more than half unhappy now, from the same cause. You recollect Mrs. Durrell, whom you met here, and likewise her *penchant* for scandal. Well, she called on me immediately after my arrival, and told me, all in confidence, how Mrs. Graves said that I went to Norwich purposely to secure Edward; that her daughters should not associate with me, unless I abandon some of my childish freaks — for instance, riding our young horse, practising calisthenics, frisking with Fido, playing my accordian, instead of making pudding, and such things. Oh! I have no patience. It is utterly contemptible, I know; yet it grieves me none the less. I should regret to see such a spirit manifested in

one of our sex, even if it did not interfere with me. I think no better of Mrs. Durrell, than I do of Mrs. Graves. She was actuated entirely by feelings of envy, in her *expose* of Mrs. Graves; and doubtless she assisted her wonderfully in her uncharitable strictures. She began telling me how "they" say I have a rival in Edward's heart; but I stopped her by telling her that I had heard enough already.

'Dr. Paley says, — "To infuse suspicions, to kindle or continue disputes, to avert the favor and esteem of benefactors from their dependants, to render some one whom we dislike contemptible or obnoxious in the public opinion, are all offices of slander; of which the *guilt must be measured by the intensity and extent of the misery produced.*" If so, how guilty are Mrs. Durrell and Mrs. Graves! and they both profess to be the disciples of him who "went about doing good."

'I make no apology for intruding my vexations upon you; for I know you wish to have me write as I feel; and I assure you that I feel most unhappy now.

'Do come to F. immediately, dear Frances, and teach me to forget that Mrs. Graves will not allow her daughters to associate with me! Oh dear! How true it is, that

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

'I am sure I as earnestly hope that I may put on the charity that "thinketh no evil," as I do that I may enjoy the favor of heaven; for I would not inflict on another the pain I now suffer, for worlds.

'Mother says, "Much love to Frances. Tell her we must have a long and early visit from her." To her commands, I subjoin my most earnest entreaties.

'Your own ABBY.'

[A Letter from Frances to her Sister.]

'DEAREST SISTER — You ask me if I have revealed the secret of my engagement to Alfred to his family, since I came to F. I have not. Was he any other than Abby's brother, I could reciprocate her frankness, and tell her all. She talks, or used to talk, very freely of Edward; but she is strangely reserved of late. I have my conjectures; but dare not confirm or remove them, by avowing them to her. You recollect she wrote some-

thing of Mrs. Durrell's hints about rivalry, &c. Now, the conviction that it is I who am accused of supplanting her, flashes upon me, ever and anon, with a heart-sickening influence. What renders this more probable, is the circumstance of my receiving letters from Hanover. No one thinks of imputing these to Alfred; for Mrs. Durrell has informed them, on the authority of a gentleman from Keene, that he corresponds with a lady there, and visits her. Abby often rallied him about this attachment, when they met at our house; and threatened to write to this lady, and apprise her of his attentions to me. I forbade his undeceiving her; for I shrink from being regarded by them in any other light than as a friend, at present. Perhaps I ought to lay off this reserve; but how can I? She has no suspicions, and gives me no good opportunity of informing her. However, if I ascertain that my suspicions are correct, I shall sacrifice this feeling of delicacy to our friendship. It cannot be. Who could convince Abby that I am so hypocritical? I can conceive of few things that would give me more pain.

'I will relate another corroborating circumstance. I received a letter from Alfred, shortly after my arrival here. Miss Munroe, the post-master's daughter, called with it, when I was in my chamber. Abby sent it up to me. Miss Munroe stopped a long time. I was not called, nor did Abby come to my room on her departure, as I expected. We did not meet until dinner; and then, I cannot tell you how we met. Between my fears that the authorship of my letter had been detected, and my anxiety about the change in Abby's manner, I was sadly confused. I believe we hardly spoke during dinner. As soon as it was over, we hurried to our chambers, instead of loitering on the sofa, with our books and papers, as usual. I was most miserable, for a while; but by means of a powerful mental effort, I succeeded in gaining some degree of calmness, and joined Mrs. Crosby in the sitting-room. Abby did not join us, for an hour or two. She did not appear at all like herself. She was wildly gay, and lost in thought, by turns, till we separated for the night. And thus she has been ever since. Miss Munroe calls often, and they are always alone if possible. I have noticed that Abby is invariably more grave or gay, after she leaves.

'It did not occur to me, until since I commenced this, that Alfred and Edward write in precisely the same style.

‘Oh ! that I could have your advice at this moment, my sister; for I know not how to act. If Abby were the same frank, kind-hearted girl that she has hitherto been, I could confide in her; but now I am at an utter loss what to do. I must go home — for the weight that is on my spirits will crush me. Mrs. Crosby is the same dear, kind lady; but Abby’s coldness and ennui are strangely infectious.

‘Mrs. Mason invited me to call on her to-day. As Abby has called on Miss Munroe, I must go alone. I will finish after my return. * * *

‘There, my dear A., I am again in my solitary chamber. Mrs. Crosby has just left me. Her manner was even more than usually kind and gentle, and affected me almost to tears.

‘Oh, A.! how can I tell you all? Mrs. Durrell called at Mrs. Mason’s, while I was there. She says Abby has given many reason to believe that I am not the noble, upright girl I *pretend* to be. These are her words, A., and are they not cruel as the grave? I regret to pain you with this communication; but my heart was almost bursting. Alas! that I must look to another for sympathy, while under the roof with Abby. Please ask father to come after me, immediately.

‘Your affectionate FRANCES.’

[Letter from Abby to her brother Alfred.]

‘BROTHER ALFRED — Frances Allison has just left with her father, who came to convey her home; and I am once more at perfect liberty.

‘I know not how to begin my self-imposed task. I fear you will despise me; but please consider well the “moving why I do it.” I will not deny that I feel degraded by these suspicions; for, Alfred, I am — am jealous. I may as well make a merit of the avowal; for you would not fail to discover it. I know you will think me half mad; but I am decidedly suspicious of Edward’s loyalty; and I will adduce “confirmation strong as proof of holy writ,” that my suspicions are not groundless. He writes to Frances Allison. There is no possibility of mistake in this affair. He wrote while she was here; and I should have recognized his superscription, even if I had not been previously apprised of the fact by Mrs. Durrell and Miss Munroe. I think Frances fancies herself detected; for she was sadly lachrymose

a week before she left ; and when she took leave, she wept like a child. Well, she cannot shed more tears than she has cost me. I am foolish to confess so much, I know ; but I am so vexed and nervous that I do not care what I say or do. I do not at all relish this pouring of "affection on broken reeds ;" and most heartily do I wish I had never seen Edward or Frances. Then I might have been happy, and I may add, innocent ; for my heart is chilled by the indulgence of bitter thought. I tremble when I think of this ; but I cannot break the spell. I am sometimes vexed, and sometimes grieved ; indeed, Alfred, I am not anything that I was when we parted at Norwich. I hope I shall feel better now I have unburthened myself. Miss Munroë has been my only confidant until now.

'I would fain write and think no more about this affair ; but it will occupy my thoughts, day and night. Words would fail, were I to attempt to express my indignation in view of Edward's and Frances' hypocrisy. In the language of Milton, —

" Oh, heaven ! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reality
Remain not !"

'There is a tremendous thunder-storm ; and for the first time in my life it affects me only pleasantly. It chimes with my gloomy feelings. The very spirit of a Byron is within me. His most melancholy passages are constantly flitting through my mind ; such as —

" let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delights,
A portion of the tempest and of thee."

And the following — I know you will laugh at me, Alfred ; but I cannot help it ; it does meet my *feelings*, if not my actual condition : —

" Have I not had to wrestle with my lot ?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven ?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven ?
Hopes sapped, name blighted, life's life lied away ?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey ?"

'You need not attempt to convince me of injustice ; for the task of Sysyphus were not more hopeless.

' Your most unhappy sister,
' ABBY.'

[Letter from Alfred to Abby.]

‘MY DARLING LITTLE ABBY : Never was the injunction, “weep with those who weep,” so faithfully obeyed by me, as when I received your letter — for I laughed until I wept. Now I suppose you will throw down this precious bit of an epistle, and exclaim, “Unfeeling !” — stamp on it with your pretty little foot, and say, “Inhuman !” Then you will burst into a flood of tears, and exclaim, as you pace the floor, “Barbarous !” You will recollect to wring your hands finely, will you not ? All this will be very nice. Perhaps, sister, you can manage to out-Niobe Niobe, out-Procris Procris. Would not this be glorious ? We will deify you ; build a temple and image, and dedicate them to you. The image shall have green hair and eyes. She shall wear a crown of willow ; and two arrows shall be at her heart, from Cupid and Ate. There shall be a concealed fountain, which shall flow constantly at the eyes. Your history shall be served up to future generations, as illustrative of the effects of love, jealousy, and fatality of grief. Would not this more than counterbalance your present sufferings ?

‘I suppose you are quite a shadow, by this time. Doubtless I should be quite shocked to see you, if I could drop in upon you at this moment. I should find you in your chamber,

“Dressed in some forsaken hue,
To spend your days in mourning,”

with your hair all about your ears and neck, your shoes slipshod, and your eyes on a vacancy. Doubtless I should hear you repeat, in all the abandonment of utter wretchedness, —

“Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow ;
Come then, enamored and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I’ll seek in my woe.”

You would then weep ; and, at last, as you settled on your sofa in a fit of reverie, you would quote Mrs. Hale’s —

“Oh world ! how strange thy lots are given—
Life’s aims how rarely understood !
And men—how far estranged from Heaven,
If Heaven requires—a brotherhood !”

Or, upon a second thought, the quiet, benevolent spirit, which breathes in every sentence of Mrs. Hale’s, will not do. I should

have *drawn* you reciting Byron. I fear I should prove myself rather awkward in selections from this source ; I dislike Byron most heartily, and never read him.

‘My sheet is almost full, you perceive. I have only space to add, that I found your letter on my table, on returning from a walk of five miles. Edward accompanied me ; and almost the whole time was spent in talking of our “ladie luvcs,” Frances Allison and Abby Crosby. We came to the conclusion, that as we should graduate next commencement, we could be married in about three years. Edward thought that said three years would “drag their slow length along” most provokingly ; and I am sure that “Time lags” will be my song, until he makes Frances Allison “my own wee wife.”’

‘I know, my dear Abby, that your own good sense will gather a wholesome lesson from this circumstance in your life, without anything further from me. You will see and feel the wrong you have done our Frances, and act accordingly. I think your conscience must deal severely with you. You knew Mrs. Durrell’s and Miss Monroe’s habits of envy and scandal ; yet you allowed them to mould you as they pleased. You knew that they were incapable of managing their own feelings properly, yet you gave your own up to their control.

‘Yours, in much love and pity,

‘ALFRED CROSBY.’

[Letter from Abby to Frances.]

‘MY BELOVED FRANCES : Not the poor prodigal, when he said, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,” was more completely humbled and penitent than I am now.

‘Oh, my dear Frances, how frail we are ! how fearfully the creatures of circumstances ! A few weeks since, I almost wept at crushing a little May-flower ; now I am awaking from a dream of suspicion and unkindness, that has been the means of embittering the existence of my dearest friend, Frances. I do not ask you to forgive me ; for, all kindness as you are, I know you never can. But you will pity me, dear Frances, will you not ? I have wept, and knelt and prayed ; and now, from my knees, on which I am writing, I plead with my heavenly Father, for His pardon and guardian care. I do most acutely feel that without

Him I can do nothing. Oh ! may He lead me now and forevermore.

‘ But what can I expect from you, Frances ? My heart acquits me of hatred. There has not been a moment when I would have injured you. But when tales of Edward’s inconstancy and your hypocrisy, were poured in my ear, instead of repelling these charges as I ought, with indignation, I drank them in as the inebriate does the poisoned contents of the cup. There was the sting of the serpent in their slander ; but there was, likewise, the fascination of its glance, and I yielded to its potency.

‘ Young says, —

“ Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes.”

The same may be said of their *causes*, *transgressions*. When I left your house in May, I was comparatively innocent, at peace with myself and the whole world. I *could* not then have believed that in so short a time I should fill such a catalogue of sins.

‘ I mentioned to you the scandal that was afloat, when I returned from Norwich. This should have taught me charity, forbearance and kindness. But far otherwise has been its lesson. I brooded over my wrongs until bitter feeling was at my heart ; and this is the fountain whose corrupt streams, so easily troubled, have borne such suffering on their waves. I might, perhaps, extenuate my fault, in a degree, by a detail of its causes ; but I do not seek to do this. I might have trusted you and Edward. I do not ask you to take me to your love once more — for I do not deserve it.

‘ May God bless you, my dear, dear Frances ; and give you better friends than your unworthy

ABBY CROSBY.’

Here end our extracts from the correspondence. I regret that I cannot furnish the reader with a copy of Frances’ reply. But it was so blotted with her tears in writing, and by Abby’s in perusal, she read it so often, and carried it about with her so long, as a sort of talisman, that is a mere *ruin* now. That Frances did forgive, is evident from the fact that their intercourse was immediately resumed. That this offence of Abby’s is a solitary one, is demonstrated by the uninterrupted harmony that has existed between them up to this time.

Three years have passed on. Gentle reader, have you seen,

and do you remember, those two white cottages, with hawthorn enclosures, filled with trees and flowers, in the beautiful village of Keene? They are the happy homes of our happy friends, the Messrs. Crosby and Lewis, and their amiable and lovely brides.

M.

WITCHCRAFT.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known that a belief in witchcraft still prevails, to a great extent, in some parts of New England. Whether this is owing to the effect of early impressions on the mind, or to some defect in the physical organization of the human system, is not for me to say; my present purpose being only to relate, in as concise a manner as may be, some few things which have transpired within a quarter of a century; all of which happened in the immediate neighborhood of my early home, and among people with whom I was well acquainted.

My only apology for so doing is, that I feel desirous to transmit to posterity something which may give them an idea of the superstition of the present age—hoping that when they look back upon its dark page, they will feel a spirit of thankfulness that they live in more enlightened times, and continue the work of mental illumination, till the mists of error entirely vanish before the light of all-conquering truth.

In a little glen between the mountains, in the township of B., stands a cottage, which, almost from time immemorial, has been noted as the residence of some one of those ill-fated beings, who are said to take delight in sending their spirits abroad to torment the children of men. These beings, it is said, purchase their art of his satanic majesty—the price, their immortal souls; and when satan calls for his due, the mantle of the witch is transferred to another mortal, who, for the sake of exercising the art for a brief space of time, makes over the soul to perdition.

The mother of the present occupant of this cottage, lived to a very advanced age; and for a long series of years, all the mishaps within many miles were laid to her spiritual agency; and many were the expedients resorted to, to rid the neighborhood of so great a pest. But the old woman, spite of all exertions to the contrary, lived on, till she died of sheer old age.

It was some little time before it was ascertained who inherited her mantle ; but at length it was believed to be a matter of fact, that her daughter Molly was duly authorized to exercise all the prerogatives of a witch ; and so firmly was this belief established, that it even gained credence with her youngest brother ; and after she was married, and had removed to a distant part of the country, a calf of his, that had some strange actions, was pronounced by the *knowing ones* to be bewitched ; and this inhuman monster chained his calf in the fire-place of his cooper-shop, and burned it to death—hoping thereby to kill his sister, whose spirit was supposed to be in the body of the calf.

For several years it went current that Molly fell into the fire, and was burned to death, at the same time in which the calf was burned. But she at length refuted this, by making her brother a visit, and spending some little time in the neighborhood.

Some nineteen or twenty years since, two men, with whom I was well acquainted, had an action pending in the Superior Court, and it was supposed that the testimony of the widow Goodwin, in favor of the plaintiff, would bear hard upon the defendant. A short time previous to the sitting of the Court, a man by the name of James Doe offered himself as an evidence for the defendant, to destroy the testimony of the widow Goodwin, by defaming her character. Doe said that he was willing to testify that the widow Goodwin was a witch—he knew it to be a fact ; for, once on a time she came to his bed-side, and flung a bridle over his head, and he was instantly metamorphosed into a horse. The widow then mounted, and rode him nearly forty miles ; she stopped at a tavern, which he named, dismounted, tied him to the sign-post, and left him. After an absence of several hours, she returned, mounted, and rode him home ; and at the bed-side took off the bridle, when he re-assumed his natural form.

No one acquainted with Doe, thought that he meant to deviate from the truth. Those naturally superstitious thought that the widow Goodwin was in reality a witch ; but the more enlightened believed that their neighbor Doe was under the influence of spirituous liquor when he went to bed ; and that, whatever might be the scene presented to his imagination, it was owing to false vision, occasioned by derangement in his upper story ; and they really felt a sympathy for him, knowing that he belonged to a family who were subject to mental aberration.

A scene which I witnessed in part, in the autumn of 1822, shall close my chapter on witchcraft. It was between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, that a stout-built, ruddy-faced man confined one of his cows, by means of bows and iron chains, to an apple-tree, and then beat her till she dropped dead — saying that the cow was bewitched, and that he was determined to kill the witch. His mother and some of the neighbors witnessed this cruel act without opposing him, so infatuated were they with a belief in witchcraft.

I might enlarge upon this scene — but the recollection of what then took place, recalls so many disagreeable sensations, that I forbear. Let it suffice to state, that the cow was suffering in consequence of having eaten a large quantity of potatoes from a heap that was exposed in the field where she was grazing.

TABITHA.

THE DELUSION OF THE HEART.

ELLEN M. was the daughter of a wealthy planter in one of our frontier settlements. Her mother died while she was yet an infant, and the care of her tender years devolved upon a maiden aunt, a sister to her father. When Ellen was five years of age, her father hired a private teacher to instruct his daughter and Charles Granville, not only in the useful, but also in the ornamental branches of education.

Charles Granville was the son of English adventurers, who, dying soon after their arrival in America, left their only child and remaining fortune to the care of Ellen's father, he being the only friend which they had in the New World. Charles was five years older than Ellen, and, there being as yet no schools established, it was high time that he should be either sent from home to be educated, or be provided with a tutor. The latter was concluded upon, that Ellen might also receive an education suitable to her station in life.

A tutor was accordingly provided; and very soon was he domesticated in the family, where he spared no pains in cultivating the minds and manners of his pupils, who were quite tractable, and imbibed instruction as fast as it could be offered. Happy

indeed were the days of Ellen's youth. The idol of her father, the pet of her aunt, a favorite with her teacher, her life was one continued holyday.

Time passed rapidly away, with no alloy to happiness, until Ellen had attained her sixteenth year. It was the anniversary of her birth ; and many of her young friends had assembled on the evening of that day, at her father's, to celebrate the occasion. The merry song and sprightly play had given place to dancing, when Ellen's father entered the room and announced Henry Temple.

Henry had just arrived in America. He came highly recommended, and being an entire stranger in the country, had received and accepted an invitation from Ellen's father to make his house a home, until he could find one more congenial to his mind. As a stranger, Henry was complimented with Ellen's hand for the remainder of the evening, which was spent in dancing. No longer she saw any object save Henry ; his insinuating manners had entranced her heart ; and after the company had gone, and she had retired to rest, she slept but to dream of Henry Temple. From this time, the morning task and evening lesson were neglected, for the bewitching conversation of Henry. The reproofs of her tutor, and the expostulations of Charles, were slighted—nay, they piqued her, for they insinuated that she needed improvement. The language of Henry whispered that she was all perfection ; and she believed it, so fatally had her heart drank in the deluding poison.

An opportunity soon offered to test the strength of Henry's affection. He was one evening walking with Ellen in a retired path through a wood which skirted a small river. Busily engaged in conversation, they dreamed not of the danger lurking near, until the dusky form of an Indian obstructed their path. Ellen uttered a piercing scream, and would have clung to Henry for support ; but he pushed her from him, and fled for his life. The Indian approached Ellen, with up-lifted tomahawk, and was about to give the deadly blow, when a rifle ball from an adjoining enclosure, laid him dead at her feet. Charles sprang over the fence, and taking Ellen in his arms, conveyed her fainting to the house.

Illness confined Ellen to her chamber several days ; and when she again joined the family, Henry was missing at the dinner-

table. She dared not inquire for him, and no one now mentioned his name. The hour for tea arrived, but Henry came not. After tea, Ellen was about to ask her father where Henry was, when he prevented her, by putting a letter into her hand, saying, 'Here will be a companion for my daughter, who, I hope, will compensate us for the loss of Mr. Temple, who left this morning for New York.' The letter was from a highly esteemed friend of her father, who lived in Wales. It recommended a young orphan lady to his protection, who was desirous to visit America. She was then at the nearest inn, having that afternoon arrived; and Charles was sent to bring her home.

Amy Clarence (such was the name of the lady) was beautiful and accomplished, and Ellen soon felt a strong friendship for her; and sometimes she would wish that her brother Charles (as she called Charles Granville) would more strongly cement that friendship, by making Amy his wife. But of this, she saw no prospect, for he paid her but the cold tribute of common politeness. Ellen was the pole-star which directed his every thought, and her father encouraged his affection. The image of Henry Temple for a time prevented Ellen from appreciating his worth. But the thoughts that would arise in her mind when ruminating on the manner in which Henry forsook her in the hour of danger, together with the importunities of her father, the entreaties and advice of her aunt, and gratitude to Charles for saving her life, at length induced her to consent to become his wife.

Preparations were making for their wedding, when Ellen's father, who had long been in a declining state of health, was suddenly confined to his bed. The third day after he was confined, he called Ellen and Charles to his bed-side, and after some little preparatory conversation, he spoke of the subject nearest his heart. 'I had thought,' said he, 'to see my daughter safely sheltered from the storms of life, ere I left the world; but God has otherwise ordained. But I fondly trust that my children will not delay their union, any longer than decency requires, after my decease.' He then joined their hands, saying, 'May Heaven bless my —' The words died on his lips—he fell back, and expired.

The grief of Ellen knew no bounds; and the state of excitement which the death of an only parent occasioned, threw her into a violent fever. Days and weeks did Charles watch by the

bedside of his heart's dearest treasure ; and the beautiful Amy, with all the affection of a sister, performed the duties of a nurse. Youth, and a good constitution, aided by the kindness of these devoted friends, at length triumphed over disease ; and Ellen arose from the bed of sickness.

Six months passed away, and Henry Temple was again an inmate of their dwelling. Again were his insidious arts practised upon the unsuspecting and too-susceptible heart of the ill-fated Ellen. He told her—and she believed him—that his former desertion was owing altogether to surprise ; and declared that life without her would be absolutely insupportable. Charles saw the danger to which Ellen was exposed, and urged her, with all the eloquence of which he was master, no longer to delay the dying request of her lamented father ; but so infatuated was she with love and Temple, that she bade him think of her no more. Grieved and disappointed, Charles retired to his chamber, and when the hour for tea arrived, refused to join the family. A long and wearisome night was spent in traversing his chamber ; and morning found him in a delirious fever.

Self-accusation visited Ellen, in the form of her departed father, charging her with base ingratitude ; and she mentally resolved to watch by the side of Charles, and the first moment of returning reason, ask him to forgive her rashness, and also permit her to obey the will of her much-lamented father. She administered his medicines with her own hands, and watched with unremitting attention, for the first dawn of returning reason, until the third evening of his sufferings, when, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, she was conveyed in a state of insensibility to her own chamber.

Henry had now an unrestrained opportunity again to practise his delusive arts, in which he succeeded,—a woful success ! The next evening, Ellen met him, by appointment, in a grove a short distance from the house. Here Henry renewed his protestations of eternal fidelity, and urged her, by all the ties of affection which bound their hearts together, to accompany him to New York, in the carriage which was then in waiting ; assuring her that as soon as they arrived there, their nuptials should be solemnized. With artful language he silenced every objection which Ellen made ; and giving his servant orders to assist Phil-

lis, Ellen's negro girl, in packing her mistress' wardrobe, and to join them with it in the morning, he bore her off in triumph.

A journey of fatigue and perplexity, owing in part to the bad state of the roads, at length brought them to New York. It was late in the evening when they arrived; and Henry gave his servant orders to proceed directly to the wharf; and very soon were they all conveyed on board a vessel bound to Plymouth, Eng. Henry and Phillis led Ellen, half fainting, to the cabin, where she was left to repose. In a few hours, Henry returned to the cabin; and with his usual blandishment, in some measure dispelled the fears which were agitating the mind of Ellen. He assured her that nothing but the unavoidable necessity of an immediate departure for England, prevented him from fulfilling his promise of being married in New York; and soon as he reached 'Fair England's shores,' his promise should be consummated. 'And then,' said the blandishing Henry, 'my entire devotion to the happiness of my beloved Ellen, will soon make her forget a deception which nothing but the purest love could ever suggest.'

They had a pleasant voyage, until within a few days' sail of their place of destination, when a dreadful storm arose, and threw them out of their course; and after being driven about for several weeks by contrary winds, they were thrown on the Welsh coast. A Welsh nobleman received Henry and Ellen into his house, and, with the characteristic hospitality of the Welsh people, supplied their wants. Here, Henry practised another deception, by telling his kind entertainers that Ellen was his wife. It was in vain that Ellen remonstrated with him; his soporific blandishments put the sentinels of conscience to sleep, and even Ellen, the once high-souled Ellen, dared to join in the guilty deception.

Henry soon started on a journey to London. Ellen would fain have accompanied him, but he would not permit her. He told her that business of the utmost importance required him to be expeditious in his journey; 'and soon as it is settled,' said he, 'I will return, and, on the wings of love, convey my Ellen to the fair metropolis of England, where Hymen shall unite the hands of those whose hearts were long since united; and then shall the purity of our lives wipe away the stains occasioned by innocently deceiving these good people, whose rigid opinions would make them think lightly of my Ellen, if they knew that she

trusted herself, *unsanctioned*, to the protection of her adoring Henry.'

Henry was punctual to a promise he made of frequently writing to Ellen. Each post brought letters, couched in terms of the most exalted attachment, and lamenting the cruel distance which separated friends so dear to each other. The time of absence which Henry had set, at length expired; and Ellen was in daily expectation of seeing him, when she received a letter from a friend of his, informing her that, in consequence of unforeseen misfortunes, Henry was thrown into prison; and requesting her to come to London, with all possible speed. Ellen immediately set off for London, and travelled day and night, until she joined Henry in prison, when she learned that her presence was wanted to sign an acquittance to her estates in the New World, in order that Henry might be enabled to raise money to relieve him from his present embarrassment. Much persuasion was not necessary for the accomplishment of this—for what will not woman do with alacrity for her heart's idol, however unworthy he may be?

After Henry's emancipation from prison, he purchased a captain's commission, and for a time lived in tolerable style; but by degrees he became habituated to the practice of gambling. When reproved by Ellen, and reminded of the impropriety of passing for man and wife, without the sanction of the Church, he would promise amendment, after he had had a certain run of luck, which would enable him to maintain a splendid matrimonial establishment. But before he had attained the desired end of his gaming pursuits, a duel with one of his partners made it necessary for him to abscond, and with a borrowed name elude the vigilance of the law.

Several months after, Ellen received a letter from Henry's servant, informing her that Henry was about to be married to a rich widow, unless she hastened to Plymouth, to stop the match. It enclosed a bank note of one hundred pounds, which Bertrand begged her to accept, telling her it was part of a legacy which was left him by an aunt who had lately died in the North, and which he knew not how to appropriate to a better purpose.

The gentleman in whose family Ellen had boarded since the flight of Henry, accompanied her to Plymouth. Bertrand received them kindly. His master was from home, but was hourly expected to return. Ellen seated herself by the window, to

watch for Henry ; and ere long a chariot drove up to the door, and Henry was about to alight, when Ellen rushed to the door. Upon seeing her, he seated himself again, and ordered the charioteer to drive on. Ellen, determined to detain him or perish, clasped the chariot wheel in her arms, upon which Henry descended, and she caught hold of him, saying, 'Dear Henry, do you not know your own Ellen ?' 'Know *thee*, *maniac* ?' he exclaimed, as he flung her from him ; and again mounting the chariot drove off. Ellen had fainted ; and the gentleman who accompanied her, with Bertrand's assistance, carried her into the house.

Several hours elapsed, and Ellen still continued insensible. The shades of night were fast gathering round, when Henry returned with several ill-looking men, and seizing Bertrand and the gentleman who accompanied Ellen, carried them, together with Ellen, before a magistrate, upon a charge of robbery. Upon the strength of the testimony of the wretches who accompanied Henry home, they were sent to prison to await their trial at the next assizes.

It was three months before they were set at liberty, and permitted to return to London. Ellen, wasted by sickness and imprisonment, was so feeble that they had to travel by short stages. The third day of their journey, as daylight was receding, a confusion of voices met their ears ; and stopping to ascertain the cause, a voice, in the most commanding tone, exclaimed, 'Villain ! monster ! tell me what has become of her ?' Ellen sprang to her feet, threw open the coach door, and was about to jump out, regardless of the consequences, when Bertrand caught her in his arms. The other gentleman alighted and lifted Ellen out. A gentleman of noble mein stepped a few paces towards them. Ellen ran, and throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed, 'Oh, Charles, my brother !' Henry Temple left a confused group among whom he was standing, and stepping before them, muttered something incoherently. An elderly lady majestically approached them, leaning on the arm of a servant. She looked wistfully around, and then, fixing her piercing eyes on Henry, said, in tones of deepest interest, 'What means this ? and why do they accuse you ?'

Henry snatched a pistol from the servant, and exclaimed, 'This answers all !'—then lodged the contents in his raging

brain, and fell before his interrogator. Heart-rending cries filled the air. The blood poured profusely from the head of Henry. Ellen ran and threw herself on the ensanguined earth, and folded him in her arms. He fixed his dying eyes on her face, while the words, 'Ellen, dearest Ellen, forgive !' died on his quivering lips, which seemed to be pleading for pardon, long after his heart had ceased to beat. The impassioned, unconquerable love of Ellen soared far above her wrongs. Earnestly did she beseech the Father of mercies to pity and forgive the rash act of a despairing moment ; and blessed his fleeting soul with welcome sounds of pardon.

Charles lifted Ellen from the ground, and stood supporting her trembling form, when a lady, of the most perfect symmetry, drew nigh. She looked mournfully around, then, addressing Charles, said, 'Oh, how desolate !'

'Desolate, indeed !' said Charles ; 'but Amy, my love, you had better retire — this scene is too distressing.'

The lady who interrogated Temple, lay at his feet, apparently as lifeless as himself. She slowly recovered, and her attendants placed her in a carriage, together with the other lady, and proceeded to the nearest inn. Charles and Bertrand carried Ellen in their arms to a cottage hard by, where she continued through the night. Fit after fit, in quick succession, racked her frame until toward morning, when she fell into a slumber.

After the requisite forms of law, the body of Henry Temple was interred. The coroner's verdict was, 'Death occasioned by insanity.' Ellen was in a state of mind little short of distraction, and it was nearly a week before it was thought prudent to remove her from the cottage ; during which time Charles, with all a brother's affection, remained with her, to administer consolation. Bertrand, the common friend of all, daily brought them information of the ladies at the inn, who were both ill, but not dangerously ; and as soon as was thought proper, he assisted Charles to convey Ellen thither.

Upon entering the room where the ladies were, Amy ran toward them, eagerly exclaiming, 'Oh, I have found a parent !'

'And I,' said the other lady, approaching them with a mild dignity, 'a long lost child. Know,' she continued, addressing Charles, 'that when you took this unhoused wanderer to your arms, you wedded not Amy Clarence, but Eloisa Walsingham,

the last survivor of a noble house, and the rightful heiress to its estates, which, since the death of her grandfather, have been basely withheld from her.'

'What !' said Ellen, 'What do I hear ? Has Charles Granville triumphed, nobly triumphed, over the delusion of his heart, and married the only woman who could ever deserve him ? My few remaining days will now glide gently by, blest with the sweet assurance that the friends of my heart will be happy.'

Charles learned from Mrs. Barlow, the mother of Eloisa, that in early life she was left an orphan, and consigned to the care of her uncle Walsingham, under whose roof she spent her youthful days, in a state but little better than servitude. At the age of seventeen, she was privately married to Edward, her uncle's only child. The birth of Eloisa led to a discovery, and her uncle, enraged beyond all bounds, tore her from the almost frantic Edward, hurried her on board a vessel, which conveyed her to Ireland. Here she remained nearly a year, when the news of Edward's death for a time deprived her of reason. When she recovered from this shock, and sought her child, she was told that it had followed her adored Edward to the grave. Deprived of husband and child, the only ties that bound her to earth appeared to be loosed, and for a long time her declining health warned her that her own dissolution was at hand. But youth triumphed over disease, and in a few years she rewarded the love of an amiable and wealthy foreigner, by giving him her hand ; and accompanied him to her native shores. Here she learned that the parents of her beloved Edward had survived their son but a short time ; and the estate had fallen to a distant branch of the family. At the age of thirty-seven, she was again a widow, with an income of twenty thousand a year. She now resolved no more to wear the hymenial chain ; but her resolution was not proof against the insidious arts of Henry Temple. The day was fixed upon for their wedding, when she received a letter from the person who had succeeded to the Walsingham estate, informing her that through his means, her child was taken from her, and, under the name of Amy Clarence, educated in a convent in France. After completing her education, she visited Wales, and for some little time was a member of his family ; but fearing that her uncommon beauty and accomplishments had captivated the heart of his only son, he had forced her to visit

America. But heaven had punished him, by depriving him of that son ; and he was now childless. The letter also informed her, that the writer's health warned him no longer to turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of conscience, but speedily to make all the reparation in his power ; and requested her to visit Wales immediately, for the necessary instructions for the recovery of her daughter, and to establish her right to the estate of her deceased grandfather. From this journey Mrs. Barlow was returning, in company with Henry Temple, when, meeting Charles Granville, the scene ensued which has already been portrayed.

It may not now be amiss to return to America, and visit the home of Ellen's childhood ; and, to be consistent, it may be necessary to go back to the time when Ellen clandestinely left that home, to follow the fortunes of Henry Temple. Great indeed was the grief and consternation of the family, when they learned the fact that Ellen had eloped. The sufferings of Charles were scarce equal to those of the maiden aunt, who had supplied the place of a mother to her darling niece ; and the sensitive Amy mourned as for a lost sister. But her grief did not prevent her from paying every attention to Charles. Like an angel of mercy, she watched by his bed-side, and faithfully performed the duties of nurse, through a long-protracted sickness. Her unwearied attention convinced Charles of what he had before suspected, namely, that he had undesignedly made himself master of her heart.

Soon after Charles became convalescent, the Corees and Tuscaroras, with other Indian tribes, laid waste the settlement. Upwards of an hundred of the settlers were butchered in one night, and many were carried away captive by the Indians. Among the latter were Charles and Amy. The third night of their captivity, the Indians being all asleep, Charles found means to disengage himself from the thongs that bound him, and succeeded in liberating Amy and two faithful negroes, without disturbing their captors ; and had the good fortune to elude, for nearly two days, coming in contact with the Indians, who pursued them when their escape was discovered. The second day, towards night, they were re-captured ; and the Indians, thinking Amy would, in her present exhausted state, retard their progress through the wilderness, held a short consultation upon the method of despatching her. Charles, unperceived, had disengaged him-

self from the pinions which bound his arms ; and with an eager eye watched every motion of the savages. And when, after the consultation was ended, he saw a dusky form approaching the trembling girl, quick as thought he rushed between them, and wrested the uplifted tomahawk from the savage foe. The Indians stood mute with astonishment ; and before they had time to interfere, several musket balls came whizzing among them, and each performed its commission, by laying prostrate an Indian. A party of militia now rushed upon them, and soon despatched the remaining Indians. This party were scouts from the militia and Indians commanded by Col. Barnwell, who were on their way to the Tuscarora villages. These scouts conducted the rescued prisoners to the encampment of Col. B., who furnished Charles and Amy with horses to convey them back to their desolate home.

Scarce had the settlers recovered from the murderous depredations of the Corees and Tuscaroras, when another calamity befel them. A party of Yamosees came upon them, and their settlement was again laid waste. Charles had been absent on a journey, and late at night, on his return, he came within sight of his home ; the work of destruction was nearly complete ; the flames of the burning hamlet were ascending. He drew nigh, and saw the savages about to leave the place. Amy was pinioned to a tree, at some little distance from the savages. Oh, how loudly did his heart proclaim its interest there ! Warily did he approach the tree, and had succeeded in liberating Amy, and was leading her away, when a Yamosee chief laid him, covered with wounds, at his feet, and was bearing Amy into a dreadful captivity, when a rifle ball sent him to the 'spirit land.' A party of militia, commanded by a subaltern, had come to the relief of the sufferers ; they routed the Indians, and released all the captives.

Charles' wounds were very severe, and Amy was again his faithful nurse, and for several months waited on him with untiring patience. He had scarce recovered from his wounds, when some emigrants from England arrived, to take possession of Ellen's estates—one of whom was the bearer of a packet for Charles, informing him, that through a series of events, a noble estate had devolved to him, and his presence was wanted to take possession.

The hope of once more seeing Ellen, his still tenderly beloved

sister, made this information thrice welcome ; but he thought of her only as a sister. His heart told him that Amy Clarence must be the arbitress of his future fate ; and he no longer delayed to acquaint her with the deep sentiments of a glowing and devoted heart. Amy heard the avowal of his love ; and, free from the false delicacy of too many of her sex, candidly acknowledged how long she had cherished an attachment for him. All unnecessary forms were laid aside ; and the marriage of Charles and Amy was soon solemnized. They made a speedy preparation for their voyage, and took passage in the first vessel bound to England. After a pleasant voyage they arrived safely, and were kindly welcomed in their native land ; and Charles was soon in possession of a splendid fortune.

His next care was to find Ellen. He had traced her to Plymouth, and was returning to London, almost despairing of success, when he met Temple. He immediately descended from his coach, and ordered Temple's attendants to stop. They obeyed, and Temple also alighted. At first he denied all knowledge of Ellen ; but soon becoming exasperated, he told Charles that she was in the land of spirits, and he would send his busy, meddling soul to attend her,—at the same time drawing his sword. Charles wrested the weapon from him, and their attendants interposed. At this moment the coach which contained Ellen stopped, and casting his eyes around, they met his long-lost sister.

The scene which Ellen here witnessed, gave her a shock which she survived but a short time. Before her dissolution, she requested to witness the solemnization of the nuptials of Charles Granville and Eloisa Walsingham, their marriage being imperfect in the eye of the law. Gratified in this, she had but one other request to make, which was that her body might be laid in the grave of Temple. Assured that this would be granted, she left the world without a sigh.

Charles and Eloisa disposed of their estates in England and Wales, and returned to America, accompanied by Mrs. Barlow, who found a rich reward for all her sorrow in the society of her children. Charles settled in a thriving town, in what is now one of the Middle States. He and Eloisa both lived to a good old age, and were blessed with a numerous offspring, who inherited their virtues ; and some of the first characters in America may be found among their descendants.

LAMENT OF THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

Oh, ladies, will you listen to a little orphan's tale?
 And pity her whose youthful voice must breathe so sad a wail;
 And shrink not from the wretched form, obtruding on your view,
 As though the heart, which in it dwells, must be as loathsome too.

Full well I know that mine would be a strange, repulsive mind,
 Were the outward form an index true of the soul within it shrined;
 But though I am so all devoid of the loveliness of youth,
 Yet deem me not as destitute of its innocence and truth.

And ever in this hideous frame, I strive to keep the light
 Of faith in God, and love to man, still shining pure and bright;
 Though hard the task, I often find, to keep the channel free,
 Whence all the kind affections flow to those who love not me.

I sometimes take a little child quite softly on my knee,
 I hush it with my gentlest tones, and kiss it tenderly;
 But my kindest words will not avail, my form cannot be screened,
 And the babe recoils from my embrace, as though I were a fiend.

I sometimes, in my walks of toil, meet children in their play;
 For a moment will my pulses fly, and I join the band so gay;
 But they depart with hasty steps, while their lips and nostrils curl,
 Nor e'er their childhood's sports will share with the little crooked girl.

But once it was not thus with me; I was a dear-loved child;
 A mother's kiss oft pressed my brow, a father on me smiled;
 No word was ever o'er me breathed, but in affection's tone,
 For I to them was very near—their cherished, only one.

But sad the change which me befel, when they were laid to sleep,
 Where the earth-worms, o'er their mouldering forms, their noisome revels
 For the orphan's hapless fate there were few or none to care, [keep;
 And burdens on my back were laid, a child should never bear.

And now, in this offensive form, their cruelty is viewed—
 For first upon me came disease—and deformity ensued:
 Woe! woe to her, for whom not even this life's earliest stage,
 Could be redeemed from the bended form, and decrepitude of age.

And yet of purest happiness I have some transient gleams;
 'Tis when, upon my pallet rude, I lose myself in dreams:
 The gloomy present fades away; the sad past seems forgot;
 And in those visions of the night, mine is a blissful lot.

The dead then come and visit me: I hear my father's voice;
 I hear that gentle mother's tones, which make my heart rejoice;
 Her hand once more is softly placed upon my aching brow,
 And she soothes my every pain away, as if an infant now.

But sad is it to wake again, to loneliness and fears;
 To find myself the creature yet of misery and tears:

And then, once more, I try to sleep, and know the thrilling bliss,
To see again my father's smile, and feel my mother's kiss.

And sometimes, then, a blessed boon has unto me been given—
An entrance to the spirit-world, a foretaste here of heaven ;
I have heard the joyous anthems swell, from voice and golden lyre,
And seen the dearly loved of earth, join in that gladsome choir.

And I have dropped this earthly frame, this frail, disgusting clay,
And, in a beauteous spirit-form, have soared on wings away ;
I have bathed my angel-pinions in the floods of glory bright,
Which circle, with their brilliant waves, the throne of living light.

I have joined the swelling chorus of the holy, glittering bands,
Who ever stand around that throne, with cymbals in their hands :
But the dream would soon be broken by the voices of the morn,
And the sunbeams send me forth again, the theme of jest and scorn.

I care not for their mockery now—the thought disturbs me not,
That, in this little span of life, contempt should be my lot ;
But I would gladly welcome here, some slight reprieve from pain,
And I'd murmur of my back no more, if it might not ache again.

Full well I know this ne'er can be, till I with peace am blest,
Where the heavy-laden sweetly sleep, and the weary are at rest ;
For the body shall commingle with its kindred, native dust,
And the soul return forevermore to the "Holy One and Just."

LETTY.

THIS WORLD IS NOT OUR HOME.

How difficult it is for the wealthy and proud, to realise that they must die, and mingle with the common earth ! Though a towering monument may mark the spot where their lifeless remains repose, their heads will lie as low as that of the poorest peasant. All their untold gold cannot reprieve them for one short day.

When death places his relentless hand upon them, and as their spirit is fast passing away, perhaps for the first time the truth flashes upon their mind, that this world is not their home ; and a thrill of agony racks their frame, at the thought of entering that land where all is uncertainty to them. It may be that they have never humbled themselves before the great Lawgiver and Judge, and their hearts, alas ! have not been purified and renewed by that grace for which they never supplicated. And as the vacant eye wanders around the splendidly furnished apartment, with its

gorgeous hangings and couch of down, how worthless it all seems, compared with that peace of mind which attends 'the pure in heart.'

The aspirant after fame would fain believe this world was his home, as day by day he twines the laurel wreath for his brow, and fondly trusts it will be unfading in its verdure; and as the applause of a world, that to him appears all bright and beautiful, meets his ear, he thinks not of Him who resigned his life on the cross for suffering humanity—he thinks of naught but the bubble he is seeking; and when he has obtained it, it has lost all its brilliancy—for the world has learned to look with indifference upon the bright flowers he has scattered so profusely on all sides, and his friends, one by one, become alienated and cold, or bestow their praise upon some new candidate who may have entered the arena of fame. How his heart shrinks within him, to think of the long hours of toil by the midnight lamp—of health destroyed—of youth departed—of near and dear ties broken by a light, careless word, that had no meaning! How bitterly does he regret that he has thrown away all the warm and better feelings of his heart upon the fading things of earth! How deeply does he feel that he has slighted God's holy law—for, in striving after worldly honors, he had forgotten that this world was not his home; and while the rainbow tints of prosperity gleamed in his pathway, he had neglected to cultivate the fadeless wreath that cheers the dying hour! And now the low, hollow cough warns him of the near approach of that hour, beyond which all to him is darkness and gloom; and as he tosses on the bed of pain and languishing, lamenting that all the bright visions of youth had so soon vanished away, the cold world perchance passes in review before him.

He beholds the flushed cheek of beauty fade, and the star of fame fall from the brow of youth. He marks the young warrior on the field of battle, fighting bravely, while the banner of stars and stripes waves proudly over his head; and while thinking of the glory he shall win, a ball whizzes by him, and enters his heart.—He gazes upon an aged sire, as he bends over the lifeless form of his idolized child, young and fair as the morning, just touched by the hand of death: she was the light of his home, the last of many dear ones; and he wondered why he was spared, and the young taken. Though the cup was bitter, he drank it.

Again he turned his eyes from the world, where on everything is written, 'fading away.' Yes, wealth, beauty, fame, glory, honor, friendship, and oh ! must it be said that even love, too, fades ? Almost in despair, he exclaimed, 'Is there aught that fades not ?' And a voice seemed to whisper in his ear, 'There is God's love which never fades ; this world is not your home ; waste not the short fragment of your life in vain regrets, but rather prepare for that dissolution which is the common lot of all ; be ready, therefore, to pass to that bourn from which there is no return, before you enter the presence of Him whose name is Love.'

'Then ask not life, but joy to know
That sinless they in heaven shall stand ;
That Death is not a cruel foe,
To execute a wise command.
'Tis ours to ask, 'tis God's to give.—
We live to die—and die to live.'

BEATRICE.

CONTRAST OF WRITERS.

In reading the tracts and some of the other writings of Miss Hannah More, I have sometimes thought how great the contrast between this estimable lady, and some of our modern writers ! She constantly inculcates patience, resignation, an unmurmuring reception of the yoke, an unquestioning submission to the powers that be, and the calm acceptance of whatever ill they may choose to bestow. The humble man is taught that he must here be the mule, the camel, the unrepublishing beast of burden ; and that virtue consists in silent acquiescence to his lot. To another world must he look for all that gives pleasure to existence, and resign to others an undue share of the joys of this life.

Was this lady right ? We should hardly think so here ; and yet to those whom she addressed, her words were perhaps the best philosophy. Theirs was a different lot from ours ; and different, perhaps, were their duties and responsibilities. The judgment of Miss More may hardly be questioned ; but the Chartists will not read her tracts, while they are starving for want of bread.

F—Y.

THE VILLAGE CHRONICLE.

CHAPTER I.

‘Come, Lina dear,’ said Mr. Wheeler to his little daughter, ‘lay by your knitting, if you please, and read me the paper.’

‘What, pa, this old paper, “The Village Chronicle?”’

‘Old, Lina! — why, it is damp from the press. Not so old, by more than a dozen years, as you are.’

‘But, pa, the *news* is *olds*. Our village mysteries are all worn threadbare, by the gossiping old maids, before the printer can get them in type; and the foreign information is more quickly obtained from other sources. And, pa, I wish you wouldn’t call me Lina — it sounds so childish, and I begin to think myself quite a young lady — almost in my teens, you know; and Angeline is not so very long.’

‘Well, Angeline, as you please; but see if there is not something in the paper.’

‘Oh, yes, pa; to please you, I will read the stupid old (*new*, I mean) concern. — Well, in the first place, we have some poetry — some of our village poets’ (genius, you know, admits not of distinction of sex) effusions, or rather confusions. Miss Helena (it used to be Ellen, once) Carrol’s sublime sentiments upon “The Belvidere Apollo,” — which she never saw, nor anything like it, and knows nothing about. She had better write about our penny-post, and then we might feel an interest in her lucubrations, even if not very intrinsically valuable. But if she does not want to be an old maid, she might as well leave off writing sentimental poetry for the newspapers; for who will marry a *bleu*?’

‘There is much that I might say in reply, but I will wait until you are older. And now do not let me hear you say anything more about old maids, at least, deridingly; for I have strong hopes that my little girl will be one herself.’

‘No, pa, never! — I will not marry, at least while you, or Alfred, or Jimmy, are alive; but I cannot be an old maid — not one of those tattling, envious, starched-up, prudish creatures, whom I have always designated as old maids, whether they are married or single — on the sunny or shady side of thirty.’

‘Well, child, I hope you never will be metamorphosed into an

old maid, then. But now for the Chronicle — I will excuse you from the poetry, if you will read what comes next.'

'Thank you, my dear father, a thousand times. It would have made me as sick as a cup-full of warm water would do. You know I had rather take so much hot drops.—But the next article is Miss Simpkins' very original tale, entitled, "The Injured One,"—probably all about love and despair, and ladies so fair, and men who don't care, if the mask they can wear, and the girls must beware. Now ain't I literary? But to be a heroine also, I will muster my resolution, and commence the story :

' "Madeline and Emerilla were the only daughters of Mr. Beaufort, of H., New Hampshire."

'Now, pa, I can't go any farther—I would as lieve travel through the deserts of Sahara, or run the gauntlet among the Seminoles, as to wade through this sloshy story. Miss Simpkins always has such names to her heroines ; and they would do very well, if they were placed any where but in the unromantic towns of our Granite State. H., I suppose, stands for Hawke, or Hopkinton. Miss Simpkins is so soft that I do not believe Mr. Baxter would publish her stories, if he were not engaged to her sister. She makes me think of old "deaf uncle Jeff," in the story, who wanted somebody to love.'

'And she does love—she loves every body; and I am sorry to hear you talk so of this amiable and intellectual girl. But I do not wish to hear you read her story now—as for her names, she would not find one unappropriated by our townsfolk. What comes next ?'

'The editorial, pa, and the caption is, "Our Representatives." I had ten times rather read about the antediluvians, and I wish sometimes they might go and keep them company. And now for the items : Our new bell got cracked, in its winding way to this 'ere town ; and the meeting-house at the West Parish has been fired by an incendiary ; and the old elm, near the Central House, has been blown down ; and Widow Frye has had a yoke of oxen struck by lightning ; and old Col. Morton fell down dead, in a fit of apoplexy ; and the bridge over the Branch needs repairing ; and "a friend of good order" wishes that our young men would not stand gaping around the meeting-house doors, before or after service ; and "a friend of equal rights" wishes that people might sell and drink as much rum as they please,

without interference, &c., &c.; and all these things we knew before, as well as we did our A B C's. Next are the cards: The ladies have voted their thanks to Mr. K., for his lecture upon Phrenology—the matrimonial part, I presume, included; and the Anti-Slavery Society is to have a fair, at which will be sold all sorts of Abolition things—such as anti-slavery paper, wafers, and all such important articles. I declare, I will make a nigger doll for it. And Mr. P., of Boston, is to deliver a lecture upon Temperance; and the Trustees of the Academy have chosen Mr. Dalton for the Preceptor, and here is his long advertisement; and the Overseers of the Poor are ready to receive proposals for a new Alms House; and all these things, pa, which have been the town talk this long time. But here is something new. Our minister, dear Mr. Olden, has been very seriously injured, by an accident upon the Boston and Salem railroad. The news must be very recent, for we had not heard of it; and it is crowded into very fine type. Oh, how sorry I am for him!

‘Well, Lina, or Miss Angeline, there is something of sufficient importance to repay you for the trouble of reading it, and I am very glad that you have done so—for I will start upon my intended journey to Boston to-day, and can assist him to return home. Anything else?’

‘Oh, yes, pa! a long list of those who have taken advantage of the Bankrupt Act, and the Deaths and Marriages; but all mentioned here, with whose names we were familiar, have been subjects for table-talk these several days.’

‘Well, is there no foreign news?’

‘Yes, pa; Queen Victoria has given another ball at Buckingham Palace; and Prince Albert has accepted of a very fine blood-hound, from Major Sharp, of Houston; and Sir Howard Douglas has been made a Civil Grand Cross of the Bath, &c., &c. Are not these fine things to fill up our republican papers with?’

‘Well, my daughter, look at the doings in Congress—that will suit you.’

‘You know better, pa. They do nothing there but scold, and strike, and grumble—then pocket their money, and go home. See, here it begins: “The proceedings of the House can hardly be said to have been *important*. An instructive and delightful *scene* took place between Mr. Wise, of Virginia, and Mr. Stan-

ley, of South Carolina." Yes, pa, that's the way they spend their time. In this *act* of the farce, or tragedy, one called t'other a *bull-dog*, and t'other called one a *coward*. Do you wish to hear any more ?'

'You are somewhat out of humor, my child ; but are there no new notices ?'

'Yes, here is an "Assessors' Notice," and an "Assignee's Notice," and a "Contractors' Notice ;" but you do not care any thing about them. And here is an "Auction Notice."'

'What auction ? Read it, my love.'

'Why, the late old Mr. Gardner's farm, house, and all his furniture, is to be sold at auction. And here is a notice of a meeting of the Directors of the Pentucket Bank, to be held this very afternoon.'

'I am very glad to have learned of it, for I must be there. Is that all ?'

'All ? — no, indeed ! Here are some long articles, full of *Whereases*, and *Resolved's*, and *Be it enacted's* ; but I know you will excuse me from reading them. And now for the advertisements : Here is a fine new lot of *Chenue-de-Laines*, "just received" at Grosvenor's — oh, pa ! do let me have a new dress, wont you ?'

'No, I can't — at least, I do not see how I can. But if you will promise to read my papers through patiently for the future, and will prepare my valise for my journey to Boston, I will see what I may do. Meantime I must be off to the Directors' meeting. And now let me remind you that two items, at least, in this paper, have been of much importance to me ; and one, it seems, somewhat interesting to you. So no more fretting about the Chronicle, if you want a new gown.'

Mr. Wheeler left the room, and Angeline seated herself at the work-table, to repair his vest. She was sorry she had fretted so about the Chronicle ; but she did wish her father would take the Ladies' Companion, or something else, in its stead.

While seated there, her little brother came running into the room, all out of breath, and but just able to gasp out, 'Oh, Lina ! there is a man at the Central House, who has just stopped in the stage, and he is going right on to Kentucky, and straight through the town where Alfred lives, for I heard him say so ; and I asked him if he would carry any thing for us, and he said, "Yes, wil-

lingly." So I ran home as fast as I could come, to tell you to write a note, or do up a paper, or something, because he will be so sure to get it — and right from us, too, as fast as it can go. Now do be quick, or the stage will start off.'

'Oh dear me!' exclaimed Angeline; 'how I do wish we had a New York Mirror, or a Philadelphia Courier, or a Boston Gazette, or anything but this stupid Chronicle. Do look, Jimmy! is there nothing in this pile of papers?'

'No, nothing that will do — so fold up the Chronicle, quick, for the stage is starting.'

Angeline, who had spent some moments in looking for another paper, now had barely time to scrawl the short word 'Lina' on the paper, wrap it in an envelope, and direct it. Jimmy snatched it as soon as it was ready, and ran out '*full tilt*,' in knightly phrase, or as he afterwards said, '*lickity split*.'

The stage was coming on at full speed, and he wished to stop it. Many a time had he stood by the road-side, with his school companions, and, waving his cap, and stretching out his neck, had hallooed, 'Hurra for Jackson!' and he feared that, like the boy in the fable, who called, 'Wolves! Wolves!' if he now shouted to them from the road-side, they would not heed him. So he ran into the middle of the road, threw up his arms, and stood still. The driver barely reined in his horses within a few feet of the daring boy.

'Where is the man who is going straight ahead to Kentucky?'

'Here, my lad,' replied a voice, as a head popped out of the window, to see what was the matter.

'Well, here is a paper which I wish you to carry to my brother; and if you stop long enough where he is, you must go and see him, and tell him you saw me too.'

'Well done, my lad! you're a keen one. I'll do your bidding — but don't you never run under stage-horses again.'

He took the packet, while the driver cracked his whip; and the horses started as the little boy leaped upon the bank, shouting, 'Hurra for Yankee Land and old Kentuck!'

CHAPTER II.

In a rude log hut of Western Kentucky, was seated an animated and intelligent looking young man. A bright moon was silvering the forest-tops, which were almost the only prospect from his window; but in that beauteous light, the rough clearing around seemed changed to fairy land; and even his rude domicile partook of the transient renovation. His lone walls, his creviced roof, and ragged floor, were transformed, beneath that silvery veil; and truly did it look as though it might well be the abode of peaceful happiness.

‘I feel as though I could write poetry now,’ said Alfred to himself. ‘Let me see — “The spirit’s call to the absent,” or something like that; but if I should strike my light, and really get pens, ink, and paper, it would all evaporate, vanish, abscond, make tracks, become scarce, be o. p. h. Ah, yes! the poetry would go, but the feeling, the deep affection, which would find some other language than simple prose, can never depart.

‘How I wish I could see them all! There is not a codger in my native town — not a crusty, fusty old bachelor — an envious, tattling old maid — not a flirt, sot, pauper, idiot, or sainted hypocrite, but I could welcome with an embrace. But if I could only see my father, or Jimmy, or Lina, dear girl! how much better I should feel! It would make me ten years younger, to have a chat with Lina; and, to tell the truth, I should like to see any woman, just to see how it would seem. I’d go a quarter of a mile, now, to look at a row of aprons hung out to dry. But there! it’s of no use to talk.

‘An evening like this is such an one as might entice me to my mother’s grave, were I at home. Oh! if she were but alive — if I could only know that she was still somewhere on the wide earth, to think and pray for me — I might be better, as well as happier. Methinks it must be a blessed thing to be a mother, if all sons cherish that parent’s memory as I have mine — and they do. It cheers and sustains the exile in a stranger’s land; it invigorates him in trial, and lights him through adversity; it warns the felon, and haunts and harrows the convict; it strengthens the captive, and exhilarates the homeward-bound. Truly must it be a blessed thing to be a mother!’

He stopped — for in the moonlight was distinctly seen the

figure of a horseman, emerging from the public road, and galloping across the clearing. He turned towards the office of the young surveyor, and in a few moments the carrier had related the incident by which he obtained the paper, and placed 'The Village Chronicle' in Alfred's hand.

He struck a light, tore off the wrapper, and the only written word which met his eye was 'Lina.' 'Dear name!' said he, 'I could almost kiss it, especially as there is none to see me. She must have been in a prodigious hurry; and how funny that little rascal Jimmy must have looked! Well, "when he next doth run a race, may I be there to see."'

He took the paper to read. It was a very late one—he had never before received one so near the date; and even that line of dates was now so pleasing. First was Miss Helena Carrol's poetry. 'Dear girl!' said he, 'what a beautiful writer she is! Really, this is poetry! this is something which carries us away from ourselves, and more closely connects us with the enduring, high, and beautiful. Methinks I see her now—more thin, pale, and ethereal in her appearance, than when we were gay school-mates; but I wonder that, with all her treasures of heart and intellect, she is still Helena Carrol.

'And now here is Miss Simpkins' story of "The Injured One"—beautiful, interesting and instructive, I am confident; and I will read it, every word; but she italicises too much—she throws too lavishly the bright robes of her prolific fancy upon the forms she conjures up from New England hills and vales. I wonder if she remembers now the time when she made me shake the old apple-tree, near the pound, for her, and in jumping down I nearly broke my leg. Well, if I read her story, I will try that it do not break my heart.

'And here is an excellent editorial, about "Our Representatives,"—I will read it again; and now for the ITEMS.'

These were all highly interesting to the *absentee*, and on each did he expatiate to himself. How different were his feelings from his sister's, as he read of the cracked bell, the burned meeting-house, the dead oxen, the apoplectic old Colonel, the decayed bridge, the hints of the friends of 'good order' and 'equal rights.' Then there was a little scene suggested by every card. He wondered who had their heads examined at the Phrenological lecture; and if the West Parish old farmers were now as stiffly opposed to the science. And how he would like to

see Lina's chart, and to know if Jimmy had brains—he was sure he had legs, and a big heart, for a little boy; and he wondered what girls ran up to have their heads felt of in public; and what the man said about matrimony—an affair which in old times was thought to have more to do with the heart than the head.

Then his imagination went forward to the Fair of the Anti-Slavery Society, and he wondered where it would be, and who would go, and what Lina would make, and whether so much fuss about slavery was right or wrong, and if 'father' approved of it. Then the Temperance lecture was a theme for another self-disquisition. He wondered who had joined the Society, and how the Washingtonians held out, and if Mr. Hawkins was ever coming to the West.

Then he was glad the Trustees were determined to resuscitate the old Academy. What grand times he had enjoyed there, especially at the exhibitions! and he wondered where all the pretty girls were, who used to go to school with his bachelorship. Then they were to have a new Alms House; and forty more things were mentioned, of equal interest—not forgetting Mr. Olden's accident, for which 'father would be so sorry.' Then there were the Marriages and Deaths—each a subject of deep interest, as was also the list of Bankrupts. The foreign news was news to him; and Congress matters were not passed unheeded by.

Then he read with deep interest every 'Assessors' Notice,' also those of 'Assignees,' 'Contractors,' and 'Auctioneers.' There was not a single 'Whereas,' or 'Resolved,' but was most carefully perused; and every 'Be it enacted,' stared him in the face, like an old familiar friend.

Then there were the advertisements; and Grosvenor's first attracted his attention, from its *big* letters. '“CHENIE-DE-LAINES!”' said he, 'what in the name of common sense are they? Something for gals' gowns, *I guess*; and what will they next invent for a name?'

But each advertisement told its little history. Some of the old '*pillars*' of the town were still in their accustomed places. The same signatures, places, and almost the same goods—nothing much changed but the dates. Another advertisement informed him of the dissolution of an old copartnership, and another showed the formation of a new one. Some old acquaintances had changed their location or business, and others were about to

retire from it. Those whom he remembered as almost boys, were now just entering into active life, and those who should now be preparing for another world, were still laying up treasures on earth. One, who had been a farmer, was now advertising himself as a *doctor*. A lawyer had changed into a miller, and old Capt. Prouty was post-master. The former cobbler now kept the book-store, and the young Major had turned printer. The old printer was endeavoring to collect his debts — for he said his devil had gone to Oregon, and he wished to go to the devil.

Not a single puff did Alfred omit ; he noticed every new book, and swallowed every new nostrum. 'Old Rags,' 'Buffaloe Oil,' 'Bear's Grease,' 'Corn Plaster,' 'Lip Salve,' 'Accordians,' 'Feather Renovators,' 'Silk Dye-Houses,' 'Worm Lozenges,' 'Ready-made Clothing,' 'Ladies' Slips,' 'Misses' Ties,' 'Christmas Presents,' 'Sugar-house Molasses,' 'Choice Butter,' 'Shell Combs,' 'New Music,' 'Healing Lotions,' 'Last Chance,' 'Hats and Caps,' 'Prime Cost,' 'Family Pills,' 'Ladies' Cuff Pins,' 'Summer Boots,' 'Vegetable Conserve,' 'Muffs and Boas,' 'Pease's Hoarhound Candy,' 'White Ash Coal,' 'Bullard's Oil-Soap,' 'Universal Panacea,' 'Tailoress Wanted,' 'Unrivalled Elixir,' 'Excellent Vanilla,' 'Taylor's Spool Cotton,' 'Rooms to let,' 'Chairs and Tables,' 'Pleasant House,' 'Particular Notice,' 'Family Groceries,' 'A Removal,' 'Anti-Dispeptic Bitters,' &c., &c., down to 'One Cent Reward — Ran away from the subscriber,' &c. — Yes ; he had read them all, and all with much interest ; but one with a deeper feeling than was awakened by the others. It was the notice of the sale of the late Mr. Gardner's house, farm, &c.

'And so,' said Alfred, 'Cynthia Gardner is now free. She used to love me dearly — at least she said so in everything but words ; but the old man said she should never marry a harum-scarum scape-grace, like me. Well ! it's no great matter if I did sow all my wild oats then, for there is too little cleared land to do much at it here. The old gentleman is dead, and I'll forgive him ; but I will write this very night to Cynthia, and ask her to

———"come, and with me share
Whate'er my hut bestows ;
My cornstalk bed, my frugal fare,
My labor and repose."

LUCINDA.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST, No. 10.

With this number, we conclude our sketches of real persons or events. The early date at which it has been thought desirable to complete this volume of the Offering, has precluded the possibility of presenting the contemplated twelve sketches.

In some other respects also, has Annette varied from the plan she had marked out for herself. At first she intended that her relations should not only all be strictly true, but that part of them should relate to persons, and an equal portion to events. When Sketch No. 4 was written, she intended that the remaining eight should be wholly biographical; but as only five of them have been written, she may as well deviate from her plan in the concluding article.

Upon her contemplated list are, "The Russian Emigrant," "The Portuguese Consul," and "Parson Bell;" but as each one of these would occupy more time than she could now devote to it, she will furnish a few more particulars relative to the destruction of "The Walter Scott," mentioned in Sketch No. 3, as in itself interesting, and also as embodying one of those beautiful delineations and proofs of woman's fortitude and self-forgetfulness in peril, which it should ever be the delight of our sex to contemplate and perpetuate.

Miss Sedgwick has expressed her sense of the value of the tribute paid to us by the master-minds of the old world, when she has looked upon the Madonnas of Italy, or contemplated the Cordelias, Rebeccas, Floras, &c., &c., of Britain's genius. There is seen their ideal of female excellence; but we need not go out of the circle of literal truth, to find examples of all that is beautiful, pure, and truly heroic in woman.

THE WALTER SCOTT.

The following is from the New York Morning Herald: 'Capt. Clark, of the ship Walter Scott, arrived in this city on Saturday last, and proceeded immediately to Boston. From his own lips we have received an account of the burning of this gallant ship, an accident of a more extraordinary kind than has happened in the American seas for a long time past.'

The Walter Scott left New Orleans for Liverpool, on the 21st of June, 1835, with three passengers—one a lady, Mrs. Hamilton, and eighteen seamen; a cargo of 1794 bales of cotton, and was valued at \$22,000. It will be remembered that she was launched at Salisbury Point, September 21, 1832—the day of Sir Walter Scott's death. While sailing down the Gulf Stream, at eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-first of June, she encountered a heavy gale from the south-west. The sea was running mountains high, the ship under double reefed topsails, and bearing down upon the wind, opposite, or nearly so, Charleston, S. C., when a heavy peal of thunder broke over the

gallant vessel. 'It seemed as if the heavens had been rent asunder.' The Captain and passengers were in the cabin. The Captain and lady started upon deck, the former in such haste as to be without his shoes.

'The electric fluid had struck the foremast, run into the fore-castle, where the seamen were at breakfast, dashed every thing in pieces, sent the men sprawling in all directions, and completely raked the vessel, fore and aft, between decks, and in the hold.' Beneath that sudden and terrible blow, the vessel hung in suspense for a moment, on the top of the billows. All were astonished, though they yet knew not all the cause for terror.

'In a few moments was raised the cry of "Fire ! fire ! fire !"' and those who heard that dreadful cry, were far at sea, surrounded with storms, and at the mercy of the enraged elements. The seamen had been almost struck senseless by the shock, but this cry aroused them to a sense of danger. The male passengers almost lost their senses, and the lady, Mrs. H., was the only one whose spirit rose to meet the danger with promptitude and energy. "The long-boat ! the long-boat !" was shouted ; but it was now six or eight minutes since the vessel was struck, and the cargo was all on fire. The long-boat was full of various articles, and could not be got out at the moment. The Captain ran below, seized a cutlass and pistol, returned to the deck, nerved himself to the occasion, and said, "Men ! you never yet deserted me in danger ! rouse yourselves now ! I'll shoot the first man who does not do his duty ! Stir ! stir ! or in ten minutes we shall all see eternity !" The lady also jumped on deck, her hair in disorder, and with better weapons than cutlass or pistol, cheered and animated the frailer mortals to their task. To them she appeared like a spirit sent from heaven.

'The thunder-struck men, with the mate at their head, hurried as well as they could, cleared out the long-boat, launched the gig, and then swung the boat into the boiling ocean below.'

'Put the lady in the long-boat !' shouted the Captain. At this moment the sea was rolling tremendously — the flames bursting forth in all directions — the masts tottering to the gale. The lady reached the boat in safety. 'Thank God !' said the Captain. The disabled seamen were placed near her, and six others put into the gig. The Captain and mate were the last to leave the deck of the burning ship.

All were now in the boats. 'Cut adrift! cast off!' shouted the Captain. They cut adrift from the burning ship, and passed out of her wake. 'All is lost,' said the Captain, 'but our lives. There is another chance to live out the gale.'

The moment the long-boat and the gig left the burning vessel her masts fell by the board, the flames burst forth with greater magnificence, the thunder rolled, the lightning still flashed, the sea was roaring around, and the two small boats floated over the billows, entirely at the mercy of wind and wave.

'At last, in about fifty minutes from the stroke, one long sheet of flame covered the wreck, and the whole gallant fabric of the *Walter Scott* sank down into the water, and was seen no more. "It is all over with the gallant *Walter Scott*," said the lady.'

The two boats which contained the crew kept each other's company, but they had little provisions, and their prospect was gloomy enough. At peep of dawn, on the second day, the Captain espied a sail to the leeward. He resolved to send the gig to her. Accordingly a sail was rigged out of an old sack, a mast was raised, and this sail spread before the wind.

'Mate!' said the Captain, 'you must go *alone* to that vessel, and get on board the best way you can.'

'Aye, aye, sir!' said the mate.

Away started the gig, on the swelling billows, before the gale, with the mate at her helm. 'What a cheering sight it was, sir!' said the Captain. 'She streaked, sir, over the billows, like the forked lightning itself down the masts of the *Walter Scott* — now under, now above the waves.'

In a short time the gig reached the vessel, which proved to be the *Saladin*, Humphries. She backed her yards; and in a brief space more, the long-boat also reached them, and all were taken on board, not forgetting the lady who had cheered and animated the men in the moment of peril.

Captain Clark, his crew, and passengers, were landed at Norfolk. They were all destitute, and the Captain had lost \$15,000 in English coin, which sunk into the ocean with the burning wreck. Offers were made to raise a subscription; but he refused any aid of that kind. He sold his two boats, and, with some private aid, paid his own expenses and those of his men; and, when he reached New York, had just ten dollars in his pocket. This he presented to Mrs. Hamilton.

Her conduct could not but excite admiration ; and his also, throughout those horrible scenes, had exhibited the utmost gallantry and presence of mind. ' Such a man can provide against all ordinary accidents ; but when the lightning of heaven itself strikes a ship to the bottom, we must all submit in silence.'

ANNETTE.

SARAH.

She was a loved and cherished one—we thought her very fair,
And all of childhood's loveliness we thought was centred there.
But Death will choose the fairest flowers : and suddenly he came,
And took our cherished one—for how could we dispute his claim ?

He heeded not the father's grief, nor mother's deeper woe—
The sundering of a thousand ties that only mothers know.
But though he took the *only* child, he but obeyed the call
Of an all wise and gracious God, whose love extends to all.

His ways, though oft mysterious, with mercy ever blend ;
And we should trust His goodness, where we cannot comprehend.
That bud so early plucked from earth, in all its opening charms,
Now in unfading beauty blooms, within a Saviour's arms.

Grieve not, ye parents, who were doomed with her so soon to part ;
Ere sin had cast its shadows o'er her young and tender heart.
Oh, grieve not, for your child was called while innocent and pure,
From all the fading joys of earth, to those that will endure.

R. C. T.

CHARLOTTE HOWARD.

'How quietly and peacefully yonder brilliant sun sinks to rest, behind the western hills !' said Charlotte Howard, as she was seated by the open casement, gazing upon the distant view of the retiring orb.

Charlotte was alone — for she loved the quietness of her own little chamber, better than the society of her gay and lively associates, whose merry laugh fell sadly upon her ear ; whose soothing and gentle voices, when they tried to win her from her sad thoughts, reminded her of her departed mother, and the dear sister who was once the companion of her joys and sorrows, who had shared with her the joyous sports of childhood, and one whom she had loved with all the fondness of a sister's love. And often, as she sat listening to the tales which her good uncle

would relate during the long winter evenings, tears would flow down her pale, lovely face, like gentle showers descending from heaven — for she would then think of the time when she dwelt in the neat cottage which stood upon the banks of the river, and the pleasant gardens which surrounded it, and the happy inmates which dwelt therein, — of father, mother, and her only sister Amanda, who were in times past wont to gather around the cheerful fire ; and there the two sisters would listen to the voices of their dear and loved parents, as they poured into their young minds the sweet lessons of piety and benevolence.

But where are they now ? All gone, and she is left behind to mourn their loss. She felt that she was truly an orphan. After the death of her parents, she resided with her uncle and aunt, whose family consisted of an only daughter, Marianna. They were ever kind to her, and the two cousins were apparently happy in each other's society ; but often would Charlotte wander among the hills and meadows, to commune with her own heart, and listen to the mild teachings of nature.

But on this evening her feelings were oppressed with unusual sadness, and she retired to her room, seated herself by the window, where she beheld the setting sun disappear behind the high hills and mountains which stood back of her uncle's dwelling.

Marianna, too, being left alone, was sad and lonely — which was indeed a strange thing — and she bethought herself of taking a walk to cheer her spirits ; and accordingly went to seek for Charlotte, that she might accompany her.

When she entered the chamber, Charlotte did not notice her, and knew not but she was alone, until aroused by the familiar voice and salutation of Marianna.

‘Have you been dreaming, my cousin ? or are you watching among those dark woods yonder, for the appearance of some naughty truant, who fails to come at your bidding ?’

‘Nay, not so,’ she replied, ‘but to view the beauties of the setting sun.’

‘Is that all ?’ said Marianna ; ‘come with me, and I will show you a more glorious sight. Let us go out upon the hill-side, where we can view the moon coming forth, followed by myriads of bright and shining stars. Come : I have your bonnet.’

Charlotte arose from her seat and followed her cousin, without speaking. They wandered silently along, until they came to a

gently murmuring rivulet, which ran merrily along. They seated themselves by its side.

‘You see,’ said Charlotte, ‘how merrily and peacefully this little stream flows by us. It is like your own happy heart, Marianna ; but mine —— it is like the waters of the mighty deep, sometimes calm, but oftener agitated and restless.’

‘You are unhappy, my cousin,’ said Marianna. ‘I have watched you long, and anxiously, and have seen with pain that you are not so cheerful as you used to be ; that you are no longer happy in the society of your associates ; and they wonder what should make their young friend so sad, and sometimes think that you do not love them as you formerly did.’

Marianna ceased speaking, for she perceived the sorrowful countenance and tearful eyes of Charlotte, and was grieved that she had said so much.

‘They wrong me, cousin,’ she replied. ‘I love them none the less, though I am not so much with them ; but sometimes when I feel sad and lonely, as though I were alone in this wide world, I would not throw a gloom over their happy spirits, but choose rather to retire to the solitude of my own chamber, there to sorrow over my loneliness.’

‘You are not alone,’ said Marianna, ‘for you have many friends who love you much, very much ; those who would do all in their power to see you look as smiling and cheerful as in days gone by. You say you are an orphan —— but am I not your sister ? and *my* parents *your* parents ? and have you forgotten that our heavenly Father still watches over His children in love ?’

‘You have spoken truly, my dear cousin,’ said Charlotte. ‘Our heavenly Father is merciful and full of love. I have learned a sweet lesson this night, which I hope never to forget ; and henceforth it shall be my study to show to my friends that I am not ungrateful for their kindness, and will ever remember the Being who watches over His wayward children, and brings them to the path from which they have in their blindness strayed. I will mourn no longer against the dispensations of Providence.’

“All the hopes and joys that start
From the fountain of the heart,
Breathing of unfading bliss
In a better world than this,—
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering—God is love.”

LURA.

LABORS OF OTHERS.

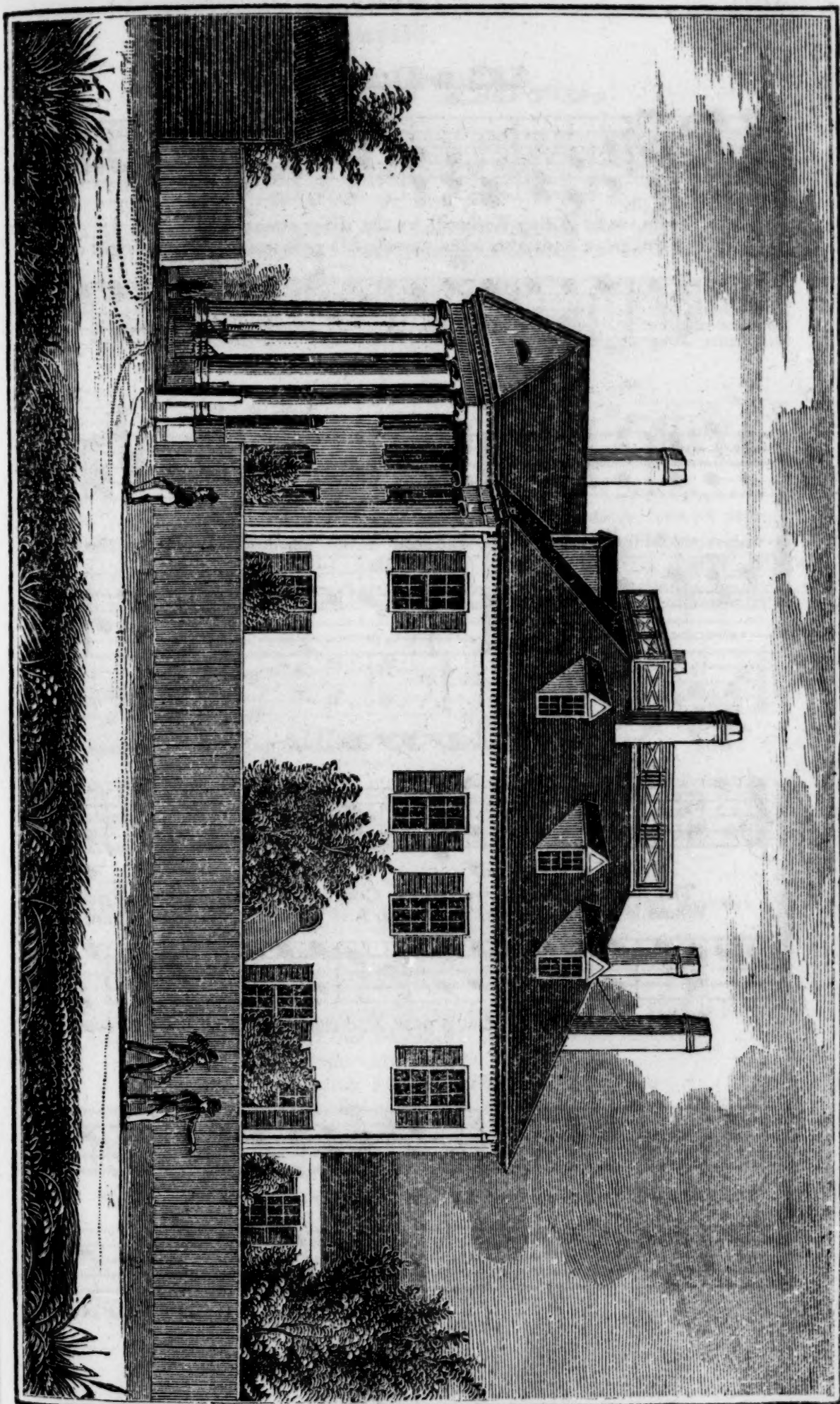
I once heard a lecturer, who spoke of some of our best works and some excellent men, in terms of contempt. Books upon 'Self-Culture,' and the elevation of laborers, and 'Ministries to the Poor,' received his unqualified condemnation.


Why is it that this gentleman endeavors to stigmatize every thing by which men strive to improve themselves and benefit others? There may be errors in their modes of procedure—for all men are fallible, and imperfection is stamped upon all their works; but we may regret where we should not scorn, and tears would be more consistent than smiles of derision.

We are now, I suppose, to be taught that we should not avail ourselves of the knowledge and powers of those more gifted, but seek direction and support from those who, in most respects, are our equals. Those who have spent a life of leisure in improving their minds, must keep the results of their exertions to themselves, because, forsooth, the laboring classes can learn without their help.


For my part, I willingly avail myself of the researches of others, to guide me in the path of knowledge; and reflect with pleasure that the road has been meted out and trodden down, by those who had leisure, strength and patience to unravel the mysteries of the labyrinth.

As Mary at Jesus' feet, so would I listen to the words of the wise; and I have derived much benefit from the perusal of the works which excited our lecturer's sneers. I deem it no disgrace to look for instruction to a Channing, and would that there were more like him. Our self-confidence needs not to be pampered, and our public teachers should beware how they assail the barriers which have been raised against the floods of evil.

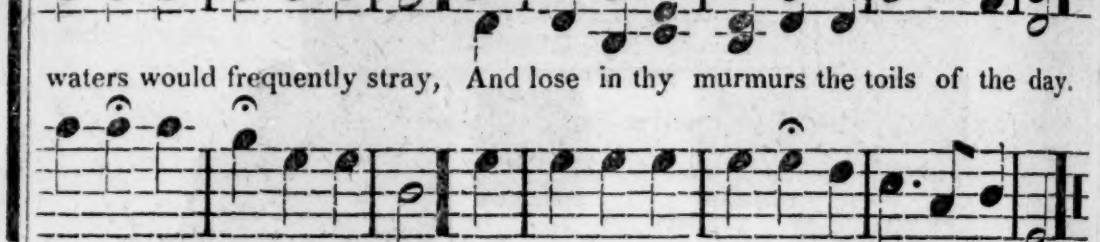


Kedron.


Thou sweet gliding Kedron! by thy silver stream, }
Our Savior at midnight, when moonlight's pale beam } Shows bright on thy




waters would frequently stray, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.


Howell.

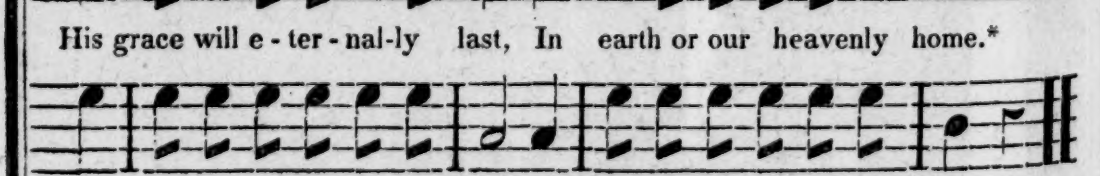

This God is the God we adore, Our faithful, unchangeable Friend, }
Whose love is as great as his power, And neither knows measure nor end. }



We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

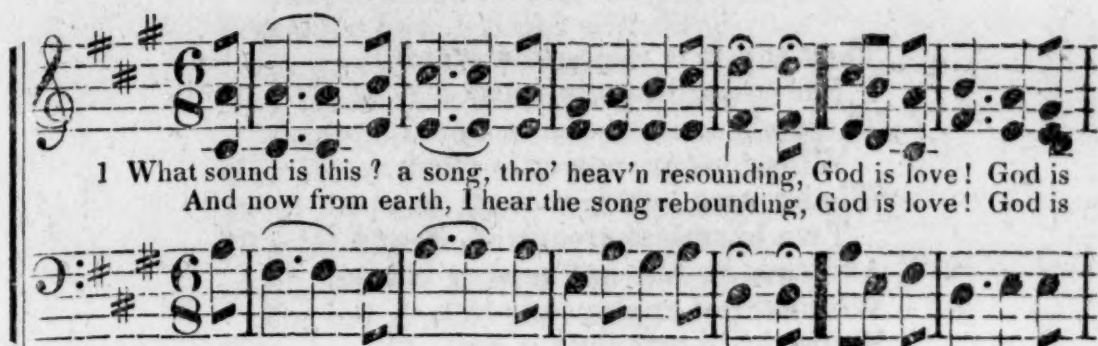


His grace will e - ter - nal - ly last, In earth or our heavenly home.*



* Repeat the first strain.

God is Love.



1 What sound is this? a song, thro' heav'n resounding, God is love! God is
And now from earth, I hear the song rebounding, God is love! God is



love! } Yes, while adoring hosts proclaim Love is his nature, love his name
love! }



My soul in rapture cries the same, God is love! God is love!

- 2 This song repeat, repeat ye saints in glory, God is love!
And saints on earth shout back the pleasing story, God is love!
In this let earth and heav'n agree,
To sound his love both full and free,
And let the theme forever be, God is love!
- 3 Creation speaks, with thousand tongues proclaiming, God is love!
And Providence unites her voice, exclaiming, God is love!
But let the burdened sinner hear
The Gospel, sounding high and clear
To ev'ry soul both far and near, God is love!
- 4 This heavenly love all round is sweetly flowing, God is love!
And in my heart the sacred fire is glowing! God is love!
That God is love I know full well,
And had I power his love to tell,
With loudest notes my song should swell; God is love!
- 5 The love of God is now my greatest pleasure, God is love!
And while I live I'll ask no other treasure, God is love!
This theme shall be my song below,
And when to glory I shall go,
This strain eternally shall flow,—God is love!

NO.

They say it is too hard a word
 For coward lips to speak ;
 They tell us it is seldom heard
 Where moral power is weak.
 'Tis but two letters though, at most,
 Two harmless creatures, N and O :
 And sure he has not need to boast,
 Whatever of applause is lost,
 If nought of principle it cost,
 And truth and duty tell him so,
 Who cannot promptly answer, no.

But that it is too hard, sometimes,
 Its simple power to try,
 Bear witness, all ye ills and crimes
 That stain humanity !
 Too hard ! and would *that* told it all ;
 But nay, it is too *easy* too !
 When suffering and sorrow call,
 It echoes from the rich man's hall—
 The sighs that rise, the tears that fall
 From virtue's lids, too plainly show,
 How easy selfishness says, no.

I've seen upon the orphan's cheek
 The eloquence of grief,
 Betokening more than words can speak,
 And pleading for relief.
 That look was changed to wild despair,
 And hope's last vestige sold to wo ;
 Nought but keen anguish lingered where
 One ray had mingled with her care ;
 For the dark frown which met her there,
 Forbade the soothing tear to flow,
 And said, in direful accents, no.

I've heard the moving voice of love
 Soft sighing on the breeze,
 And, gentle as the timid dove,
 Each note was framed to please.
 It sought the wanderer's feet to lure
 Where once it fondly loved to go ;
 It talked of pleasures that endure,—
 Ennobling, lofty, simple, pure,
 And fain the tempted soul would cure ;
 But its rich music sunk in wo,
 When sullen hatred answered, no.

I've felt the movings of a Hand
 That touched to win the soul—
 I wonder how I could withstand
 So meek, so mild control.
 The Hand that led my early feet
 Thro' fields where streams of mercy flow;
 The Hand that made my life replete
 With joy, and hope, and blessings sweet;
 'T would lead me to a safe retreat,
 An humble vale, a heaven below,—
 But my proud spirit answered, no.

That Hand of love, unwearied still
 By such ingratitude,
 Has been my guide through good and ill,
 And daily life renewed.
 And now I can but love that Hand,
 My strength to conquer every foe,
 My life and shield; and I may stand
 On the sure rock of His command,
 Despite the passions' lawless band—
 When tempted from my rock to go,
 Its length and breadth shall echo, no.

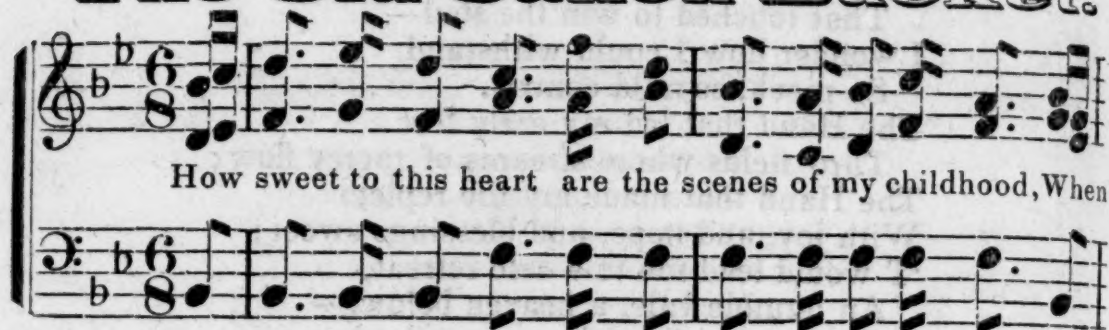
In that one word is magic power,
 As little as it is:
 It would have guarded Eden's bower,
 And cherished man in bliss;
 It would have thwarted many a plan,
 Deep-laid, for deadly overthrow.
 Decision oft has rescued man
 From snares himself could hardly scan;
 And often, since the world began,
 Hath peace, like a pure fountain's flow,
 Accompanied the steadfast no.

Then let me wield the weapon well,
 And make its power my own,
 Nor fear for what the world may tell,
 Though I shall stand alone.
 But that same word, when out of place,
 Has been of worth the overthrow—
 Then let me, with a soothing YES,
 My warmest sympathy express,
 The tear from sorrow's eyelids chase—
 For where kind words of love should flow,
 Why should these lips speak cruel no?

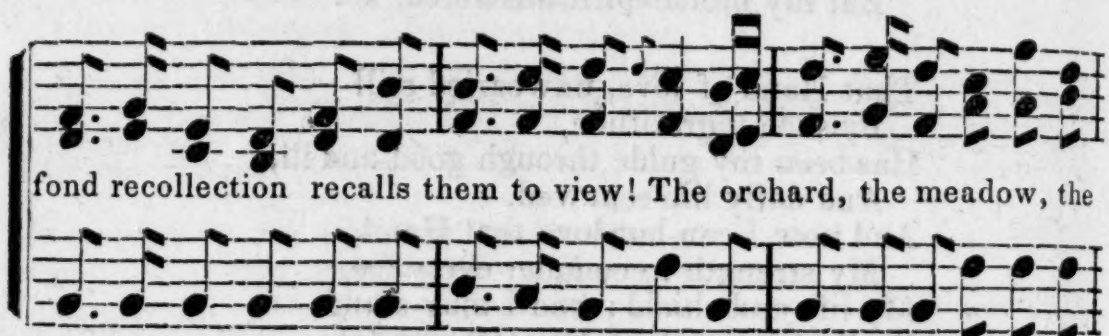
ADELAIDE.

Written January, 1841.

The Old Oaken Bucket.



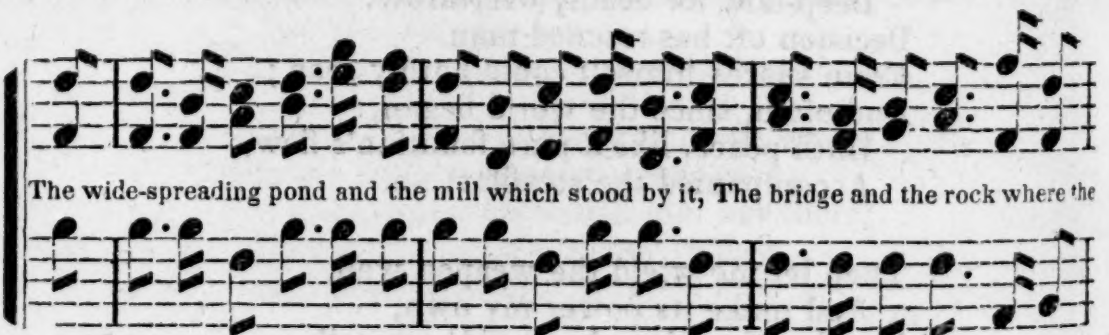
How sweet to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When



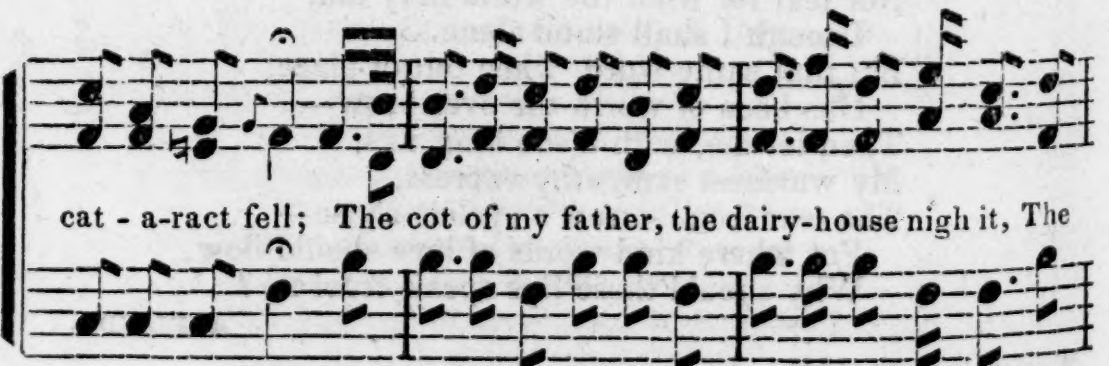
fond recollection recalls them to view! The orchard, the meadow, the



deep tangled wild-wood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew!



The wide-spreading pond and the mill which stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the



cat - a-ract fell; The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it, The

old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-cover'd bucket, the
moss-cover'd bucket, the moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

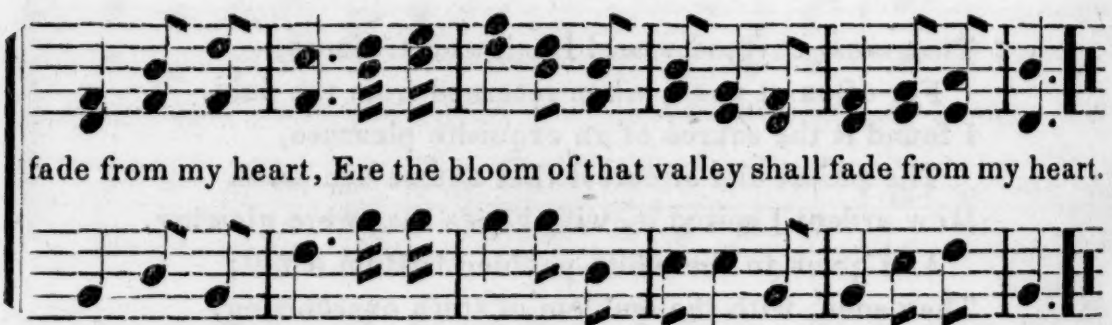
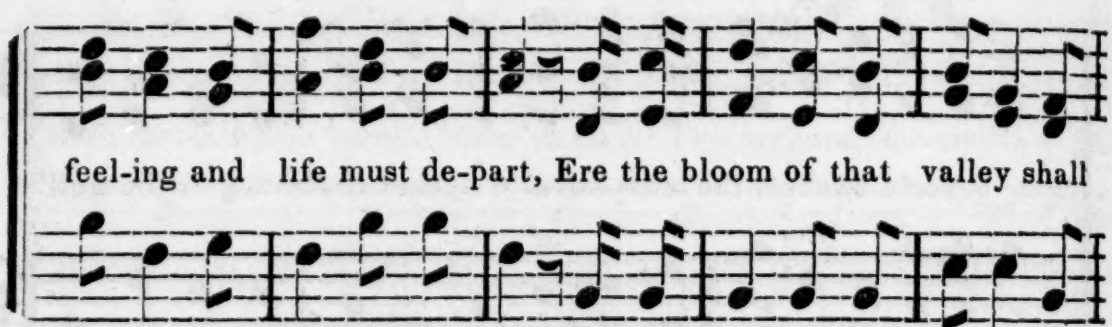
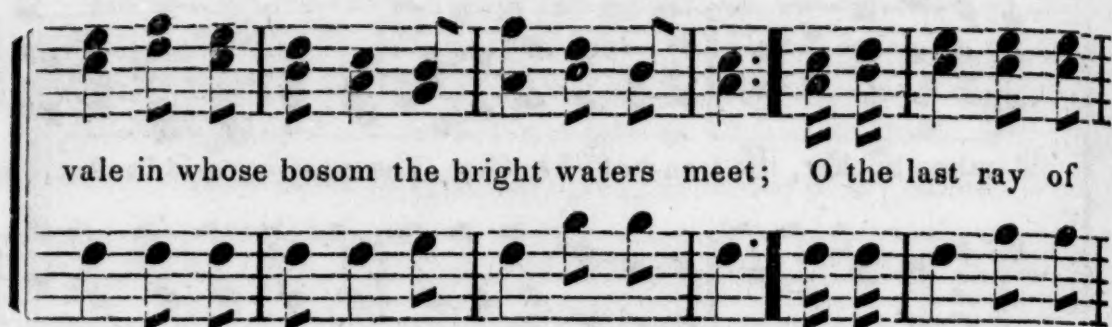
The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system contains the first two lines of the lyrics, and the second system contains the next two lines. The music is written in a common time signature (C) and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are printed below the corresponding staves.

2 That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,—
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

Vale of Avoca.

1. There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet, As the

The musical score for 'Vale of Avoca' begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 2/4. It consists of two staves of music. The lyrics '1. There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet, As the' are printed below the first staff. The music features a simple melody with eighth and sixteenth notes.



2 Yet it was not that nature had spread o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill—
O no, it was something more exquisite still

3 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom were near,
Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And we felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

4 Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
When the storms that assail in this dark world shall cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

GOLD WATCHES.

It is now more than two years since an article appeared in the *Lady's Book*, in the form of a tale, though it partakes more of the character of an essay. It was written by Mrs. Hale, and exhibits her usual judgment and talent. Her object evidently was, to correct the many erroneous impressions which exist in society with regard to the folly of extravagance in dress, and all outward show. I was much pleased with all of it, with the exception of a single sentence. Speaking of the impossibility of considering dress a mark of distinction, she observed,—(addressing herself, I presume, to the *ladies* of New England,)—"How stands the difference now? Many of the factory girls wear gold watches, and an imitation, at least, of all the ornaments which grace the daughters of our most opulent citizens."

O the times! O the manners! Alas! how very sadly the world has changed! The time was when the *lady* could be distinguished from the *no-lady* by her dress, as far as the eye could reach; but now, you might stand in the same room, and, judging by their outward appearance, you could not tell 'which was which.' Even gold watches are now no *sure* indication—for they have been worn by the lowest, even by 'many of the factory girls.' No *lady* need carry one now, for any other than the simple purpose of easily ascertaining the time of day, or night, if she so please!

But seriously: why is the idea so prevalent that dress appears more objectionable in the factory girl than in any other female? Extravagance should be objected to in any one; but the exercise of taste in dress, should not be denied to *them*, more than to other young females.

A gentleman may receive a thousand dollars per annum, and have half a dozen daughters, who all think they should dress in a style superior to that of the factory girl, who receives one or two hundred dollars per year. And when they find this is impossible, they say, 'O dear! how the factory girls do rig up! We cannot get anything but they will imitate us.' What a dreadful evil! But it is a part of my belief that out of evil good may eventually come; and if the impossibility of making dress a mark of distinction, induces the conviction that *ladies* must attain some

higher distinctive trait, this deplorable evil must result in a great benefit.

Those who do not labor for their living, have more time for the improvement of their minds, for the cultivation of conversational powers, and graceful manners ; but if, with these advantages, they still need richer dress to distinguish them from *us*, the fault must be their own, and they should at least learn to honor merit and acknowledge talent wherever they see it.

I pity the girl who cannot take pleasure in wearing the new and beautiful bonnet which her father has presented her, because, forsooth, she sees that some factory girl has, with her hard-won earnings, procured one just like it. I said I pitied the girl ; but I fear there is too much of contempt and indignation in the feeling which swells my heart, to render it worthy of the gentle name of pity. Yet such things are said by Lowell girls, whose fathers are as dependent on the factories as any female operatives in the city, and who, if deprived of them, would perhaps be obliged to labor themselves.

And now I will address myself to my sister operatives in New England factories. Good advice should be taken, from whatever quarter it may come, whether from friend or foe ; and part of the advice which Mrs. Hale has given to the readers of the *Lady's Book*, may be of advantage to us. Is there not among us, as a class, too much of this striving for distinction in dress ? Is it not the only aim and object of too many of us, to wear something a little better than others can obtain ? Do we not sometimes see the girl who has half a dozen silk gowns, toss her head, as if she felt six times better than her neighbor who has none ? Oh, how they will sometimes walk, 'mincing as they go,' as if the ground was hardly good enough for them. And many of them can put on an air of haughty contempt, which would do honor (or disgrace) to the proudest lady in the court of Victoria. And all this, because their Florence bonnet is finer, and their shawl much more costly, than is usually worn ! I have often been reminded of the words of the Scottish bard —

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us,—
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion ;
Sic airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
An' e'en devotion."

I have often thought that *we* should have more common sense about such things, than those who have been brought up in higher circles. We cannot expect all girls to overcome educational prejudices. The mind which can do that, is of a higher order than is common. But we have not this to do. We see things more as they really are, and not through the false medium which misleads the aristocracy. Oh, how foolish is the feeling which prompts some among us to neglect or ridicule the poorly-clad girl, who has just come from her country home, to seek among strangers a toilsome subsistence ! Too often the first things she learns are, that she must assume an air of self-confidence or impudence, and buy fine clothes as fast as she can earn them ; or she must hang her head with a feeling of inferiority, and submit to the insolence of the vain and worthless. I do not say that this is often the case, but *too often* — for it is sometimes so — and even once is too often.

We all have many opportunities for the exercise of the kindly affections, and more than most females. We should look upon one another something as a band of orphan's should do. We are fatherless and motherless : we are alone, and surrounded by temptation. Let us caution each other ; let us watch over and endeavor to improve each other ; and both at our boarding-houses and in the mill, let us strive to promote each other's comfort and happiness. Above all, let us endeavor to improve ourselves by making good use of the advantages we here possess. I say, let us all strive to do this ; and if we succeed, it will finally be acknowledged that Factory Girls shine forth in ornaments more valuable than *Gold Watches*.

A FACTORY GIRL.

EDITOR'S VALEDICTORY.

In closing the second volume of the Offering, the editor renews the assurance, that all the articles (excepting the verses set to music and this valedictory) are, in good faith, the productions of females actively employed in the Mills. He also respectfully submits, that his pledge to exclude everything of a sectarian character, has been scrupulously regarded.

The origin of the Offering was briefly stated in the preface to the first volume. It need not here be repeated. Suffice it to say, that this work

is *unique*. Neither in the Old world nor the New, has there ever been published, and there is not *now* published, any other magazine consisting *solely* of articles furnished by factory operatives.

In the prosecution of our plan, our correspondents have not considered it their province to discuss the manufacturing system—nor would such discussion have consisted with the design of the Offering. Whatever may be the evils connected with and growing out of the system, it is established in our midst, and will be continued, though every sentence of our pages should be an anathema. The Mills will be run so long as manufacturing is profitable, provided help can be obtained; and help will not be lacking, so long as factory labor is thought to be better recompensed than any other equally obtainable employment.

It has been the object of the editor to encourage the cultivation of talent, and thus open and enlarge the sources of enjoyment in the midst of a toilsome life. In this way he has done something toward modifying the privations and other evils incident to employment in the Mills; and it must be acknowledged, that even if no other good be effected, something is gained by retarding the progress of decay.

We hoped ere this to have seen a spacious room, with a Library, &c., established on each Corporation, for the accommodation of the female operatives in the evenings. The example, we trust, will shortly be set by the Merrimack. And why should not bathing-rooms be fitted up in the basement of each Mill? The expense would not be felt by the Company, and the means of health and comfort thus provided, would be gratefully acknowledged. We suggest, in addition, a better ventilation of the boarding-houses. Diminution of the hours of mill-labor, and the entire abrogation of premiums to Overseers, should also be included in the list of improvements.

There is another matter, some time since presented to the operatives, and now repeated, namely, the payment of a small sum monthly, say 8 or 10 cents, to constitute a fund for the relief of the sick. The amount might be deducted by the pay-master, as agent of the Superintendent. The details of the plan could readily be agreed upon. Two cents each week would surely be well spent as insurance against the expenses of sickness, to be fixed at about three dollars weekly—to be received, not as *charity*, but as a lawful demand.

The name of the projector and editor has hitherto been withheld, for reasons which need not here be mentioned. It is now subjoined. With this number his connection with the work ceases,

The First and Second Volumes of the 'Offering'

BEING RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO THE FACTORY-OPERATIVES OF NEW-ENGLAND,

By their friend and well-wisher,

ABEL C. THOMAS.

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